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FRANCISCAN
DAYS OF VIGIL

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL VIEWS
AND DEVELOPMENTS

BY
RICHARD DE BARY
("BROTHER ANGELO")

*Author of "Mystical Fellowship,"
"The Land of Promise," etc.*

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
39, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK, BOMBAY, AND CALCUTTA

1910

BX3603

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CHICAGO, ILL.

PREFACE

IN a letter dated from Richmond, Yorkshire, November 26th, 1906, the late Father Tyrrell, who was then a member of the Jesuit Order, alluding to some notes of mine on the topic on which this book has since been written, said :—

‘ There is a book which would be of abiding use and very general interest, I mean, a straightforward account of Mr. de Bary’s life, mainly on its external side, so far as it has culminated in or explains his present position. . . . ’

‘ [He should also give] what is properly (as in Newman’s *Apologia*) a *History* of his opinions, namely, a genetic, causal account of the position he holds.’

‘ Still, I do not think everyone should write (as most converts do) even such a strict *History* of their religious opinions, unless they are challenged, as Newman was, to justify themselves against a charge of dishonesty, or unless they have reason to think that the world at large wants to know about it; or unless they have some quite new or original defence to offer.’

‘ What is really permanently interesting and important in Mr. de Bary’s document, for the world at large, is his dealings with his environment—the story of a

soul of that capacity and possibility—played upon by so many sterilising and unpropitious circumstances, eventually asserting itself in spite of them . . . a soul born for modernity, yet swaddled, nurtured, and educated in the blackest mediævalism. I wish he would give us an artless, straightforward story of the Zouave atmosphere that blew round his cradle; . . . of the Franciscan period with its deadening influences, and so on, up to date, and all this accompanied by a brief indication of processes and tendencies of his mind and of its sympathies, so as to bring out the contrast between the inward tendencies and the outward influences.'

'It would be a great and permanent service if he could [write about] that kind of "apocalypticism" which still lives and works at the very heart of the Roman Church, and is the backbone of Ultramontaniam. . . .'

'Moreover, I feel sure that such a history of his life would appeal to any honest Roman Catholic as a justification of what else they might regard as a vulgar apostasy of no particular meaning or significance.'

'Here, anyway, is a man whose [religious] vows lacked moral liberty and every other condition of validity, and are not worth the paper they are written on, in any rational code of ethics.'

With the note of pessimism in what Father Tyrrell said, I cannot concur; but the present work is an attempt to carry out his suggestions, and, therefore, his remarks may stand as a kind of a Preface to my own narrative.

Of the three possible reasons that Father Tyrrell gave, one or other of which might, if present, be

supposed to justify the compiling of such a book, the third one, the 'some quite new or original defence,' is the one which I think the pages of this book may prove truly to exist.

I have written an account of my attempt to win an intelligible and consistent position in relation to the only conception of the divine kingdom that appeals to my understanding and my conscience.

Controversial topics enter only incidentally. Although this work is written by me while I am in direct communion with the See of Canterbury, the narrative breaks off without any particular allusion to the standing of the Church in England, or to the question of the canonical or spiritual independence of the Anglican Church. I believe that, in a radical sense, such spiritual independence exists. But as I only allude in these pages to the Anglo-American Church, the question of spiritual independence does not here arise, because, where the bonds of Church and State do not exist, the existence of such spiritual independence cannot be called in question.

It is impossible for me, for reasons adequately dealt with in this narrative, to consider myself as ever having been, in a canonically valid sense, a member of the Franciscan Order. A reference to what constitutes an *impedimentum impediens*, that is, to a clear and certain defect which prevents a reputed religious vow from being an actual vow, in a true sense of the word, will be found in any work on Moral Theology, or Canon Law, in use in the Church of Rome. Father Tyrrell's opinion must also here carry some weight.

For the rest, where questions about Church allegiance arise, one must carry out precisely the dictates of one's

own proper conscience, above which the only final court of appeal is at the bar of the tribunal of the Day of Doom. Anyone who can live and die in the assurance of the justice of his appeal over a particular case of disagreement with an authority in the Church of Christ cannot rightfully be criticised by the judges of any inferior court.

To help the reader to understand the situation described in the last two chapters, a few points relating to the canonical position therein maintained may here be anticipated :—

1. I hold that a social sovereignty, like that which King David wielded in ancient Israel, cannot be destroyed if it be, for instance, either shorn of political power, as Judah was in the Captivity of Babylon ; or, if it become the recipient and trustee of new supernatural authority from heaven, as happened to a branch of Israel on the appearance of Christ on earth.

2. I believe that some share of the indefeasable social sovereignty of King David exists among every body of believers in Christ, as a fact of juristic history, and apart, altogether, from any question of the supernatural origin of Christianity.

3. The continuance of this earthly sovereignty from David and the Maccabees unto the Christian Israel is evidenced, too, in the anthems and responses of the Church Universal. Thus, in the Latin Breviary occur these words, adapted from St. Luke's Gospel and the Prophecies of Isaiah :—

*Et dabit illi Dominus Deus sedem David patris ejus,
et regnabit in domo Jacob in æternum.*

*Super solium David et super regnum ejus sedebit in
æternum.*

These words imply that Christ's supernatural Kingship is super-added to the eternally preserved, earthly social sovereignty of the House of Israel.

4. One may approach the problem of the *status* of the Roman Pontiff-King, therefore, as neither that of a 'god-on-earth,' nor much less that of a 'man of sin,' but as that of an efficient wielder of much of the sovereign power, transmitted by the Israel which followed Christ, from King David. From this clear fact of juristic history, then, let the various questions arise, in due order, as to any super-added and supernatural claims of the Roman Sovereign Pontiffs.

5. The narrative of this book culminates in the record of my belief in a certain supersession of some of the vice-regal authority of the Roman Pontiffs, through a re-discovery by mankind of much of the true mind of the exclusive final Sovereign of the entire Christian citizenship. When a King has been lost sight of, and then returns to his own, the authority of his Vicars, his Viceroy, his Chief Justiciars elapses, without disorder, without revolution, but in agreement with the fundamental constitutional laws of the Visible Kingdom of God. To take an analogy from civil history, when an Angevin monarch was wont to return to England, after his absence abroad, the deputed authority of his High Justiciar thereupon fell into abeyance. When, later, the King himself once visited Dublin in the fourteenth century, he thereby resumed authority from his viceroys, and received the fealty of all the Irish chieftains in person.

I record my personal views of how, subject to many due canonical limitations, as we are learning daily more

and more of the mind and will of the exclusive Sovereign of Christendom, the authority of certain of His Vicars and Viceroyes begins to diminish. So, without any reprehensible revolt or revolution, there is a certain slow and normal resumption of direct personal rule by the only lawful King of Christendom, who is also the final Judge and Authority in all of its controversies.

Lest what I say should appear to favour undue individualism in religious faith and practice, I may call attention to several recent works of mine, which, with all their imperfections, at least reveal my sincere support of the teaching and authority of the Living Church, and of the ideal of the Sacramental Life. These are: *Mystical Fellowship* (Longmans & Co.); *The Spiritual Return of Christ Within the Church* (John Murray); and *The Social Paradise* (Griffiths).

R. DE B.

ST. GILES, DORSET, 1910.

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I. FIRST VISTAS	7
II. SAINTLANDS	23
III. THE CLOISTER AND ITS SACRED SEASONS	38
IV. MONASTIC EDUCATION	67
V. TRAINING FOR THE SACRED MINISTRY ..	93
VI. BEGINNINGS OF THE SACRED MINISTRY	130
VII. NEW VISTAS AND PASTORAL CARE ..	166
VIII. A 'PASSING OVER'	211

FRANCISCAN DAYS OF VIGIL.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST VISTAS.

TOPOGRAPHIC memories, since childhood, create an individual *mappemonde*, different to each man, and quite at variance with the maps of the geographers. The Home where the nursery was is always, in dignity and visual proportions, the Royal Palace of the metropolis of this World of Memories. From thence there go forth highways which magically cut through dusky woods, or cross the dream-seas to provincial or foreign palaces of other earliest residences. The latter descend, in size and magnificence, down in the order of Memory's perspective, from the sovereign beginnings, to the subordinate endings of the little world of the present day.

To the sacramentalist there is a religious topographic memory, too, clustered with churches, shrines, ways of pilgrimage, beset by holy persons, or reminiscent of

dangers of threatened intrusions of the Serpent into this mystic Garden of Eden of the religious memory. This religious topography may be totally different from the secular ; but with one exception. Its capital is not Rome, Canterbury or Jersualem, but, again, that nursery Home which existed in the period of life before the great severance of the world into religious and secular had as yet begun. In that Capital, to me, of both the Worlds, the memories of the familiar Catholic ' Our Lady,' and the Saints and Angels, whose images were placed in the new church beyond the elm-avenue leading from the gabelled house are recalled as of real persons who lived near by ; while their images and pictures only leave on my mind the faintest of memories. In this place of the world of memories the immortals and mortals consort together as the angels and men are shown in a common earthly fellowship in a Botticelli painting. In a like mystic mingling I have a two-fold memory of an elder brother who died when I was three years old. One is an ordinary memory of him as lying ill beyond recall in a brass-rimmed, protected bedlet ; and the other memory is of a dream of him as resting amid the angels and saints of paradise. Of these the dream memory is the more vivid and the more real of the two, and I recall especially the dream-figure of St. Joseph, his heavenly namesake.

This Elizabethan mansion remained in the possession of the family only until I had grown up and had completed the disentail. It enters here, chiefly, because the memory of it remained, from these first recollections, the symbol, in after times, of reconciliation, atonement, and of the vision of a union of heaven and earth. Dreams which are vivid enough to be called

visions are the soul's emblems of the deeper realities of its experience. The highest of spiritual fortunes I always find thus visualised in anticipation by dreams of returning to this mansion of childhood. The building, itself, of light sandstone, with its hall and library, its garden-court with globe-topped pillars of entry, its lawn surrounded by an orchard and a high earthen mound, shutting the orchard from the home-farm, the duck-pond, the pond with moor-hens, and the pond with minnows in it, the outhouses, the chestnut trees, and the sunny banks where harmless serpents were, the spinny where fox-cubs were reared, the roads and avenues of approach, are thus mystically significant of some phase of spiritual attainment or loss. One dream scene was enacted from an outhouse, by the open road, near which a herd of immense cattle passed by. They grew in size ; the door was unsecurely fixed. The last towered up higher than the outhouse, but passed the door without aggression. Then, on looking out, the road home was all safe and clear. Another frequent dream that seemed filled with meaning was that the homestead was desolate and ruined, and nothing living remained about there but a solitary sleeping owl, the bird of wisdom, under a great tree that stood on the near side of the embankment where, below, was a lengthened pond, and then the high road. In spiritual search the dream came of wandering through endless, clodded, brown fields in the hope of seeing the old mansion. Maybe the site was found, but all resemblance with the past was lost, and just a few people remembered that it had been there. At other times a sordid broken house replaced all the former memories of glory. At another time a great mechanical work of

reconstruction was going on. Finally the precincts of a more stately but yet identical home were re-entered, though there was as yet no bright light within; and this meant that spiritual storms were nearing their term, and after that all would be peace.

'Homelands,' as I shall call the real mansion, through its owners, stood in mystic allegiance to a great Chieftain who lived abroad. A couple were known who had seen and conversed with the Priest-King, who, with foreign accent, had repeated the name of the homestead, and had told his two spiritual subjects to bring home with them the remembrance of the maxim '*L'union fait la force!*' My father had once even gone through a military drill in order to be enrolled as a Papal Zouave. Domestic duties alone stood in the way. His interest in the final struggles of 1870 led to a year's absence in France and Italy. The family, in the interval, stayed with the grandmother in the South of England in a house by a pine-clad sandy hill. Here were grassy slopes and rose-walks, and a pathway up the wooded hill revealing suddenly a vista of tangled lines of a railway junction with passenger trains, and many shunting engines. On the home coming from association with Zouaves and with militant French Theocrats whose leader was Veuillot of *l'Univers*, faith shaped itself once and for ever in the form of a vision of an earthly Sovereignty of God. Disasters, Hebrewise, called for one of those inevitable 'theories of development' called an 'apocalypse,' the demand being then abundantly supplied for from the words of visionaries like Anna Maria Taigi and Louise Lateau.

The family, migrating afterwards to the lakelands on the borders of Connemara, there were daily gatherings

to implore the Queen of Angels to restore the sovereignty to the Papal replica of the fallen throne of David. This hoped-for restoration of Rome and the Romagna to Pius IX., at one time, it was expected, was about to be accomplished through MacMahon, the French clerical leader, who succeeded Thiers in the Presidency of France. The Comte de Chambord was to be placed on the French throne and play the New Charlemagne in restoring the Papal possessions from the hands of local oppressors. Approaching the date of this 'Triumph of the Church' the world was to be enclosed in darkness for three days, during which, as predicted by the Venerable Anna Taïgi, the sun and moon and stars would be blackened and earthly lights fail to illumine, except those blest candles which in this new Egyptian darkness would bring light to the Catholic Israel. In fine, the government of Europe would be parcelled out as in the age of Charlemagne between the authority of *Le Grand Pape et le Grand Roi*, the Great Pope and the Great King.

The environment of the West of Ireland was not itself likely to leave impressions of the conflict of Satanic Secularism with the Catholic Church. My father belonged to the League of St. Sebastian, wherein the society of the Ex-Zouaves might be shared. But the League flourished in centres that were rarely visited. Theocratic fervour was fed mostly by pilgrimages of my father to Lourdes; Paray-le-Monial, where the centenary of the Devotion to the *Sacré Cœur* was celebrated; Issoudun; and La Salette. In Ireland itself there were vivid reports of visions of Our Lady at Knock, where later a large convent was erected; and the scene of these visions was also duly visited.

Associations with shrines and pilgrimages must be distinguished, however, from associations more directly proper to Ireland. This new place of residence that lay west of Lough Corrib, opened to rich low-lying grass-lands, with dense woods, covering rising rocky ground, on either side. The meadow stretched for some way to the left, where it was crossed by a stream, and was shut in on the right with a wall with a quaint gate-way, through the wrought-iron gate of which, wilder pastures were visible. The drive cut across in a curve to the left towards another elaborate gate-way by the lodge. Just across the low-lying grass was a high-walled square-shaped garden with a hay-field beyond. Behind the house the land sloped down to a chain of lakes, five of which touched upon the estate. By this chain it was customary on Sunday to row to church at a site about three miles away. The canal ran into Lough Ballynahinch, and finally ended in Lough Corrib. Near the house just across the water were limestone hillocks. The streams that filled up the lakes ran down from neighbouring heathy mountains, wherefrom the stretch of all the Connemara mountain ranges was spread in view, and one could dimly see also the raging waves of the Atlantic Ocean, westwards, as they broke upon the shore. In rainy weather the roaring hum of the neighbouring waterfalls could be heard distinctly within the house. The relations between the members of the family and the surrounding peasantry were exceedingly friendly. They came round to talk, and we went to converse with them. The priest, too, who was of advanced middle age, was warm-hearted and friendly. He ruled his flock as priest and social chief, but left politics alone. There were no seats in church,

which was filled up so much on Sundays that a good many had to kneel outside the door. The sermons were mostly in Irish, only once a month in English. After the sermon the people moaned for several minutes. There had been no Benediction service, and no week-day mass in the church.

Nothing could be further from the Irish peasant than the co-temporary French theocratic devotion of the Veillot type which was seeking to consecrate France to the *Sacré Cœur*, and to make religion the governing constitution of French political life. Irishmen went through the then current French phase of theocratic faith, even yet, perhaps, the inspiring note of papers like *La Croix* and *l'Univers*, as far back as in the days of the last revolt of the Geraldines. Since the destruction of the old Catholic chiefs, the priest and the moral theology of the Counter-Reformation, have become the centres of the social organisation of Irish life. The social headship of the priests does not necessarily imply political dictatorship. Before O'Connell's day there was no popular Catholic political outlook in Ireland, but a severe dictatorship over the social laws and customs of the people; just as, among the Armenians, the Hierarchy has governed and preserved Armenian society, ever since the date of Gregory the Illuminator, through every political vicissitude of the East, without necessarily interfering in the politics of the Roman, Byzantine, or Turkish Empires. O'Connell used this power of the priests as social chiefs of their flocks to create a popular national sentiment among the Irish democracy. O'Connell aimed at preserving the rule of religion over social life, but he never dreamed of making Ireland a nation ruled in its political conceptions by

an hierarchal dictatorship. French and Spanish theocrats ask for a priestly king with a high political establishment of the Church by the State. The Irish Nationalist movement, from the beginning, has never dreamed of anything other than a free Church in a free State, with a Catholic population free to follow Catholic custom and to organise. In no sense have Nationalist chiefs aimed at creating legal establishments of the Catholic Church as the bulwark of a future Irish Constitution.

Impressions from this free and spontaneous Catholicity of Ireland, in the course of time, came to shape my views of the Theocracy rather as of a vast inclusion of the sum of a good and God-given world, than as a domination in which the Order of Grace destroyed the Order of Cosmic Beauty revealed to the primitive Vision of Man. To the modern Catholic Gael, as to the Mediæval Catholic, a sort of Catholic mythologic vision of the Universe seems native to the mind. Ireland is about the only country in the world which has preserved this primal human gaze into a Fairy Universe, though its own Pagan Brans and its Christian Brendons and brought it all into touch with a living religion of the present day. From the moment when I first received the impression from the stories and accounts that were current in the household of this 'orthodox' Irish belief in fairyland, I have never ceased to hold that such living beliefs purport a real contact with the Unseen Beauty ; and in the course of time I came to hold that the Brans and Brendons were Seers of a World that some day the science of mankind would come to accept as a real place.

The meaning of the particular theocratic piety which was nurtured from abroad in the home circle, came to be rather obscured by the example of the mental self-possession of the Connaught Catholics that made their faith in fairy worlds conceivable. Though reports of the violent conflicts of the Continent were brought in, on account of my father's interest and of his pilgrimages abroad, the purport of these conflicts was at this time much less felt than it came to be on a subsequent occasion. A year before the Irish lease-hold expired, the return journey was made in order to enter a Preparatory School in the environs of an English town noted for its Church steeples. Mass was celebrated on the day of leaving, at the priest's house, as an *Itinerarium*. Ringing memories were left of the words '*per omnia sæcula sæculorum*' as the hours were spent in the journey, amid vistas of the lakes, rivers, heathlands of the Irish Midland plains. The management of the school I was sent to was grandmotherly. Every boy cultivated a little garden plot. On Sunday a couple of closed omnibuses drove the boys to a church of Pugin's gothic, administered to by the Benedictine Order. The school only left dream-memories, probably taken from picture books, of journeys amid Alpine snows and precipices, and of rescues by St. Bernard's dogs, or of visits and wanderings in an Egypt still ruled by the kings of its ancient dynasties.

After the year's course at the Preparatory School, there was a six precious months spent at the old hall of Homelands. The cause of Religion began to be more and more pictorialised as a conflict between the supporters of the Priest-King who reigned over all Catholics and Catholic states, and the confederates of the Prince

of Darkness who ruled the world through Liberal ministries. The clear-cut fight of the *Kulturkampf* was on in Germany, and Bismarck was talked about as a horned monster. From France reports came of a kindling crusading spirit. On God's side was the old Catholic President, MacMahon, who encouraged the Restoration of the elder branch of the Bourbons, in the person of the Comte de Chambord, on a programme favouring Papal Supremacy. It was recalled how the Comte de Paris had surrendered the Orléanist claims on the occasion of his journey to Frohsdorf; but the fatal story was also told of how the Comte de Chambord, the prospective new Charlemagne, had been the martyr to his opinion by refusing to give up his white ensign in favour of the emblem of popular monarchy, the tricolour. This disillusion, confirmed later by the death of the White claimant, was a blow, from the effect of which the devout could only compensate themselves for in further apocalyptic dreams about the impending collapse of the reigning godless civilisation, and the gathering of the remnant of the Catholic Israel around the banner of the Papal sovereign. Even MacMahon had been rebuked for dilatoriness. The one perfect hero of the Catholic sovereignty, for a good many years in the family circle, was the President of Equador, Don Garcia Moreno. Equador, perched on the Andes, was looked on as the single citadel of God's Light in a perverse world, while it remained under his sway. In this remote nursery of the City of God, a Papal Concordat had secured the total abolition of Religious Toleration; the complete control of the educational institutions of the State by the Jesuit Order; the State's enforcement of Censorship of all literature not sanctioned by the

bishops ; the forcible suppression of heresy ; the compulsory attendance of all citizens at Catholic Worship ; and the payment of a tenth of the income of the impoverished State to the Papal overlord. The attempt to fit the republic into this clerical strait-jacket inevitably led to the assassination of President Moreno ; but his memory was cultivated as a Martyr to the cause of the divine kingdom, and as the model of rulers of all other Christian States in the world.

A new influence, quite apart from that of this extreme theocratic piety, began to be felt from the date of entrance to Oscott College in 1876. For a year and a half only the discipline and fellowship of this Catholic parallel to a Public School life made itself felt. Oscott has had a noted but chequered career in the Catholic Revival of England. Founded at Maryvale, in the site now named Old Oscott, the college entered the new site prepared for it, on the designs of Pugin, by Bishop Walsh, in 1838. The church, especially, is a good instance of the architect's work. The square tower, containing a museum, was on high ground ; and flanking off were the two sides of the college quadrangle, with a large hall for the classics on the far side opposite the tower. The chapel was on the right as one enters the front ; the refectory on the opposite side. Bishop Ullathorne was then the ruling influence ; the president for the first few months was Dr. Spencer Northcote, an eminent convert. Canon Knight, afterwards Bishop of Shrewsbury, a man of noted culture, was the vice-president, and attempted to foster my interest in the study of birds and Natural History, and used to invite me to bring small parties to the College museum on Sundays. Here I was confirmed at the hands of the

venerable bishop. The lessons of the first year comprised *Eutropius* and *Julius Cæsar*, after which *Cornelius Nepos* was begun, and Greek was in sight. Religious instruction was given partly from Fr. Formby's *Old Testament History*, the author of which I met once in Hinckley. Religion would very soon have ceased to be an apocalypse, under this training, and become an orderly, intelligent participation in worship, in the sacramental life, and in Catholic Social Life. But these prospects suddenly came to an end when, in the late autumn of 1877, at the age of eleven and a half years, I was recalled from college, on the occasion of the leasing of Homelands, and of the migration of the family to a house in Bruges. I used to admit on after occasions, when my educational course was completed, that the only training that had left any educational impress on my mind was the year and a half at Oscott College. Since the year 1887, by an administrative decree of Bishop Ilsley, this college has become a central Seminary for the Midlands, and its life as a public school for the laity has accordingly come to an end.

Modern Bruges seems a weirdly reminiscent dream of that Bruges of the Middle Ages which rivalled London. My experience of it, however, and of the whole year of life in Belgium, on account of the repellant School life of the Schools I attended, came to be remembered as unpleasantly like a nightmare. We arrived in Bruges late in 1877, and, the following year, the Radicals under Frère-Orban were about to secure a victory which gave them the control of the Administration until 1884. But Belgium was, in many respects, far more like Catholic Ireland than it was like France. The Clericals

aimed only at social dominance, not at contracting the Constitution into a theocratic dictatorship, after the manner of French Royalists and Spanish Carlists. At the date of our arrival the controversy between Clerical and Liberal raged even in all the hotels. My father, on occasion, vigorously repelled the conversational attacks of Liberals on the Church at the dining-table. Thus, for the first time, I had ocular demonstration of the European conflict between the two 'Kingdoms.' But one may anticipate the final result in Belgium, by saying that when the Liberals came in they were far too busy in putting legal restrictions on Catholic social independence, to find time for effecting any serious reforms. Though they were strong in the Industrial regions, in the end a substantial majority of voters, from 1884, gave the Catholics a long lease of power. Using it as they did, not for placing arbitrary restrictions on liberty, but for the defense of the religious independence of Catholicism, and for carrying out a programme of useful social reforms, they have succeeded in commending themselves to the good sense of the Belgian democracy since then; while the French, Spanish and Italian Clericals have preferred the path of desperate assaults on the free constitutions of their respective countries. In the year of residence in Belgium, though the Liberals were then coming into power, the right to hold great public processions in the streets, and other outer manifestations of religious faith, was not effectually restricted, and Belgium was thus a fair example of a completely Catholic State. Religion is a very real bond between people, and the association with Belgian curés and churches and religious communities gave one

the sense of possessing a common citizenship in a 'religious nation,' even if Belgian life, as a whole, seemed to be foreign in an immeasured sense.

I was soon impressed with the dreamy imaginative side of the city of Bruges. The Belfrey seemed a splendid miracle that, through its bell tunes, cast a spell of glory over all the streets, and whose music reached gently to just across the waters of the double silent unused canals around the city. Here were also the sleepy wind-mills on the disused ramparts. Bruges is a city of canals and churches. I had reckoned that there were churches enough to be visited one for every day in the month, though the population was only about 45,000. But many of these churches were unique in their way, creating impressions of the enjoyment of the sight of long vistas into the lordly romantic days of Flemish history. In St. Jacques this mystical reminiscence probably arose from the rich treasure of the religious pictures on the walls. *Nôtre Dame*, with its sovereign spire, its stately series of pillars, and its spacious aisles, possessed the world-famous monuments of Duke Charles of Burgundy, ancestor of the Emperor Charles V., and of Mary of Burgundy, wife of the Emperor Maximilian. Saint Sauveur, the rich coloured cathedral, was the scene of State functions, with military honour, such as the solemn and immensely impressive Requiem for Pius IX., when all the city went into mourning, and of the Grand Mass of Jubilee over the accession of Leo XIII. On this last occasion, nearly every house in Bruges was decorated with flags, and a large yellow and white papal flag hung from the windows of our house. There was the crowded Friday Mass and Reliquary Benediction at the Chapel of the Precious Blood. The belief was that

here was presented a true relic of that Holy Blood brought by a Count of Flanders from Baldwin, King of Jerusalem. Such a belief tinged all its associations with the mystical crimson of hopefulness. I had followed the two great religious processions of Bruges, that of this relic of the *Sang Sacré*, and that of *Corpus Christi*, or *Fête Dieu*. In a sense, the mystery of the one ineffably enriched the mystery of the other. The faithful of all the surrounding villages, representing the Catholic nation of Belgium, and headed with their priests, flocked in through the gates from every commune around Bruges, to take part either in honouring the Christ of the Invisible Presence of the Blessed Sacrament, or else in honouring the amazing reputed relic of the Visible Presence of the Christ of Galilee and Calvary.

With my brother I attended a school in Bruges for the first term of 1878. The Belgian horarium was longer by two hours of study, than that of Oscott. The system of training, modelled rather from the French than the German, was also frankly ineffective. It consisted in learning off quantities of material by heart, with little elucidation, or appeal to the understanding. There was a military order and surveillance, quite a number of brief interludes of recreation, and then systematic study, in endless routine.

After the long Summer holiday, I went to a school of note managed by the Josephite Brothers in Louvain. Here was the seat of the renowned Catholic University, which had been re-opened in the year 1836 shortly after the break with Holland. The system of study at Louvain was more artificial and trying than ever. The hours were too long, and nothing was ever made

clear by teachers, after the fashion I had been accustomed to in Oscott. The compensations were that the College had a house in the country which we often visited, and that the walks in the neighbourhood were pleasant. They revealed to our view the contrast between the flatlands of the west and the undulating world to the east, whose frontiers started within sight of Louvain. In the town itself, all the streets converged in nearly straight lines to the square by St. Peter's great church. The various Colleges of the University graced the city, and in one direction there was a splendid old hill fortress, which was, on occasion, passed close by as one rose to a magnificent prospect of the city which lay below. In the long holidays many Englishmen had been met and a slight acquaintance had been made with a private English school. But the dividing barrier from normal English boy-life had been crossed for ever with the leaving of Oscott. Bruges had made me almost uncommunicable to English boys, and in no sense companionable with Belgians. Louvain had but confirmed the separation, and within a few months the long hours and isolation began to exert a strain on my powers of endurance. About this time, before the Christmas holidays came round, a sudden order was given to return home, since the family was about to leave Belgium for good.

CHAPTER II.

SAINTLANDS.

THE next scene is among a gathering of devout lay-folk in a secluded place of Great Britain, at a Shrine named after one of the most ancient devotions to the Blessed Virgin, introduced from Brittany. French and Spanish piety were combined here with the zeal of several converts from Anglicanism. One of these converts was a priest with Cambridge degrees who acted as missionary and chaplain under episcopal sanction. Another was a convert from Anglican training, following on the indifference of an *émigré* family, related to the Bourbons of Spain and France. The place that I shall here call 'Saintlands,' recalls, through the manner of life of the devout lay-folk who lived there, the Anglican 'Little Gidding' memorialised in the pages of *John Inglesant*. In company with others I crossed over to this new home in December of the abnormally cold winter of the year 1878.

Saintlands was in rolling, hilly country, whose green farm-lands and wood-lands rose into a back-world of high moors and hills crowned with granite boulders; with long, deep winding valleys opening into the tidal waters of narrow estuaries. The house, from an upland of 300 feet, overlooked a prospect of farm-lands looking

southwards to the sea, which was scarcely a mile away. Saintlands was about three miles from the nearest town, a small port ; itself only reached by a stage-drive of seven miles from the nearest station. Shaped much like a convent, the house was built of brown slaty stone. At the westerly wing was the little church, entered below by the door at the end of the main corridor, and above, at an entry to the tribune used as a choir. The chaplain's quarters and flower garden adjoined the church. The main trunk of the building ran eastwards and ended in an enlarged easterly wing. Around, bearing southwards, was a garden and a fine shrubbery, then run wild, all secluded by a high wall. To the right, south of the church, was a huge out-spreading fir-tree, a land-mark for fishermen at sea. Adjoining was a large kitchen garden, surrounded with an avenue of elm-trees, at the farthest end of which was a grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. Beyond the garden were the three fields of the little adjoining farm, one of which sloped down to an orchard valley, through which a stream ran that ended in a bay, hedged to the east and west by sharp, brown and red, slaty rocks, whose sides were perforated by almost inaccessible caves.

It was purported to lead here the devout life of Catholic lay-folk in half-seclusion from the world. Missionary work was soon begun by the chaplain. Attendance at the home church was encouraged, but, in the course of time, rooms were opened at the sea-side town, three miles away, and at a large fishing village, built in a nook of great rocks, with twisted pathways for streets, about two miles distant, and also, in another village on the inland plateau, distant about a mile and a half from Saintlands. The lay-members of the party joined in

support of the church work, helping as catechists and religious instructors, and opening classes for reading and needlework, and other useful objects. Friends of the work were nearly always in residence at Saintlands as visitors; and, in the course of ten years, at least 30 priests had stayed for a while, with episcopal sanction, either as guests, or as helpers on supply. Among the list of frequent visitors was a Doctor of Theology who wrote some learned papers in defense of the Devotion which had been revived in Saintlands. Members of religious orders also at times called, and on one occasion a retired missionary bishop from India acted for a considerable while as missionary and chaplain. The English Catholic papers were for a time read; but afterwards the more congenial *La Croix* and *Le Pelerin*, the organs of French theocratic piety, became the favourites.

The members of the little colony of Saintlands believed that society ought to be governed exclusively by considerations of religion. Certain teachings of saintly persons about the living sovereignty of the Holy Ghost in the individual soul, and in society, were diligently studied, and applied. By their corporate missionary efforts, lapsed Catholics were led to return to duty; Protestants were induced to come to the services, and several converts were received into the Roman Church. The social and redemptive work in neighbouring villages or hamlets began, in time, to bear fruit. There was no thought of community-life about the enterprise. The aim was rather to prove that the Catholic Church itself was a true and essential government of lay-society by the rule of perfection. The ideal of life once entertained by Joachim de Flores was thus unconsciously reproduced, who had taught that the body of the faithful should

themselves become the supreme religious order, no special orders being from henceforth required.

Lessons in Latin were resumed by the priestly tutor for my brother and myself ; but except a few readings in *Nepos* and in ecclesiastical Latin, no very serious efforts were made at teaching. We spent our time in gardening, in riding to town for commissions, in reading history, in climbing and playing by the sea-side ; and, above all, in reading the lives of Saints and Christian heroes. Beyond the company of brothers and sisters there was no association with other youths, and there were no friendships except with religiously inclined people. The Theocracy that once Zouaves fought for, and that pietists would have proclaimed in France, thus became a reality, in a small sphere, for the inhabitants of Saintlands.

A particular class of saintly lives was much in favour and helped to mould opinion in Saintlands, and open out a saintly outlook on the world and history. In the days when Gambetta and Paul Bert were to the fore in France, and the 'atheism' of Bradlaugh was discussed in England, Saintlands loved to dwell on the lives of whole-souled devotees of the Divine Kingdom like St. Francis Xavier. We heard how his burning love of God and zeal for the divine kingdom had aided him to bring about a million souls within the arms of Holy Church in foreign lands. A chapter from the lives of such apostles was read every day at table, and many other lives of saints were read to me on other occasions, too. Among these were the Life of St. Philip Neri, a Saint, who, in the Counter-Reformation Period of theocratic zeal, was wont to salute the English students in the streets of Rome who aspired some day to win back

England to the sovereignty of Rome. The life of St. Francis of Assisi was read, and that of St. Francis de Sales, which, however, along with that of his spiritual friend, St. Jeanne Frances de Chantal, left the deeper impression of the two. A striking account was given of the conflict with Calvin's successor, Theodore Beza, of the innumerable conversions of Calvinists about Thonon, South of Lake Geneva, and of the final scene of the dispute before the Duke of Savoy, who, on this occasion, drove the remaining Calvinists to their retreats across the Lake in Switzerland. Other saints like Catherine of Siena, dared to rebuke Sovereign Pontiffs like Gregory XI. and Urban VI. with want of zeal. Others like Mary Magdalene of Pazzi, warred mainly against discouragement and spiritual desolation, bereft of the single saintly luxury, the sensible delights that St. Bernard sang of in his *Jesu dulcis memoria*. Others, ascetic terrorists against themselves, whose lives were read, were Peter of Alcantara, Benedict Joseph Labré, and Peter Claver, S.J., *Servus Æthiopum*, slave of the black slaves imported to Spanish Central America. In Saintlands were also read the lives of saints and *beati* like St. Anthony of Padua, St. Bernadine of Siena, St. Teresa, St. John of God, Blessed Joseph Anchieta, St Joseph of Cupertino and Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, all of them zealots for the love of God, and most of them believers in the ideal of the control of the world by Catholic institutions. An influence of greater spiritual composure arose from reading the *Lives of the Fathers of the Desert*, and Kenelm Digby's *Mores Catholici*, a storehouse of Mediæval Catholic legends of monks and chivalry. The cumulative result of this habitual absorption in saintly lives was the

belief that the sphere of saintliness was the true realisation of the divine kingdom as apart from ecclesiasticism. One heard little of priestly ministries in the account of the Fathers of the Desert. Yet every Saint was a paragon of that Counsel of Perfection called Entire Obedience. Where discipline was enforced by Confessors, Superiors, or Prelates, on the submissive Saints, in a manner that seemed often to check their projects for advancing the divine kingdom, obedience to ecclesiastical discipline was set forth as the supreme law of the constitution of all the People of God.

More powerful than the reading of saintly lives was the devotion and good example of people who lived in Saintlands. A statue, designed to express the favourite local cultus of the Blessed Virgin, was ordered in Munich. The figure of the Holy Ghost, in the orthodox manner, as a Dove shedding rays of light, was placed above, and leave was secured to set up the image in the church. Pius IX. had sanctioned the use of the Scriptural allusions to the Divine Wisdom as applicable to the Blessed Virgin as the embodiment of the Wisdom whereby God sent His Son to redeem mankind. Scrolls containing such allusions to Wisdom were taken from Scripture (which of course, included for Catholics the *Wisdom of Solomon* and *Ecclesiasticus*), and were painted all over the Church by the resident priest. Among these that I recall were :—

Ego feci in cœlis ut oriretur lumen indeficiens,

Et sicut nebula texi omnem terram.

Inextinguibile est lumen illius.

The priest composed a learned and devotional hymn, comparing 'Our Lady' to the 'Shekinah' or pillar of fire and cloud, and he called attention to the Jewish

legend that told how the Shekinah had taken the form of a heavenly lady while leading the wandering Israelites through the desert to the Promised Land. Later on, this hymn was set to music and sung every evening within the church; but, during the first years, the *Salve Regina*, in the solemn Gregorian chant, was always sung in the evening, after the Rosary. The feast of the *Immaculate Conception*, on December 8th, was here the leading festival of the Blessed Virgin. In it the cosmic place of the Virgin Mary in the divine economy of Redemption was recalled, and it rarely passed by without leaving its mark in the record of spiritual favours.

Though Saintlands was eminently a Shrine of the Blessed Virgin, no one could justly throw out accusations of Mariolatry. One spoke of 'Our Lady' here as the devotional Heavenly Familiar to everyone. Yet if Queen of the new Theocracy, the Blessed Virgin was taken to be but the harbinger of Christ, and, at most, the dwelling-place of the Holy Ghost. Above all other devotions, the hearing of Mass was the real supreme spiritual act of the day, at which no one failed to be present. I used to serve at Mass, and was taught to sing the Epistle at the *Missa Cantata* on Sundays and Holidays. The first epistle I sang began with the words *Confitebor tibi Domine quoniam iratus est mihi, conversus est furor tuus et consolatus est me* (Isaiah xii.), then in use in the proper Mass for the Feast of the Sacred Heart. With Mass as the central daily act of worship, the supreme devotion was devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Visits were paid to Jesus Christ, hidden in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, at various times of the day, and, in the case of some, even at the hour of midnight. The mental portrait of Christ

invisibly, but really present, was that sketched in the words of the devotees of Divine Love like St. Teresa, St. Philip Neri, the Curé d'Ars. Christ was the romantic and essential Summary of Love. The apprehension of the manner of His presence was less drawn from theology, than from the tradition and implications of rapturous prayers of holy people. Thus the 'presence' was not merely, 'constructively speaking,' real; it was an actual and adorable presence. It was not a faint re-echo or continuation of the Incarnation; it existed rather in a consummation and completion of the humility and self-effacement of the act of the Incarnation of the Divine Word in the Flesh. It was Jesus, having advanced onwards, not retreated, from His appeal to the outer senses, to His appeal to that same innermost sense of pleased acknowledgment in which one delights in the consciousness that a beloved friend is not only present in the same edifice, but is also thinking of and communing with his entertainer. The silence, the passivity, the state of imprisonment, were as ever-living words, expressive of a consummate and enduring Love.

The Kingship of Christ, ruling the new Theocracy, of which Saintlands was such a small but emblematic portion, from this throne of sacrifice, and yet of glory, was never forgotten. Rich jewelled veils were placed on the tabernacle of cedar-wood. The altar was sarcophagus-shaped and richly adorned. There were frequent Expositions of the Blessed Sacrament, including the two weekly ones of Sunday and Thursday. On *Corpus Christi* there was a solemn procession around the grounds. I heard it said that the tabernacle ought to be fashioned out of pure massive gold, inset with precious stones. Once during a midnight visit to the

Blessed Sacrament, a resplendent white company of worshipping angels was seen in a devotional vision, forming an arcade of light through the Church from the visitant in the choir to the tabernacle.

The devotion also to the Sacred Passion of the Saviour of the World followed in the lead taken by every saintly personality whose life was read, and was cultivated with unceasing fervour. Silent hours were spent before the cross, and the devout frequently used the spiritual exercise called the Way of the Cross. Christ was believed, even at that moment, to be suffering the torments of the Passion, in the members of His Mystical Spouse, the Church. The Litany of Reparation was recited for the sorrows inflicted on the Saviour by the sins of men and the wrongs and sufferings heaped upon the Church. I used to read Sister Emmerich's *Dolorous Passion*, an account as though taken down by an eye-witness from a mystical rehearsal of the Passion of Christ in the clear land of vision. This book impressed me with the feeling that the world's present sorrows are associated with a kind of a mystical rehearsal of the Passion; that thus, a living memorial of all the sacred events of the Life, Sufferings, Death, and Resurrection of Christ, is projected into co-temporaneous history; and that these mystic happenings include the whole of living humanity within their scope.

Another heart-felt spiritual practice was devotion to the Holy Souls in Purgatory. Some, in the recognised licence of the State of the soul known as that of 'heroic charity,' offered up all their indulgences and all their good works in mystical compassion for the souls of the Faithful Departed to obtain the satisfaction they had yet to suffer for, their sins having already been forgiven.

The household at Saintlands was stirred with this compassion for the membership of the Church suffering in Purgatory. Christian charity required an incessant remembrance, in prayers and good works, on their behalf. The *De Profundis* was said in their behalf every evening, and there were frequent Masses for the Dead. One lived in spiritual participation by compassion, with their darkness and endurance ; but in sympathy also with, and in envy of, their now eternally confirmed possession of the love of God. They were prayed for as needing pity ; they were prayed to as holy companions in the mystical body of Christ. For their prayers were audible before the Throne for others, if not for themselves ; and once they had entered in to enjoy the Blessed Sight of God, they would not forget their benefactors.

A frequent appeal was made to the protective power of the angelic host. A special anthem in honour of St. Michael, prince of angels, intellectual rival and conqueror of Satan, receiver of souls at the moment of death, was set to music and sung in the church. Special favours of guidance and deliverance were attributed also to the protective care of St. Raphael, the archangel, whose character is revealed in the book of Tobit as physician, and as guide of lost travellers.

Any spiritual favours received were believed to be vouchsafed for the hastening on of the approaching triumph of the Theocracy. All very devout Catholics live, in an inner sense, apocalyptic lives. The devout French Theocrat thus looks upon modern history much as the writer of the Book of Daniel looked upon the unfolding of the story of the four great kingdoms of the world, namely, as phrases of an evil and overgrown

secular power, which, even if it seems to obscure the heavens, will necessarily come to nought with the forthcoming triumph of the Vicar of Christ. In the library of Saintlands were a series of apocalyptic works relating to the future of the Church. An 'apocalypse' consists in the relegation, in a figurative manner, to the future what it is believed there ought to be at present in the world, if God's will were done. Visionary accounts thus of the future Charlemagne and a *Grand Pape*, of the Three Days' Darkness, of a kind of universal Armageddon to be fought against the Catholic Faith, and of Anti-Christ, are allowed to pass the censor if they concede to the Papacy of the Future the place in history which is considered its due in the present. The Catholic 'Apocalypse' is thus a vision of the future of the Papacy, of its set-backs, of its final triumph; or, at least, of its eventual glorification by the Son of Man.

Not only are visions thus associated with the ideal of obedience to the Papacy, but a note of association with the sovereign power in the Visible Church, namely, with that of the Vicar of Christ, has entered into all the modern devotions of Catholicism. Thus, the devotion of the *Sacré Cœur* glorifies the desire of the 'Heart of Jesus' for the triumph of Christ's Vicar. The queenly sovereignty of 'Our Lady' is a reflex of the regal sovereignty of Christ, exclusively made known through His viceregal authority in His Vicar. The great ministry of organising and directing mystical piety, undertaken by the Jesuit Order, aims at concentrating the whole of religious piety upon the ideal of devout obedience. It aims at directing all this acquired sense of obedience of spirit unto living and actual obedience to the Holy

See. The note of this personal consecration within a spiritual soldiery, culminating in service for the Catholic Theocracy, even enters into the spirit of St. Teresa's devotions, which rendered service to the Counter-Reformation revival. It is, however, absent from the last of the Mediæval Mystics, her contemporary, St. John of the Cross.

Judged by these standards, the life and devotion of Saintlands was of that fervent theocratic type, which belongs to the inner shrine of the Catholic religion. Every one lived in a vision of the future of the Kingdom; and yet the very vision of the divine Triumph was as subordinate to Catholic discipline as were the current religious practices and devotional exercises of the household. The change between the rule of Pope Leo XIII. from that of the beloved theocrat, Pius IX., had, however, largely modified the outlook of the pious. Several visionaries had foretold that Pius IX. would himself have lived to see the beginnings of the Triumph of the Church. Yet France now was worse off than ever, many of her exiled religious, under the Law of 1880, having migrated to England, some of whom also having visited Saintlands. And Pope Leo was not felt to be such a 'man of the apocalypse' in his personal leadership of the devout that his predecessor was, and that his successor has proved to be. The 'vision' was accordingly modified and generalised; and, to the people of Saintlands, it came to mean a vision of the revived Catholic ideal of the subordination of earthly to heavenly affairs. Of such the manner of life at Saintlands aimed at becoming an example that, it was hoped, might be applied through England and throughout the world.

Through the influence of this religious environment, I was wholly overpowered with the thought that within a few years the transcending Kingdom of the Saints would be established throughout the world. There was to me no thought of religious orders, or of distinctions between religious and secular in that future prospect. The religious life seemed to be, however, the one secure place of retreat while the secular power was falling to nothingness all around. The suggestion, too, was conveyed in a very definite manner that the sole chance of my saving my soul was by entrance into a religious community. I had no desire to enter the priesthood. The picture of the religious life I formed was derived mostly from the book on the *Lives of the Fathers of the Desert*, in its simplicity at least and want of secular cares, if not in its austerities. The religious State, however, was not taken as an act of renouncement; but merely as a geographical change from one precinct of the Divine Kingdom, that is, Saintlands, to another, namely, the Monastic enclosure. I did not feel like a youth giving up a secular career for the religious calling; but as a normal secular inhabitant of some Holy Land to whom the religious career was normal, and all secular callings abnormal and grotesque.

The routine of life I followed, while this sentiment of a vocation was forming, was, early rising in summer and walks in the garden, mass every day at 7 a.m., breakfast at 8; helping in commissions, lessons from the tutor, the care of a little garden, games at building houses and mimic warfare of Greeks and Romans, the study of Fredet's *Ancient History*, the building of toy fleets to represent the naval power of Rome and Carthage, examining neighbouring shrines, and climbing

by the sea. My eldest sister had remained as a pupil at the 'Dames Anglaises' in Bruges, an enclosed order of the Canonesses of St. Augustine, founded for English ladies in Bruges during persecution days. She returned for a while to the family circle, before leaving again for good to enter the same order as a postulant, and died some years later in the religious profession. My two brothers, both younger than myself, were my companions. The thought of entering a religious house was more seriously entertained when the original chaplain and tutor left Saintlands late in the year 1880. Priests now came for a few months at a time on supply, and before a French abbé, who was a warm supporter of the ideals of Saintlands, arrived, there was considerable unrest and uncertainty. In March, 1881, I prepared for the final farewell, my father having given his consent from the Holy Land, whither he had gone on a pilgrimage. On the eve of leaving, I was presented with a copy of Challoner's edition of the *Imitatio Christi*. I stayed with friends for a few days in London, and visited what seemed to be the nightmare scenes of the East End, where the late chaplain had secured the charge of a Catholic mission.

I then travelled North to stay a day or two with relatives, of an old Catholic family, who lived in some comfort in a mansion on high and rather broken ground, surrounded with woods that descended to sand dunes, filled with ⁸rabbit warrens, by the sea. They had a chaplain of their own, and several members of the family, my mother's sisters, were members of enclosed orders. One, also, was studying for the priesthood. When the visit was over, they drove me in a carriage and pair to the Franciscan monastery, my destination,

situated a few miles away. This journey was memorable to me, because, along the same road, it was afterwards reported, that a ghostly carriage and pair were at times seen, driven along with headless drivers. A time came when I thought that this was the most fitting emblem for this really mindless drive to the gates of the solemn limestone monastery, asking for admittance.

CHAPTER III.

THE CLOISTER AND ITS SACRED SEASONS.

IN the West, Religious Orders, since Gregory the Great first allied them with the Papacy, have ever been the Church's recognised implements of churchly self-reform. Luther, the first Protestant and Evangelical, was yet far more of the true monk than he may have supposed when he blazed Protestantism throughout Germany. The Protestantism, too, of the last three centuries is many degrees nearer to monastic Christianity than it is to the archaic Christianity of Galilee. This may be readily shewn. Western Monks, in self-renunciation, once became a kind of Papal or theocratic nation. Clugny, as such, formed an inter-corporate Order, which, in its ideal of self-reform, included the reform of its sovereign the Pope, and trained Alexander II., and that model of all Catholic theocrats, Hildebrand, for the throne of Peter. Bernard of Citeaux roused the Pope to zeal and churchliness. St. Francis regenerated a Papal nation of 'brothers,' 'sisters,' and 'tertiaries,' who could not be vanquished by secular strokes at Monastic property, concern with which they, in part or in whole renounced. But the Order of St. Francis compounded with the Papal sovereignty, renouncing much of the ideal of the Primitives, that it might,

in part, through the Papacy, reach out to influence the Church and the World itself. Finally, in Luther's day, two further acts of monkish self-renunciation were possible. Luther, a true monk, renounced the Papal promise of heaven itself, to secure self-reform, and to reform the Church. Then Loyola renounced the old and independent ideal of the Catholicism of the Middle Ages, along with all proper monastic ideals, in order to make all Catholics a 'Papal Nation,' and patriots and devotees exclusively of the Poppedom ; and in order to set up the Papal autocratic power itself as the really exclusive Rule of Life, that would make the Church Catholic, on its part, a kind of Papal monastic house. Thus Luther and Loyola are both, in germ, in the singular situation that made a monk like Gregory the Great an heir of the power of the Western Cæsars, without ceasing to be a very genuine monk. Monks thereby, through their accession, in the person of Gregory, to a share in the Cæsarship, regain a finger of control in secularity. They may, therefore, in the course of time, either fuse like Luther with their conquered world. Or else, the papal Lord of Monks may allow the contraction of a religious Order into a rigid papal agency, and thereby inaugurate modern Papal Catholicism. For modern Roman Catholicism is, in its essential feature, the cult of the viceregal sovereignty of the Papacy as the inclusive Sacrament on earth of the regal power of Christ the divine King ; and the courtiers of this glorified viceregal sovereignty are, above all others, those sublimated monks, the members of the Jesuit Order.

The Order that I entered, in the monastery I shall call that of the 'Holy Souls,' was one of the reformed

branches of the Franciscans, which I shall call here by the generic name of the Franciscan Order. On entering its membership I was soon aware of belonging to the citizenship of a 'Papal Nation,' touching executive, legislative and judicial power. But all the Franciscans belong essentially to the pre-Jesuit stage of monastic development, because they carry on a traditional ideal of the Simple Life, and of a special type of Mystical Piety, which is not exclusively, like that of the Jesuits, a kind of Sacramental adoration of Obedience, as the all-in-all of earthly worship of God. In one particular, however, my status in a religious house and community had few parallels. Stepping out of Mediæval Saintlands, where the World did not exist, I had not therefore 'renounced the World.' Religious Life was dimly, but vitally, to me, a kind of narrow passage-way to the purified secularity that I believed would exist, when, in the forthcoming Triumph of the Church, religious Orders would no longer be needed.

The Vows, the taking of which is the object of the postulanship and of the noviceship, would, however, constitute me, in a very real sense, even if not in the 'whole oblation' of the members of the Society of Jesus, a dependent citizen of the Papal Sovereign Nation, whatever might have been in my mind in the act of entry. There was *Poverty*, the status of economic dependence on the Papacy; *Celibacy*, a curtailment from the domestic influences of the country in which one lived; and *Obedience*, ever the vow of vows. The vow of Obedience is as the oath of Loyalty of the subjects of the papal Nation, constituting, for each one who renders it, the Pope as his exclusive Sovereign and Bishop for a life-time, and entailing a personal

acceptance of the authority of Papal Constitutions and of those Papal *Legati Caesaris*, the General and Provincials of the Order.

The 'liberties' of the Order were its exemption, in home affairs, from episcopal rule; the right of the individual to count on the Order for support, and thus the attainment of freedom from economic care; the right of domicile in a monastery in any part of the world where letters of obedience might carry one; the right, finally, of sharing in the religious services of the community and of taking up authoritatively the great Franciscan tradition of Mysticism, within whose limits an extraordinary amount of individual freedom of thought and freedom of manner in applying the Franciscan ideal to social problems was tolerated. In this great and free tradition, the Franciscans mark their distinction from other Orders, especially from the military and methodic traditions of Jesuit piety. The duty of obedience to the Franciscan Rule of Life thus carries with it privileges and rights, some of which afford a wide scope for individuality of thought and action.

The *genius loci* of the Novitiate House of All Souls corresponded in every respect with the ideal embodied in its planting. Holy Souls is one of the few modern monasteries the choice of whose site recalls the good taste for sites of the Mediæval monks. The world is cut off, here, by an outer rampart of a bleak limestone ridge, sweeping up from the south-east and ending in the artificially wooded Calvary due north of the monastery. The cross on this summit rises above an imitation of the Holy Sepulchre, hewn in the rock, and can be seen for miles around from the lowlands.

The site of the Calvary is reached by a rough flight of steps leading by the quarry, or by an elaborate Stations of the Cross. Within the sparsely-peopled plateau, in the corner of the great artificial fortress, is a small Catholic colony. The stony ground of the fortress base-ment, cultivated in the monastic holding of fifty acres, and in a few other spots, is elsewhere a poor and unreclaimed pasturage for sheep. The plateau extends as a bleak grazing land for five miles to the south, ending in a rich depression at the foot of a round-topped shaly mountain range, crowned with old British forts. Several miles to the west of the monastery is a wide rich valley opening to the sea, and along its course Spring advances in its greenery nearly a month before it appears on the bleak monastic environment. On the horizon arise some of the most precipitous mountains of Great Britain, whereon the setting sun, watched from the monastic mountain, is seen to mark the seasons of the year as it alights upon separate peaks. Below the rampart, north and north-east, are woodlands, mines and quarries, a belt of towns and villages, with a great Mediæval monastic ruin standing out in the grassland. There is the sea to the north; a vast and treacherous estuary to the north-east; and on the uttermost horizon a cosmopolitan port, the terminal whither converges to its entrance the shipping from a thousand fair and far-off lands.

The ordinary approach to the monastery of the Holy Souls is along a steep ascent from the north, taking a wide detour around the Monastic Calvary, and advancing through an entrance from the south. There is a low avenue of elm trees, beyond which the stately limestone buildings of the monastery extend from the guesthouse

at the left, by the foot of the wooded northern rampart, into an arm running south, meeting the graceful and costly Gothic church, presented by a wealthy convert, which, with the monastery, form the three sides of a quadrangle that has its flower garden. The church has a spacious nave, and a lady chapel, and behind the imposing altar and reredos is the monastic choir. The stained glass windows are presents of benefactors. Such particulars are retailed because my impression of them and of the whole great isle of seclusion, above and beyond the world, of this monastic environment, is an integral part of my remembrance of settling into the new cosmos, or newly apprehended cosmos, of the religious life. The church steeple had peerless bells, the most deep-sounding of which resounded the *Angelus* for miles along the stony platform of the neighbouring plateau. Another steeple, at the bend of the monastic cloister, contained the community bell. The vaulted cloister traversed the whole building from the Church to near the guest-house, and was the scene of the evening walk. The novitiate, then, was high up in the third storey; below it was the dormitory of the professed brothers; and on the ground floor, the sacristies, near the Church, and the large community-room in the main trunk of the building. There were vaults below the monastery in which, for a while, the dead had been laid, and vaults for the dead, again, under the monastic choir. After two months postulanship, I entered the novitiate of this monastery at the age of 15, on May 16th, 1881.

The visionary romanticism of Royalist Saintlands soon seemed to me now as a setting sun, which I first felt would rise in some far off Spring time; but the

stimulating memory of it grew fainter and fainter, until the hope of a sunrise seemed quite to have gone out. I felt that I was among my new associates, the brothers fresh from the world and with a knowledge of the world and the distinction between the world and the cloister that I did not share in, by some irrevocable decree of the Eternal One. The sense of loss soon arose and grew ever more intense. But this was not, strangely, a sense of loss of the world, about which I knew nothing whatever; but the sense of loss was rather of the imaginary and romantic dream of a Theocracy which on the whole was, in some aspects, more distant from the monastic ideal of saving one's soul by a refined seclusion from mankind, than even the world itself.

Yet these were days of feelings and impressions and not of coherent thought. The inner 'must' of the religious life was never once questioned, although the sense of chilled delight and of inner repugnance began to grow. I now, however, began to make myself comfortable in the sense of the eternal, if painless, loss. I was no ascetic, and had no serious thought of preparing for the Franciscan priesthood, such as is entertained, in the normal course of the religious career, by every novice who is a cleric. While, all around, the solemn grey walls of the monastery seemed to assume a mysticism of the grave, I merely made the attempt to make things not unpleasant in the environment of what seemed a tomb-world. The dead were below the monastery and choir and about the church. The Constitutions of the Order, read every second month, spoke of receiving the dead for burial in the monastery 'in the bowels of charity.' Life itself was

to be a slowly worked out act of settling into the tomb. At the mid-night office, especially, one felt the sort of composure from the presence of the vaults, the darkness of the church, and the aloofness of the hour itself, as though anticipated from the day when life's cares and anxieties, and the dangers of 'free-will,' will be of the record of events eternally left behind.

The spirit of an over-mastering fatalism now seized possession of my mind, and began to ordain every action as by a kind of fatalistic clock-work. Anxiety having been swept away by the sense of after-deathfulness, the course of daily life soon began to be filled with lowly pleasures. Monasticism, in the Church of Rome, though akin to Puritanism in its creation of a spiritual caste, yet, in its attitude to the simple joy of life, is a clear-cut contradictory to Puritanism. The Puritan is gloomy and dour because he has not really 'experienced death.' Could he really 'die to self,' he might awaken as happy as a Giacomone da Todi, who, even in prison, could not refrain himself from singing perpetual songs of joy. One felt here, for instance, a dark and almost astrological fascination in the glimpses at the midnight stars on the way to the Night Office. The long litany of the Saints at midnight, after Lauds, suggested the richness and variety of the higher regions of that 'Other World' into whose lower regions one had already entered. Meditation, even more than Office, since it encouraged reflectiveness, seemed like the paying off of a fixed debt which would some day terminate when the price of rest were paid up for in full. It always gave a sense of relief to reach the conventual Mass, after an hour or more's prayers, at 7 a.m. The dim light on the outlook now brightened. The faithful laity

were present, and were one in fellowship with the religious during mass. The idea that it was a solemn sacrifice most chiefly impressed me on the special occasions like the masses in Holy Week or for the Dead. But mass, too, was the normal and daily oblation which was the occasion of the consecration of every Christian day, and it was an act of divinely ordained fraternization with the outer world.

Every meal now possessed its sense of sacramental delight about it from the divine injunction of monastic obedience in which it was ordained. Partaking in the extra dishes of feast-days, and in the cup of dandelion wine, which was sent up to the novitiate on the evening of feast-days of the Order, seemed both a part of the religious observance of the festival, while also it symbolised the fact that religion meant ulteriorly a participation in a final and transcending festival with God. Every day there was silent work in the garden, and in midsummer work from six in the morning in the hay-field; and, in harvest time, the binding and carting of corn, piling up the stack, raking up the gleanings, and finally, helping to thrash the corn. Later the novices gathered in the root-crops, down to as late as the middle of November, when all the monastic grounds, also, were swept clean of leaves. On rainy days there was habit-making, and mending; and cord-weaving was put through even in recreation time. Recreation always began, when the weather was fine, with a walk in the garden, and was prefaced by a recital of the Lady Office, while walking in a line two deep. On Sunday, the custom ever was to ascend the mountain of the Calvary and study the view of the mountains and of the ships at sea approaching or

leaving the distant port. On Thursday a long walk was taken across the limestone rampart ; or down the glens by the slopes, to the north ; or by crags, nooks, woods, and lakes, along the edges of the table-land. With all the grave-like consciousness, the days and hours of the noviceship were thus filled with a horarium of pleasant changes of occupation, and it was taken as a sign of a true vocation that a novice remained in the height of good spirits. This indicated the completeness of the inner self-surrender, and the consequent delight, in a free heart, with all the lesser relaxations allowed in the eternal decrees of God.

The novice-master was a short man with a kindly but impassive face, with a long parted brownish-red untrimmed beard, and not unnecessarily severe. The superior was a tall, powerfully built, square-shouldered sinewy Scotchman. He was a disciplinarian, who had been in Australia ; he had down-cast eyes, but was ever on the alert ; was nervous, rapid in movement, precise, of few words. After the term of his guardianship he was elected superior of the whole English province, being called the ' Father Provincial.' The out-going ' Provincial ' was an Italian with a projecting, dusky beard. He had a look of inquisitiveness, and spoke in sudden emotional sentences ; he was considerate and lenient, but was wont to give extraordinary penances to try people's humility. Of the novices who ' persevered ' and joined the class from among my associates, one was an Englishman from the South Wales industrial world, another a Kilkenny cricketer, a third came from the West of Ireland, and was a whole-hearted Gael ; a fourth was German-English, with a good preparatory training and of remarkable originality. Later on there

joined us an American, a London Irishman, another Anglo-Irishman, also another able Irishman who subsequently left and became a Fenian ; and a convert who had been received into the Church with his parents, and had little in common with the rest of this fairly cosmopolitan party.

Life with the novices was prolonged until several months after my profession. During this period the first item of news from the outer world reached the novices, the rumour spreading that Alexandria had been bombarded by the British fleet and that war was on in Egypt. This, re-calling to mind the existence of the world, created an extraordinary sensation, and aroused a keener interest than had ever hitherto been felt to know what was happening in the affairs of the nations. During the year's noviceship, I never entertained the least inclination of leaving. Once I spent three days of depression in the expectation that the novice-master had made up his mind on my unsuitability. This meant being lost socially into a world of which I knew nothing and being doomed for eternity to suffer the pain of loss from God. On the whole, I must have given satisfaction, and was professed on Ascension Day, 1882, in the 'simple vows,' which though dispensable by the highest authority of the Order, were otherwise binding, on pain of mortal sin, for a life time. After the profession I once made known to the dean of the novices my belief, entertained through misapprehending the sayings of devout people in Saintlands about my supposed 'vocation' to the Religious State, that my eternal salvation depended on my perseverance in the Franciscan Order. I wished then to know whether any 'secret of the Order' existed thus relating to

everyone who had been called by God to join the Franciscans. The dean said I was misinformed ; but I continued to believe the suggestion as a special communication vouchsafed from the Deity and applying to myself. As a matter of fact, had I known it, the moral compulsion of such a suggestion made my vows wholly uncanonical and invalid. But with the forming of such an 'imperative suggestion' that removed the essentially necessary moral freedom from my vows, the Order had nothing whatever to do. Every religious Order safe-guards itself by telling novices before their vows, that they should take them with a full consciousness that they are morally free. The difficulty lies in the fact that one who is under a really 'imperative suggestion,' is unable to realise that any moral compulsion is asserting itself. To me the reputed 'decree of God,' ordaining my career in life as a member of the Franciscan Order was simply taken for granted like the decree, so to imagine it, which ordains the changes of night and day, and the seasons.

At my profession I was happy and contented in a superficial sense or degree ; but I dimly felt that the heart of life had now gone out for ever ; and it was not so very long afterwards that I commenced to feel a growing desire for no other heaven but that of complete annihilation and eternal forgetfulness. The reason was that I had formed an early vision of a paradise which was a divine sovereignty reigning in this world. It was now certain that the heaven before monastic obedience and perseverance was of another world ; but that vision of glory in a future heaven never awakened the least degree of interest within the soul in any single moment of my life. In compensation and alleviation,

it will be shown that the cloistral year, with its churchly offices, tends to cultivate a mystical hope in a divine kingdom even for those who are habitually unable to set their heart's hope in any divine paradise beyond the skies.

This cloistral year, the cycle of the monastic life as a whole, fulfils itself in a certain close affinity with the Ecclesiastical year of the sacred seasons of the Universal Church. Thus the Spring cleaning and the preparatory work amid the bleak fields and gardens seem to happen in mystic association with the soul's penitential cleansing through the Lent of the Church. And the ordinances of the late Autumn, such as the tidying up of the whole of the grounds amid the fallen leaves, during the monastic Lent that runs from the 2nd of November, is in mystical harmony with the keeping of the month of the Holy Souls by the faithful throughout the world in solemn offices, and masses, and prayers. Advent, too, was a fasting season, and began with a retreat, with meditations on the Four Last Things—Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven.

The Season of Advent possessed its own transcending symbolism, from its antiphonal use in the Breviary Offices of the full-hearted prophecies of Isaiah and other prophetic writers. Here was a vision opened up, amid the interludes of the festooning of all the church and monastic buildings with ivy and bay-leaves in preparation for Christmas, which, in its plain grammatical meaning, portrayed the coming of a real Messiah's kingdom in a real social paradise, which was in no transmundane sphere. First, the blessed vision was of what was far away :—

*Aspiciens a longe ecce video Dei potentiam venientem,
Et nebulam totam terram tegentem.* . . .

*Aspiciebam in visu noctis, et ecce in nubibus cæli
Filius hominus veniebat
Et datum est ei regnum et honor
Et omnis populus, tribus, et linguæ servient ei.
Potestas ejus, potestas æterna, quæ non auferetur :
Et regnum ejus, quod non corrumpetur.*

The true Israel, the people of God of every era, prayed, and should obtain ; but the ends of the earth should also hear and see :—

*Obescro Domine, mitte quem missurus es
Vide afflictionem populi tui
Sicut locutus es, veni, et libera nos.*

*Ecce dies veniunt, dicit Dominus, et suscitabo David
germen justum
Et regnabit Rex et sapiens erit,
Et faciet judicium et justitiam in terra
Et hoc est nomen quod vocabunt eum : Dominus
justus noster.*

*In diebus illius salvabitur Juda, et Israel habitabit
confidenter.*

*Audite verbum Domine, gentes, et annunciate illud in
finibus terræ,
Et insulis quæ procul sunt, dicite : Salvator noster
veniet.*

*In die illa stillabunt montes dulcedinem, et colles fluent
lac et mel, alleluia !*

*Ecce Dominus veniet et omnes sancti ejus cum eo,
Et erit in die illa lux magna, Alleluia !*

*Omnes sitientes venite ad aquas,
Querite Dominum dum invenire potest, Alleluia !
Ecce venit propheta magnus : et ipse renovabit Jeru-
salem, Alleluia !*

Such words, rung into one's ears, not as a mere portion of the Scriptures, but as texts and adaptations purposely chosen and applied to describe pictorially the coming of the divine sovereignty, and the *status* of the earth within its reign, might, indeed, refer to the forgiveness of sins and the triumph of Christ's Church on earth; but, in any case, their interest lay in the authoritative portrait of what they purported by such a remission and such a triumph. As Advent moved onwards towards Christmas, it was more and more clear that the Churchly anthems and responses portrayed the coming of the social paradise:—

*Lætentur cæli, et exultet terra, jubilate montes laudem,
Quia Dominus noster veniet et pauperum suorum
miserebitur.*

*Orietur in diebus ejus justitia et abundantia pacis,
In illa die stillabunt montes dulcedinem, et colles fluent
lac et mel, dicit Dominus.*

*Montes Israel ramos vestros expandite et florete, et fructus
faciete,*

Prope est ut veniet dies Domini;

Rorate cæli desuper et nubes pluant justum,

Aperiatur terra et germinet Salvatorem.

*Civitas Jerusalem noli flere: quoniam doluit Dominus
super te,*

Et aufert a te omnem tribulationem.

Ecce veniet Dominus, protector noster, Sanctus Israel:

Coronam regni habens in capite suo,

Et dominabitur a mari usque ad mare

Et a flumine usque ad terminos orbis terrarum.

Advent after Advent such pictures of the forthcoming triumph of the transcending sovereignty of God entered deeper and deeper as a precious poem corresponding accurately and minutely with the desire which was first of all written within. With a religious ideal adapted from the theocratic visions of Royalist France, one might at least enjoy the vision of a reputedly real theocracy as a poem, or as the sketch of a splendid Mystery Play; even if it was not believed that such a pleasing antiphonal creation had any relationship with the facts of the world.

Since the symbolism of Advent gives the key to the symbolism of all the Mystical Year, the vivid presentation of an approaching divine sovereignty in its Breviary Offices helps one to conceive of all the other Ecclesiastical seasons as a kind of a series of Miracle Plays of the forthcoming Theocracy in some subtle spiritual manifestation of Christ throughout the Cosmos. The Midnight Office was said from a Psalter of extraordinary size, about 3 feet by 2, with large, clear, red and black letters, and on its pages there fell a blazing bull's-eye of light, the rest of the choir and church being dark. The word '*Nocturno*,' coming in the title *In primo, etc., nocturno*, i.e., 'in the first, second, or third, nocturn, or watch,' so often repeated, was very impressive in this respect. The nocturns, one came to feel, were traceable to the primitive Church's threefold night-watch for Christ during all the year.

Christmas Day, with the Franciscans, has exceptional traditions of the dramatic and poetic note. St. Francis, one heard, was the first to originate the custom of the

Bambino. But this might mean little if it were not that St. Francis, too, was the one Saint who conceived of the Second Advent of Christ with the realistic intuitions of an artist, rather than after the manner of a mere preacher of repentance. The tradition of the *Conformità* that one hears much of during the Franciscan Year, culminating in the well-attested account of the Impression of the Sacred Stigmata on St. Francis, obliged one to think that the life of each Christian might be the subject of solemn dedication to the Divine Master, in the realism of a Sacred Art that would reproduce earthly parallels to the heavenly and divine events recorded of the Incarnate Word of God.

With an ever deepening feeling, then, that this divine drama of the Sacred Festivals might spiritually impress itself upon the life of the Church of Christ, the festival of Christmas was kept with special zest, on account of its association with this poetic ideal of a living reign of God revived in modern history. There was a midnight procession through the monastery, with candles and incense, while the brothers, singing the *Venite Adoremus*, went down to the elaborate *Bambino*, which, with its figures and grotto of cork and ivy, filled the whole archway under the tower where the lady-altar was. There followed the three nocturns of Matins with their psalms of splendid imaginativeness, like the *Eructavit cor meum*, the *Magnus Dominus*, the *Deus Judicium tuum regi da*; with the lesson from Isaiah about the vision by the people of a 'great light.' Here were anthems and responses which especially must have inspired some of Botticelli's 'Nativities,' and where earth

and heaven are sung of as entering on an enduring fellowship :—

*Hodie nobis de cælo pax vestra descendit,
Hodie per totum mundum melliflui facti sunt cæli,
Hodie illuxit nobis dies redemptionis novæ, reparationis
antiquæ felicitatis æternæ.*

After the *Te Deum*, there was a Solemn Mass, with a full choir, and the keeping of the Sacred Night of the Nativity ended with Lauds. Unto those who love the Ecclesiastical Year for its own sake, Christmas within the cloister is a rich spiritual repast, that annually gladdens all religious people. But unto those for whom the great dramatic celebration of the Coming of Christ is mainly taken as potentially purposive of future world events, the keeping of this Sacred Night is, furthermore, a worthy celebration in honour of a Theocracy, sung of at least, as about to be proclaimed amid the nations.

The festival of the Epiphany, whose distinction from Christmas has about it an almost Cabalistic subtlety, was, even in Saintlands, almost as great a favourite to me as Christmas Day. The Nativity is, of course, itself, the Manifestation of the Word incarnate to mankind. The Shepherds came in that very night. The distinction, however, began to be accepted of a 'making known' to Israel, and a 'making known' to the Gentiles, which was also in general, the shewing forth of the Divinity as at the Baptism, and as by the Conversion of Water into Wine. Out of this distinction there has grown up a tradition which has come to be the guiding principle of Catholic mystical science, namely, that the *Hidden Presence* of Christ 'grows' and 'matures' by a kind of divine process, at work throughout the Church, into

the *Manifest* Presence of Christ. In this sense all the miracles of the Saints, and all exaltations of sight, hearing, and feeling, which recur so continuously in the biographic records of almost every saintly life, are thus taken as a portion of the ever-enduring Epiphany of Christ. They are as signs, evidences, expressions, manifestations, that is, to the outer senses, of the reality of the elsewhere unseen and hidden Presence. I always felt that the application of the principle included in the truth of this filling-up and maturing process of the Real Presence in the Mystical Body of Christ, was not to be limited to insignificant trifles or wonders or even miracles, but was to extend into some true Christly interpretation of living mankind which would make the theocracy a reality. This idea, I always thought, was well suggested by the Epiphany Psalms and antiphons, which are unavoidably felt to be 'prophetic,' as much as, or more than so, those of Christmas Day. The Office began with the splendid dramatic psalm on Thunder and Lightning as a manifestation of the 'Voice of God' :—

*Vox Domini super aquas, Deus majestatis intonuit,
Dominus super aquas multas.*

*Vox Domini in virtute ; Vox Domini in magnificentia.
Vox Domini confringentis cedros ; et confringet
Dominus cedros Libani.*

And such anthems as :—

*Fluminis impetus lætificat, alleluia ! civitatem Dei,
alleluia !*

*Omnes gentes quascunque fecisti venient et adorabunt
coram te Domine.*

All these superb visions of the earth in which one lived, as the scene of the great future manifestation of the theocracy, though only conceived of as a poem, were compensation, in a small degree, for the loss of the actual faith in a Theocracy, which had once reached my home of early childhood through the influence of *Pio Nono* and the French Theocrats. Religion became largely the enjoyment of a divine wonderland, wherein the poetic preservation of the illusion of the realised desire was to take the place of its actual achievement.

Realities, however, were ever intruding themselves into illusions. Thus the Benediction Lent, beginning the day after the Epiphany, and, when Easter came early, running into the Lent of the Church without the elapse of any intervening days of Carnival, always left the impression that, if the experience of the note of deprival in the Churchly Year were so real, there might be some conceivable corresponding reality on the credit side of the account of what the Holy Seasons purported to bestow. Lents, after all, were given as the economic process for realizing the desire of life. The Hebrew of old fasted in order to enjoy the heavenly vision he desired to see, or to secure the possession of what he desired to obtain. The Hymn, too, of the Lent of the Church pictured this season as the preparation for the Great Restitution :—

*Dies venit, dies tua,
In qua reflorent omnia.*

To those who could think of, and desire, a future heaven, Lent gave assurance and strength to trust in God's merciful forgiveness. But for those like myself, to whom the picture of a future heaven was unimaginable,

and unthinkable, the only conceivable credit side of the balance-sheet won by Lenten fasting, was the attainment of some new sense of assurance that the Theocracy, pictured in all the Churchly Seasons of the Year, was not a dream. The poetic dramas depicted in the Christmas and Epiphany Offices created, it has been shewn, a faint presentiment that they purported realities to the existing life of man as their ultimate earthly objective. So far as a life which was unreflective, uncritical, and filled in with a series of impressions and feelings, allowed the possibility, this appreciation of the realistic purport of the Churchly allegorical festivals reached its climax with Passion-tide and Easter that closed the period of the three almost consecutive Lents.

The question, by the way, of the wisdom or otherwise of retaining the observance of three Lents a year, especially for young folk, may be safely left to the consideration of the authorities of the Order. The Italian Franciscans who introduced this custom in the English Province with its foundation, were accustomed, like most foreigners, to take a light repast in the morning ; and the fast, which allowed the principal meal to be taken at noon, was no severe feat of endurance to them. In the transition-stage, while the Italians were training English and Irish friars to manage the province for themselves, there were undoubtedly unintentional cases of hardship in the non-bestowal of dispensations on students. I was, on several occasions, dispensed, and would have been always had the ulterior effects of fasting been foreseen. I was disabled from a really active life as a result of the length and severity of the Lents. The effects of fasting, however, were not so much physical debility as mental or spiritual inertia.

which held back my mental development for a period of at least ten years. The period thus of dreamy impressiveness which began to come on during the noviceship led me into a state of mental torpor from which I did not wholly awaken until the course of studies was completed. The time of this dream-existence was a period of great susceptibility to the mysticism of the Seasons. In the penitential time of Lent, thus, I had not the least consciousness of acting in a penitential spirit, in the hope of forgiveness of sin, and for the purpose of amendment of life. I was merely dreamily conscious of having been banished into a dark world of deprival as an incident of the divinely decreed ordinance of my religious life. The horarium of the twenty-four hours of the normal fasting day and night of about half the year, and of every Friday, was, Matins either at midnight, at 5 a.m., or, maybe, overnight. If Matins was not in the morning, one rose at least at 5.30 a.m., and remained in the Church from 6 to 7.30. A collation was then taken of a cup of coffee and a morsel of dry bread, and dinner followed at 12 noon. At 7 p.m. there was a light collation. On work-days, a cup of tea was allowed at 4 p.m.

The inspiring motive of this fasting was that the monastic ideal was brought home, by such customs, as an act of perpetual 'conversion,' and of daily self-reform. Bodily austerity was given to facilitate spiritual conversion. In a modern monastery, however, there is little of that quest for the assurance of salvation which played such a leading part in the experience of Martin Luther, and that helped to shape the Evangelical Ideal. The modern religious is, elsewhere, dominated with the firm conviction that obedience to the Church is the

absolute guarantee of individual salvation. He fasts because, over and above his normal obligation, as of one of the faithful, of ordinary obedience, he has now vowed to obey particular superiors, and a special Rule of Life. Fasting, therefore, is a discipline in bringing about complete conformity of his will to that great corporate conjuncture of the wills of the faithful people in the revealed Will of God, which constitutes the Church of God. To the religious, thus, the universalization of the motive of obedience, in the living correspondence of minds and wills to Authority, is the only realization of the Theocracy he may ever aspire to see. This obedience, in faith and love, brings with it the guarantee of heaven. The Lents are aids in the discipline of self-control directed towards obedience. The commemoration of the Sacred Passion of Christ in Passion-tide and during every Friday in the year is as a sensible 'stimulus of Love,' breaking untractable wills, and uniting the individual with the Suffering Christ in living mystical union.

The Lent, therefore, of the Church, and Passion-tide, in their penances and mournful services were a kind of mystical experience of the Passion of Christ. The old Franciscan Love Songs in honour of Christ's Love in the Passion are inspired with the spirit of such mystical ardour. Partly through Richard Rolle, the mystical writings of St. Bonaventure, inspired of this ideal, became known in England. The tradition of passionate devotion to the Suffering Christ is still fully alive in the Order. This devotion, and the keeping of Holy Week, obliges one to approach the study of the central Christian doctrine of the Atonement; or, at least, to contemplate the whole Sacred Story in a picture

revived within the soul. The customary conventual meditations emphasised the statement that Christ suffered and died from His love of souls, and in order to redeem the soul of each one from hell, and to secure for it the rewards of paradise. The Passion, it was said, would all have happened even if there had been but one soul in all the world to save.

Every such appeal, however, left me wholly unmoved. It was not possible to wrench the thought of heaven from the thought of the pictured fulfilment of desire. If Christ loved the soul, He could not have desired to give the soul the complete fulfilment and realisation of all it did not desire, of all that it was rather infinitely averse to. In the picture of heaven presented, the vision of the divine reign I had long ago formed seemed to be totally absent. In it hope, desire, love, were lost for ever. There was, in fine, a time in which it seemed that to win the monastic heaven was equivalent to the absolute loss of all that, in reality, to me, constituted heaven. Gain and loss were both the same thing, and both were equally accursed.

The suggestion of a more blessed hope than that which seemed almost to make heaven and hell identical arose out of that beautiful series of Friday Offices of the Passion, which ran on from Septuagesima into the week before Palm Sunday. In all of these, the humaner mystical inspiration ever entered which suggested the identification of Christ's sufferings with those of His mystical body in all humanity. To the mystic, the original Passion was a privilege and a glorification of Love, which it was of the bliss of the Saints to

partake in, until the moment when heaven and earth were divinely harmonised :—

Adimpleo ea quæ desunt passionis Christi pro corpore ejus quod est ecclesia.

It was true that the Breviary Offices for the feasts of *St. Francis* were inspired of this thought, and had applied to express it also the great sayings of *St. Paul* about his own mystical perpetuation of the Christly life and passion. Yet, it was not in the consideration of the mere fact of the mystical union between the passion of Christ and of His mystical body in which spiritual compensation was achieved. It was rather out of certain wondrous implications and inferences that one rather felt and surmised about the mystical union than actually thought, or reasoned about, in which the vision of a truer, and to me, more adequately transcending hope, was conceivable. Supposing, for instance, that the hope of a transmundane heaven had been wholly set aside in the New Testament? In that case, Heaven might even yet be taken as a kind of essentiality within the soul of mankind. Christ was this essential soul, indivisible from mankind. The Saints, in belonging to Him, were but drawn into the heart of humanity. The lover of Christ should find his treasure with present and living humanity. *Deliciæ meæ*, said the Divine Wisdom; *esse cum filiis hominum*. Divine religion was a great divine involution of humanity into enduring inwardness. The walls of paradise were raised up by God around a purified and immortalised existing human sociality. The transcendent heaven was brought within mankind by the Descent of the Divine Word; and the attainment of

eternal salvation was but the divine act whereby men entered an eternity that was latent within the heart. And Heaven was but the achievement of this great divine process of the involution of humanity into an eternity and an essentiality whose heart was the living heart of mankind of the present day and hour. The Friday Offices of the Passion are replete with suggestions of this kind, which find their origin quite as much in the Hebrew earthliness of their Scriptural allusions, as in the mystical tradition which sees the Divine Passion in the act of perpetual renewal in the Mystical Body.

After the lyrics and epical poems of these Offices as a prelude, the dramatic realism of Passion-tide began with the draping of the altar and of all objects of sacred art on Passion Sunday (the 2nd before Easter). The joyful and processional beginning of Holy Week, commemorating Christ's assumption of Jewish Kingship in the capital, recalls the fact that the Passion, for all its sadness, is, in its innermost essence a glorification. Holy Thursday concentrates its devotion on the conception of the sepulchral note of the sacramental Presence, with its flowers and candles at the 'Holy Sepulchre.' The Institution of the Eucharist is commemorated in its pristine realism, handed down from before the date of theological theory. One only feels that He who so recently assumed the Kingship, in the promise of the approaching divine sovereignty, must have willed and intended His Kingly personality to remain in the world, in spite of bodily death, until the consummation of the Kingdom. The Catholic conception of a 'real presence' is a mere incidental manner of stating what no inaugurator of a theocracy could

conceivably have wished or purposed not to do. The primitive Church was itself a 'real presence' of Christ, and a perpetual 'pure oblation,' extending itself throughout the world. The later Sacrifice of the Mass, and belief in the sacramental Real Presence, are incidental devolutions in aid of the handing down of the central reality, that humanity itself is entrusted with the privilege of ever reviving Christ in its midst, after His bodily death, until the precious Christly personality preserved by the devotion, so to speak, of friends, may again find a bodily life, a fitting instrument wherewith to resume its authoritative place in the outer world.

In the monastery, the Offices of *Tenebræ*, the services for Good Friday and those of Holy Saturday Morning are taken as ceremonial phases of the monastic life, and would be kept up even were there no congregation of lay-brothers, or of the devout laity, present. There were several points of these services that impressed me, such as the universalism of the 'Reproaches' and of the *Vexilla Regis*, and the wide prophetic outlook of the whole of the Holy Saturday Morning Office. One was left, by aid of their summed impression, to feel that in a sense both the Offices of Good Friday, and of the 'Holy Sepulchre,' were tokens of some immense vivifying process at work in the world, getting ready for some great spiritual upheaval that would make all mankind recognise the resurrection as a demonstrable reality. The words that, of all others, left the deepest of impressions in my mind, in this respect, were the words of the Christlike prophet Hosea which occur in the first antiphon for

Lauds of Holy Saturday, solemnly chanted in an appropriate tone :—

*O, mors ero mors tua,
Morsus tuus ero inferne !*

My mind was naif and realistic enough to take this as a solemn proclamation of the simple truth, not that man should live again, but that the obsession of the world by death and deathfulness should be undone. For me it did not relate to any reputed immortality of a Hereafter, but to such a breaking through of the barriers between the Living and the Departed, that the mere death of the body should no longer be felt to be a real death at all, and the Departed, in their turn, would reanimate the spirit of the world, and re-kindle failing hopes, increase all faith, and fructify all love. Long afterwards I found that the Prophet's conception of the Death of Death in relation to Israel differed in no essential feature from what I had always felt to have been the meaning of this solemn annunciation.

Easter was a festival which always brought with it a feeling of regretfulness. The reason of this almost mocking note of the feast of the Resurrection, with its flowers, its candles, its brief offices and solemn Mass and alleluias, in the fellowship of the budding greenery of the monastic grounds in Spring-time, was that, after the realism of the expectancy of Lent and Holy Week, there was now a sudden consciousness that the Sacred Seasons and *Easter* with its cessation of the almost continuous six months' fasting, were but an adornment of a life fatally secluded from any chance of the realisation of the Greater Hope. The recurrence of this set-back of spiritual expectancy with every *Easter* marks off in what manner the

celebration of Passion-tide differed from that of every other Church Season like *Advent*, *Christmas*, or *Easter* itself. The Passion is the one event of the Christly ministry, the keeping of which is less of a mere poem than an actual and realistic experience of 'fellowship.' For five or six years, the Church Festivals gave their poems of a divine reign on earth, which mostly was never dreamed of as of anything else than a pure fiction to recall past fact. But, in keeping Passion-tide, every religious must always feel that the 'poem' possesses a very intimate present reality in his own particular experience of the mortified life. If the possession of the transmundane heaven seemed to be assured to some while they kept their Passion-tide, why should not my individual desire for the social paradise be also brought into effect through participating in the same service of, and even joint-experience of, the Passion of Christ? During these moments a wondrous kind of luminosity seemed to illumine mankind, and all the earth, as the potential *Civitas Dei*. Calvary was dreamed of as an actual initial vitalisation of the world. The daily Mass was a real sacrifice of lives, in union with Calvary, for the transfusion of the greater brotherliness, breaking the barriers between mankind and inwardness, bringing the Departed to the Living, and the Living to the Departed, and hastening on the Day of the Manifestation in which mankind would find its opening to paradise around and within its earthly dwelling, and cease to think of any transmundane heaven at all. The recurrence, however, of *Easter* after *Holy Week* tended rather to reduce such conceptions of a divine reign once again to the *status* of a poem; and thus the glimpse of the real heavens departed as with the rolling up of a parchment scroll.

CHAPTER IV.

MONASTIC EDUCATION.

THE 'Provincial Chapter,' as the sessions of the 'Discreets,' the 'Definitors,' and the 'Provincial' was called, assigned our professoriate of newly professed clerics to the monastery I shall name San Pacifico, situated some distance south of London. The journey thither was of some length, the train, in one section of the route, running round by the outskirts of London. The vision of the world, as seen through the crystal of the life-long vows of renunciation, seemed mystical and wondrous. The grass-lands and oaklands of the Midlands appeared as in the vistas of a dream, and the old hall of Homelands which can just be seen from the railway as the train passes, seemed to be as far away and unrelated to present existence as a star. The detachment of the monastic state had created a cryptic vision of a monastic World, with its intercommunicating roads and railways writ large in it; and visionary pathways, where monastic walks were taken, seemed like the faint projection of the reality of the monastery within the elsewhere shadow-world of secularity on every side. But the outer unreality of secularity grew now to be strangely more of an interesting and fascinating wonder-world than ever it had been before the great renouncement,

The monastery of San Pacifico, where Humanities were to be studied till midsummer, 1885, compared with that of the Holy Souls as a cottage with a stately mansion. It had been necessary to build Holy Souls in agreement with the Gothic of the church that had been first erected there. But San Pacifico was built after the true Franciscan model required by the Constitutions. The site was in a perfectly flat garden lot with clay soil. A townlet was on the west side, a few trees were between the building and the road to the north ; fields and oaklands were to the east ; and southwards was a railway. The monastery, on this site, was built like the three sides of a square block of dull red-brick cottages. On the fourth side, completing the quadrangle to the north, was a mortuary chapel opening into the Church. Within the square was a miniature garden, one quarter of which was assigned to my care, a plan provocative of wholesome rivalry with the brother-gardeners of the other three quarters. This cottage monastery did not possess a conventual cloister. An open passage-way had, in the beginning, run around the garden, unprotected from the weather. This passage had latterly been tiled in, forming a narrow corridor upon the ground-floor. The passage opened to the class-room, the kitchen, the refectory, and the various store-rooms. The north end ran into the choir behind the elaborate wooden altar-piece, carved by a brother, and about 20 feet in height. Over the rustic porch to the south, creepers were trained ; and a large open-air vine-tree covered the southern prospect of the building, and its grapes were gathered and pressed by an Italian brother and allowed to ferment into home-made wine.

Through the little neighbouring town ran a highway from London to the Coast, famed once in old coaching days, and with an inn still recording memories of its prosperous times before the railway was built. There were extensive forests of the Weald within walking distance from the monastery. A low ridge of the Weald uplands ran crossways, four miles to the south, from which there were resplendent views of the South Downs.

Life in San Pacifico partook of cottage-like simplicity under the patriarchal rule of the Italian Father Guardian. This superior was a low, rather stout, deeply-bronzed Tuscan ; with a majestic Roman head, and a steel-grey, long untrimmed beard. He used to talk with an assumed solemnity, but his eyes twinkled with a mischievous humour which savoured of Machiavelli and Mephistopheles. He was altogether original and incalculable and imperturbable, and had never once been known to be caught napping in conversation or polemics. He had the gift of biting satire, and was not afraid to chaff the most consequential of the neighbouring urban dignitaries. Though a benevolent ruler, the Father Guardian was a faddist on subtle technicalities of privilege, and never forgot a favour, and never overlooked a slight. In religion he was a tremendous realist, without a vestige of sanctimony. He merely postulated saints and sacred personalities as beings as real as ordinary living men, but treated them with a good-humoured familiarity. He carried his own Dantesque likes and dislikes into the Unseen World, making free with Old and New Covenant saints as though they were Franciscan Brothers or neighbouring citizens. Religious duties he was wont to regard, following the ancient Roman custom, as the mere paying

off of a debt imposed on humanity by some inscrutable decree of the Eternal Being.

Over our class a Father Preceptor was placed ; but during his absence for Mission work in a neighbouring town, the Father Guardian ruled the students directly. He sent us to work in the garden to gather the giant acorns where the neighbouring oak-trees grew ; or else to take extra recreation, and ordered tea and apples for our refreshment. At night he often postponed the silence-bell and came down and talked to the students in a gossiping manner, retailing amazing miraculous legends and graphic stories about the community life of the Brothers in Italy, or of Italian civic life.

The object of the Professoriate was to give facilities to the professed clerics for learning enough of the ' Humanities ' to enable them to make the best of the ensuing class of Philosophy. The first Father Preceptor was a short but fiery Bavarian-American, a good educationalist, who might have awakened my sleeping mind, but that he was suddenly removed in the midst of the course during the winter of 1883-4, and we were then placed under the direction of a quiet and conscientious Lancashire man, whose training had been mainly monastic. From that date till midsummer, 1885, I learned nothing in the official course of studies whatever.

Meanwhile the reports of the events in the East had begun to make a deep impression. A leading Catholic layman of the South of England, who had much to do with the community, was making a heroic stand for the rights of Oriental peoples, and largely carried the the monastic community with him. From the first moment in which I had begun to hear about it, the

Eastern Theocracy of Islam fascinated my mind. The interest was unreflective and arose, without my being aware of it, from the close correspondence of the Islam Theocracy with my imaginary picture of a Christian Theocracy implanted by the early Zouave environment. In truth, at that time, I accepted the Christian religion and the monastic state with a perfect Islamite composure. Nothing of Christianity, except the 'poem,' conveyed in the Offices, appealed to my likings in the least degree. And the poem of a Divine Rule which filled the pages of the Psalter and Lessons and Antiphons of the Breviary, I believed, as I have recorded, to have had no basis of reality in the Christian religion of the day. The Mohammedans who purported to rule in earthly affairs by enforcing the plain decrees of Allah, I fancied, possessed the true method, even if they worshipped a false God.

In November, 1883, the Bavarian preceptor startled everyone by closing up the class and reading vivid accounts of the disaster to Hicks Pasha's army at El Obeid at the hands of a Mohammedan Messiah, the Mahdi. We heard that the Mahdi had half a million men, that he was marching on Khartoum and Cairo, and was likely to reach Constantinople and re-establish the old Mohammedan theocracy in independence of the Turks. The Persian Shiah, too, it was said, were expecting a 'Mahdi,' and might accept the claims of the redoubted Chief Mohammed Ahmed. The Father Preceptor talked of going out as chaplain to the forces, and he certainly was a man of reckless daring who would have delighted in running the risk of martyrdom. From this moment, and for several ensuing years, my interests and sympathies were largely concentrated on

the affairs of Islam. I read every word in the monastic Library about the origin and rise and history of the Islam Theocracy. I followed the course of the sudden spread into an Empire, under the Omayyades and Abassides, that reached from the gates of China to the pillars of Hercules. Special heroes of mine were Omar, Haroun al Raschid, Bayazet, Mohammed II., Suleyman the Magnificent, and the grotesque Mahmoud II., the Ottoman reformer of the early nineteenth century. The chequered history of Modern Egypt in the sudden expansion of the power of Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Bey was followed up to the story of the disastrous profligacy of Ismail. I entertained a romantic interest in the success of the Mahdi and in his lieutenant Osman Digna. While settling down in anæmic depression in the first Lent of 1885, the brother cook brought in news of the crowning achievement of the capture of Khartoum. In spite of the tragic end of the revered Gordon, who seemed to possess all the best qualities I admired in the Mohammedan theocrats, such reports of Arab victories were the occasion to me of much delight. I managed now to please the Italian fathers by drawing large coloured maps of the Soudan which gave prominence to the portions about Massowah that the Italians were thinking about occupying. Our Order itself had Missioners in Abyssinia and many graphic reports were sent in by them from the scene of their missionary labours.

The only other current interest arose from the Irish Problem. Almost the entire monastic community were ardent Home Rulers, though a good humoured dispute at times arose between the Bavarian and the most fiery of all the Irishmen, who came from County Mayo.

We all wanted to see Ireland a happy home for all Irishmen ; and all rack-renting, evictions, suppression of public meetings and Castle Rule abolished for ever. The chief lay-supporter of the monastery of San Pacifico was at that time about to stand in a constituency as a Conservative Home Ruler, and our general outlook on the Home Rule Claims was that they were set forth as conservative of the ancient rights of the Irish People. We thought that these unbroken and unrenounced rights were opposed by innovators and exploiters who had little respect for the genuine spirit of loyalty in which the Irish People were wont to rally for Faith and Fatherland.

The mischief of all this dream-existence was that it included no real training of the mind in application to study, to work, to play, or to meet and understand society. At most it trained the will to accept discipline, and trained the mind to accept religion as an eternal and inscrutable decree. Romantic interest in Islam cultivated the imagination, and made life endurable. It was, in fact, the chief spiritual aid I received during the whole of the three years professoriate. I derived from this interest in Islam the strength to accept the monastic state of life in blind unquestioning submission to what I believed was decreed for me, and the like of which I admired in those numerous instances of Mohammedan fatalism I was wont to read about. This sense of mere submissiveness to an inscrutable Fate accompanied my fulfilment of all monastic duties, the saying of the Office, study, recreation, and even the acts of devotion to Our Lady, and to the Saints of the Order. There was not the least spiritual comfort in any of these practices, except the extremely dim and

attenuated one derived from the poetry of the Breviary Offices. But, on the contrary, no one would think of fretting against fate, so long as it really were fate, and while I was without the least suspicion of the feasibility of any other opening in life. Therefore, believing it all to be unavoidable, I was mentally reconciled, and was at least saved from resort to pietistic and illusory religious practices. Religion was a matter-of-fact duty, like cobbling to the cobbler, or tailoring to the tailor; and its fulfilment was required as by the simple dictates of practical common sense. I, therefore, never felt that I was 'good,' or 'virtuous,' or had done anything 'meritorious' in thus merely complying with what the dictates of common sense seemed to say was unavoidable.

The sentimental interest in Islam that made me rejoice in Mohammedan victories, remained until, later on, the beginnings of a more critical reading revealed the bearings of the Old Testament Theocracy on the formation of the power of Islam. In a sense, thus, the study of the Old Testament was founded upon interest in the Mohammedan Theocracy. The Hebrew Seers, one found in good time, were theocrats to the fulfilment of the heart's desire. Moreover, interest in their theocratic dreams need not, as interest in those of Islam, be one of mere sentiment. For good or for evil, the Christian Church was being borne onwards to its destiny in that whirlwind of theocratic impulse which arose out of the superb apparition of a gathering of all the nations under God's sovereignty seen by Amos, Joel, Ezekiel and Daniel. The Part could not be greater than the Whole. The Whole was the 'transcending' sovereignty of the vision of the Hebrew;

and the same included the World and the Church, because it allowed no place outside of its transcendent inclusiveness of earth and heaven in the single sovereignty of Jehovah.

In July, 1885, the members of the professoriate left the site of the oak-set flatlands of the Weald clay, and went to a house of studies in South London to open their class of Philosophy. This monastery, that I shall call San Julio, is in the heart of a great London area, within easy walking distance of the Southwark 'Borough.' London is vast enough to lose in it one's sense of particular relationship to a neighbourhood. This quiet and isolation in a boundless sea of life may even be an aid to lead without let or hindrance, the cloistral and contemplative life. The maze of sombre streets with their crowds of shops and stalls, with the endless host of motly humanity that flocked through the thoroughfares, seemed, in the beginning, more aloof from cloistral cares and interests than the oaks and hedgerows and bracken of the Sussex and Kent Weald.

The amazing scenes and pageantry of London life, however, could not fail to attract one's thoughts and even to fascinate the mind. Intelligent personal or social interest in their City, which, it seemed, could not belong to God, was, for the while, precluded. Yet, slowly, the soul began to feel a thousand-fold where the mind's critical thoughts were blank. San Julio, too, was only secondarily a House of Studies. It was, first and foremost, a great mission station for the saving of souls in the London metropolis. There were here four or five preachers, each with pastoral care over nearly a thousand souls on average, if one were

to include indifferent and careless Catholics. A priest was told off every night for sick calls, and at times nearly the whole night was spent over such errands of mercy. The calls went mostly to the slum-world, near the canal, where the number of Irish Catholic families was considerable.

The church was of stately Gothic, though incomplete, and would seat about one thousand worshippers. The monastery was a three-storied yellow-brick building, entirely plain and carpetless. There were large and well-appointed schools, which took in about seven hundred children. As students we met scarcely anyone, except, occasionally, a server or chorister, who charmed us with the easy geniality of a Londoner. Some of the brothers, however, had relatives in the parish, and on chancing to meet them, retailed to us vivid and grotesque tales of London life. The apocalyptic fascination of the smoky and often fog-palled London was now casting its spell over my understanding, although my mind, to all intent, had been barred and bolted from infancy within a narrowed retreat of mediævaldom. The encircling of San Julio, to the uttermost horizon, with the stir and strife of London, brought me the first dim presentment that my City of God, which was at least no smug transmundane paradise, might descend on living London. A real paradise, in time, became unthinkable now which could not, in some subtle manner of inter-penetration, pour its life into this cup of city life, and infuse the earthly life with the wine of assimilation to its celestial counterpart.

Our Lector of Philosophy, meanwhile, was an open-faced and open-hearted German, who, as a youth, had fled from conscription to be educated for the priesthood

in England, on the strength of his efficient preparation in a German Gymnasium. He was kind-hearted, with sympathetic eyes, a silken, untrimmed, dusky beard, impulsive, a good expounder, but with little of the firm insistence required for compelling interest, and enforcing mental discipline. The Course of Philosophy was supposed to embrace the 'knowledge of all things in their causes.' There was *Logic*, the science and art of polemics, expounding the whole machinery of mind, and helping to make the working of this machinery true. Logic in such a monastic course was meant to give the power of judging the world for the divine city; the power to know how to reject what did not lead to Jerusalem; the power to fight the devils of thought with the mental weapon with which the Archangel Michael led the intellect of the hosts of the Divine City against the subtleties of the Serpent of evil intellect in the ever-enduring fight in the heavens of the world's thought. *Metaphysics* then entered as the knowledge of a kind of 'reasoned catalogue' of all beings, created or uncreated, according to their order and value within the scheme of the Theocracy. The Supreme Being, and every order, genus, and species of created being were thus duly apprehended within their rightful place in the order of thought of true wisdom. Then followed *Ontology*, the 'science' of how each being, in so far as it possessed 'reality,' was constituted in *unity* with itself, in *truth* in its relation to minds, and in *goodness*, in so far as the reality made it desirable to wills. There was *Cosmology*, the 'science' of the contingency of everything in the cosmos on the Supreme Being, and hence, with it, the knowledge of the origin, career, and destiny of all contingent beings. There was *Psychology*,

the science of the soul, in its keen sensitivities, in its power of gathering up recurrent impressions into 'law' or 'idea,' called the *understanding*; in its power of picturing the past as ever-living, or *memory*; and its creative power of fixing new ideas into their rightly remembered categories, called *reasoning*. There was *Theodicy*, the Theology latent in the apprehension of Universal Nature, dear to Leibnitz; the 'science' of how God and His Providence, in spite of those apparent contradictions which stare one in the face, over-rule the heavens and earth and dispose of the ways of man in history. There was *Moral Philosophy*, the 'science' of human beings, in vindication of man's capacity for romance called Free-Will—the study of that mystery in the play of wills that Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens and Meredith loved to depict. Finally, there was the permissory study of *Natural Philosophy*, the science of God's 'mechanics' through which the world holds back from crumbling; the science of cosmic pavements and roofings in the stars; the science of the music of the elements, and the science of the 'tree of life,' which was rooted in the slime of the earth, and whose best fruit, warmed from heaven, held the beginnings of the New Creation in the soul of man. For Natural Philosophy, some read Ganot's *Physics*, others Proctor's *Astronomy*, and even Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Problems thus often arose from readings in Natural Science which led to long discussions.

Scholastic Philosophy, certainly, is well equipped with answers to every conceivable criticism that can be raised against the traditional Catholic manner of thinking about the world. The Scholastic System, however, enjoys little of that contact with reality that

every modern system of philosophy takes to be essential to all thought truly so called. The Philosophy of the Schools is, in reality, nothing else but a system of arbitrary cataloging mental concepts, and, on the arising of a new problem, of giving conclusions about it, as a sum is given automatically by a counting-machine. Granted the soul of a Dante, or the intuition of an Aquinas, then the verbal re-arrangements called 'reasoning' by the Schoolmen, can do little harm to truth. But without the intuition into reality, inherent in really receptive minds, Scholastic Philosophy must remain to many but an art of playing with phrases.

At all events, the true Scholastic cannot be readily beaten in polemics. He is as a lawyer in the court of abstract thought with a code of laws of thought of his own that cover every mental proposition conceivable to human thought. Granted only that such logical categories could convey any real truth about the Universe, or any real intuition into the realities of life, no finer instrument of defence could be discovered, wherewith to hold the intellectual defences of the Divine Kingdom, than the science of that Code of Thought's Laws with which the Schoolmen have attempted to fix for ever the heavens and earth within their determined places.

Such a 'science of catalogues' was certainly of little aid, at the time, in revealing the least of truths about the sombre reality of the surrounding London Life. The transcending pageant of the London drama of the world-life, however, was brought home more and more as time went on, through the long walks that took us, on occasion, quite five miles from the starting point. Up Old Kent Road, whose pulse of human lives ever

throbbed the louder as, walking two by two, with frequent losings, we entered New Kent Road and approached the cross-ways of the *Elephant and Castle*, or else turned into the streets of the bee-hive of thronging existence by Great Dover Street and the Southwark Borough. We, at times, deflected towards Bermondsey, or skirted Rotherhithe and saw the forests of masts of the docking rising at the end of squalid streets. Greenwich, with its domed and classical hospital, reached by New Cross Road, fascinated mainly by the great 'river of God,' whose banks we reached there, and from whence we watched the flowing waters and the dreamy craft that glided by upon them. More favourite where Blackheath and Eltham, reached by a turning to the right on the Greenwich tramway.

Beyond London Bridge, we entered the eddyings of the stream of cosmopolitan life that flows by Cornhill, Poultry and the Bank of England. St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey were visited, two churches of the great dream of things, not yet thought of as of the Kingdom of God wider than the essential Roman Church. We toiled past the drab monotony of Wandsworth, Walworth, Brixton, Tooting, and by the winter green of the Oval, of Camberwell Green and of Peckham Rye. More pleasing were Dulwich, Sydenham, and Norwood Hill; an extreme limit of one of the walks touching upon the dulled green of Streatham Common.

This divine enigma of London left such deep soul-questionings that no religion could remain a divine reality to me which could not, in the course of time, illumine my mind and heart to see the radiance of the divine Atonement in this mightier Nineveh of modern London. One noted, in watching the crowded host of

passers-by in the streets, the recurrence of listless faces, telling of wasted lives, each one of which enclosed a story that did not differ much from a nightmare. And the looks of many suburban streets, with their smoke-begrimed houses, and straw, paper, and mud, and the flaring gas-lights in the winter evenings, then more frequent than electric lights, were those rather, of a nightmare than of a civic paradise. The unpleasantness, not of the environment, but of the fact of the enigma that beset this environment, was, however, soon to be relieved by the sudden removal of the whole study from San Julio early in the year 1886.

After six months of London the order had come to make Holy Souls the official House of Studies, and the class, having lost one by dispensation, and numbering nine, now returned to the scenes of the noviceship, early in 1886. Of the remainder of the three years' Course of Philosophy, about half the time was spent in Holy Souls, and the rest in a temporary house of residence of the Franciscans, that I shall call San Luigi, in a mission-centre touching the industrial belt of Wales.

Life in Holy Souls recalled the novitiate days of several years before. But the students now lived in the main story of the monastery, and enjoyed the privilege of occasional association with the fathers devoted to missionary work, and with some of the devout laity who lived around the monastery. Expeditions were undertaken to neighbouring mountains and rivers. Walks along the bleak limestone rampart compelled attention to its amazing geological structure. In one spot there was a shute of round lumps of limestone, discarded by quarrymen as unworkable. Each

lump proved to be a double shelled solidified fossil of the *Productus giganteus*, in size as great as a croquet ball or even a man's head. This haunting bit of evidence revealed a vista of immeasurable creation years, dwarfing human ages into the moments of a midget's life. Solid beds of rock were discovered, too, compacted of nothing but 'stone-lilies.' The monastic limestone itself was creepy with ancient fossils. The bank from which the stones of the church and monastery had been quarried, had been deposited, so Lyall's *Geology* taught, on the sloping descent of an ancient sea-bottom in a clear sea, before ever the Creative Spirit had made the mud of the world by dissolving land in estuaries. The vigils of this archaic world-masonry had been prolonged through ages. There had accumulated, the while, the beds now waved up into a mountain crest which cut off the monastery from the outer world. This upper crest, too, was but a slice of the carboniferous world-crust which pursed the rich coal seams now of the lower slope of the barrier, though formed, of old, above.

I returned from such researches into the class-room, a proponent of the Epoch theory of the Creation Days of Genesis. But the impression left with me was not that the old Six Day theory had been shaken, but that now, for the first time, the manner of the laying the foundations of the Divine City in the cosmos had passed from the epoch of mere faith into the golden age of actual sight. The unravelling of these carboniferous layers revealed to the eye-sight itself how God had built His world. All stones were stones of His transcending City. Nature itself was His fashioning hand. The discovery of Natural Law was an awakening

of man into the blessed sight of His creative Hand. When the culmination of the objective vision of cosmic life had been reached, exactly as the vision of the world's foundations had here been made clear, we should see God in His throne of sovereignty in the beaming of the light of His majesty through cosmic wisdom, and without our removal from the homes and streets of the earth.

In this first attempt to reflect, instead of to imagine and to assume, I thus simply concluded that all science is science of the rules and regulations of the transcending sovereignty of God, and I began to feel assured that the possession of perfected science would be equal to the enjoyment of the light of Paradise.

During the lectures on Metaphysics I was required to defend a Thesis on the Scholastic *Materia Prima* and *Forma Substantialis*. In my dissertation I fancied I could prove from Modern Physicists that the chemical elements were reducible to a primal 'world-stuff'—evidently, I added, what the Schoolmen meant by *materia prima*. Support for cosmic evolution was found in the phrase *forma educitur de potentia materiæ*, which seemed to imply that the soul of the world is latent in all 'world-stuff.' God gave the primal substance and the Spirit drew from thence the forms of life latent in it in a process that made the world a wondrous natural garden and filled the air, the forests and the seas with bird-life, animal-life, and fishes. Lastly, the Spirit drew forth the latent image of God from the body of man by an 'inbreathing' which made the creature begin to realise its highest possibilities. This resulting 'divine image' was a native impulse in man, accounting for man's craving for God and the Infinite ;

and at this point Theology was left to take the responsibility of explaining the spiritual history of mankind. The Lector was pleased with my paper, and while such generalities had little to do with exact thought, their presentation was an evidence of the tendency in my mind to take the *regnum paratum pro vobis a constitutione mundi* of the Gospels, as the present Universe and Nature, interpreted and harmonised for fellowship with man by the power of the Light from the Transcendent whose beginnings were in all existing Science.

Astronomy, as the science of the roofings and pavements of the only divine kingdom, was my chief subject of study, outside the ordinary curriculum, during the subsequent residence at San Luigi. It was a precious experience to learn for the first time that the heavens were seven-fold greater and more replete with mystery than had formerly been supposed. Astronomy was somewhat of a favourite study among the Franciscans. The Italian father professor of the class above our own was an authority of some note on this subject, and, later on, he published at Naples a book on the Inhabitability of the Planets. My interest in astronomy was first aroused by reading of the stellar conflagration in *Corona Borealis* which had been studied through the newly discovered spectroscope by Huggins, and the appearance of which had happened about the date of my birth in May, 1866. This appearance, I knew, was the mere result of the striking of the earth by an advancing tremendous cosmic light-bubble. If the site of the star was its centre, the star itself might have disappeared centuries ago. But as the cosmos now all breathed together in one, in my religious view of it, I imagined

in a kind of poetic, rather than in a superstitious manner, that the birth-light in the Northern Crown might have helped to predestine for me some place or vocation in the world. Since salvation in another world was equivalent, in my esteem, to absolute reprobation, I began, for the first time, to believe that I had some calling in wait for me, in the actual world. And as a fictitious salvation in a Hereafter had ceased to interest me, the value of all the callings and occupations and careers in the actual world largely rose in my esteem.

To aid my elementary readings about the movements of celestial bodies I fitted a 20-inch focussed spectacle-lens to one end of a card-roll, and at the other end I fitted an adjustable one-inch focussed glass from a broken microscope, and fitted the instrument to revolve as an equatorial on a polar axis. The instrument gave a large, chromatic, inverted image, revealing the moons of Jupiter, and resolving several apparent nebulae into star-clusters. I next put to use a small telescope, whose concave eye-glass, giving uninverted figures, I adapted for a micrometer. This instrument was fitted, with a needle indicator, on a zinc quadrant, to give the declination. The quadrant was fixed on an elevated circle set for stellar hours, whose axis was raised to the elevation of the North Pole in that latitude, the whole being fixed on a carefully levelled horizontal plate adjustable to the right points of the compass. By connecting solar with stellar time, this instrument could at once be directed to show the place of any star on my astronomical tables which was above the horizon, at any hour of the day or night.

Star-gazing may sound a roundabout way for reaching the only Christian wisdom of the knowledge of God incarnate in humanity. Yet the Franciscan Order preserved that precious tradition of the Science of the Saints which teaches that if you treat men as 'stars,' and also call the stars 'brothers' and 'sisters,' you are revealing a latent all-fellowship of the entire creation, life attuned to which would constitute paradise. Was not then all natural science and all Nature-study a power and an instrument which tended to make real the mystical dream of this All-Fellowship that had been mistaken for poetic fantasy?

By the year 1887, I had been in the status of a solemnly professed religious for three years. These solemn vows may be 'commuted,' but are never wholly dispensed with, unless some *impedimentum impediens*, discovered at a later date, has rendered them, in essence, null and void from the start. In May of that year I came of age, but was absolutely ignorant about worldly business. I received a little later a letter from a firm of London lawyers dated June 23rd, 1887, enclosed with a large parchment, and asking me to sign this deed of 'assurance of disentail' of the Homelands estate and to accept certain settlements in consideration of my surrender of the entail. The estate was subsequently sold and the bulk of the proceeds placed irretrievably in the hands of trustees to be spent exclusively on specified objects. My 'dowry' went to the Order to be spent forthwith on requirement. In the Franciscan Order there are, of course, no corporate possessions held in support for individuals but each solemnly professed religious is entitled to receive support from the Order by the fact of his

profession. Though a lawyer had, on one occasion, attempted to explain the meaning of the disentail, and though I had read about a fifth of it, I had not the least idea what it was all about, but immediately signed it and returned it to the London solicitors of the Order. The document was, in fact, ostensibly my father's Will modifying the Marriage Settlement that had included the entail. In 1892, after my father's death, I was informed that a cottage had not been mentioned in the disentail, and that it was legally my property. I accordingly at once included it with the rest of the property, and on thinking over the point some time afterwards I began to understand how an 'assurance of disentail' could be presented in the form of a Will of another person, contingently, however, for its validity on my personal signature as the beneficiary of the original entail. These arrangements were just and irreproachable, but are mentioned to illustrate the completeness of the economic dependence of a religious on the Church.

Scholastic life in San Luigi was certainly not given over to extreme sanctimony. There were systematic revolts against the pressure of the rule of fasting. Fasting and unpalatable food were compensated for by unauthorised feasts, in the arranging of which I took a leading share. This was, of course, revolutionary defiance, the accidental occasion for which, the Order being in no sense to blame, arose out of the transition stage through which the Province was then passing while foreign superiors had not yet yielded place to English or Irish. The superior was an Italian, stout, of full height, with low and baldish forehead, a choleric nose, a little black hooked-up beard and a

face, which on the principle of *ignotum pro monstro* was reputed to look satanical. He was detested by the community, and his chief friend was a Newfoundland dog with a surly temper. The cook was an aged and superstitious and shaky Italian, a man of rugged honesty, as simple as a child, but withal a saintly old man. Objection was taken to his cooking, but still more to the whole of the supply department. Mutual misunderstandings between the superior and most of his community, led to our setting up of a kind of monastic republic of our own. Our Lector, probably recalling his gymnasium days, stood, to some extent, by our side.

For the rest, contact with the world was possibly less restricted in San Luigi than it had been elsewhere. The relatives of one of the students were in the vicinity, and we made in consequence a few acquaintances. The weekly walks presented scenes as weird as those of London. The town around San Luigi was just within the South Wales industrial belt. It stood in a great valley running up from the sea, dotted with furnaces, iron factories, and industrial settlements, and penetrating, in deep hollows, into a high table-land of 1,700 feet, which closed it in to the north. Around here were blast furnaces and coal-mines with shafts running out of the mountain side. Near by were huge piles of tablets of brittle slag that sloped from on high into the valley. One almost derelict settlement had seven extinct blast furnaces, with environs desolate, with shale and slag, decaying chimney stacks, empty buildings with broken glass and rusty iron roofs, the scenes of a ruined industry. By the low eastern slope of the industrial valley was a wooded country descending, on its far

side, to the banks of a river, fair to see, if treacherous for swimmers in its eddying deep pools. A student, in the previous class, had lost his life here; but its waters were still a favourite resort for swimming with our own class. The river flowed out rapidly from between the Black Mountains to the rear, in Wales, to the valleys and lowlands of an English county. At the gateway lay a county town amid impressive hills north and west, and a high table-land to the south that cut off the industrial valley containing San Luigi. On the occasion of a long day's outing, we reached the county town and climbed a hill to the north once dedicated to St. Michael. On the east there lay a fair prospect of the low-lying orchard lands of the Western English county.

The table-lands, at whose base the monastery itself lay, possessed a type of scenery proper to themselves. Above woods and steep slopes, the table summits, usually 700 or 800 feet above the sea level, were flat, and were the scene of peaceful sheep grazing. Long deep-cut smoke-laden industrial valleys penetrated through the table-land, some of which reached into the heart of the Welsh industrial world. A great sweep of cloud vapour from the West often crowned these highlands. Watched from below when the cloud began to over-arch the valley set with furnaces, in the warmer current of air it suddenly became invisible, leaving always a few streamers of cloud running in advance until all had disappeared. The valley itself, however, was never quite clear from the smoke-wreaths that arose around its iron-factories and smelters. Reflectiveness had not yet, for me, descended from star-land and from the mystical intuition into the diviner

environment, to reveal the manner of the entrance of the beneficence of the transcending sovereignty in the lot of the industrial population. The mystery of the lives of miners and the industrial population was still of that embodied enigma of earthly conditions of which London scenes were so supreme an instance.

Meanwhile, the attempt to found a miniature monastic republic got some of us into scrapes. There was a solemn Provincial Visitation, leading to improved conditions, but entailing stiff reprimands on the rebels. The class, with somewhat tarnished repute, prepared to make amends in the forthcoming Theological Class. The organic means for redressing grievances in a province of the Order are in fact perfect. The Order itself possesses an unalterable constitution in the Rule of the Founder which is the supreme law of all the communities. But this Rule, democratic to start with, is interpreted by General and Provincial 'Constitutions.' Every professed member votes for a 'discreet' or elector, to choose the head superiors at the triennial provincial election. Unpopular rulers are thus relegated to private life at the end of a three years' term of office, and every superior is under every inducement to govern well, both from criticism from below among the voters of discreets, and from criticism from above, in the higher superiors, the foreign General and Definitors, who exercise a general directive authority, but who elsewhere rarely interfere in provincial concerns. The Order is represented in the Curia by a Cardinal Protector, and by influential members of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. All exceptional causes go up to the General and his Court; but the Papal Courts, all of whose business when decided on, must be signed

by the Supreme Pontiff, have many of the affairs of the Order constantly in mind. Thus about this time an important *Cæremoniale*, covering all ecclesiastical services and offices and customs of the Order was prepared in co-operation with the Congregation of Rites, and was created into the law of the Order by Papal Rescript. Any thought of protesting against the monastic government thus, except through these recognised means of procedure for gaining redress, always comes to be recognised in the end as absurd.

Connected with Papal Rule, but on no mission associated with the Order, a Vatican diplomatist paid a visit to San Luigi in 1887 on his return from a visit for information to Ireland. His secretary was a regular monkey for tricks and chatter. But the diplomatist, though conversing freely with the Superior, was beset with diplomatic reserve in talking to us. When he had left, however, the Superior innocently let out a version of the results of the Monsignore's Irish Mission which awakened a latent Fenianism among the Irish students. This Irish embassy might have re-called the more famous embassy of Rinuccini, whose statesmanship, for a while, almost succeeded in annexing Ireland to the Papal Theocracy of the seventeenth century. It sought to stiffen Irishmen against the English and Scottish Puritan Theocrats who were ready for a war of spoilation in Ireland the moment they had effectively overcome the monarchy in England.

Another association with Papal theocratic politics was recalled in the picturesque character of the ex-Papal Zouave, whom we often met, nicknamed 'Jimmy the Glory.' He had been struck down by sunstroke while campaigning for the Temporal Sovereignty in

Italy, and lived in consequence in perpetual over-exhilaration, earning a living as an outside porter, and ever jovially retailing his experiences.

In the summer holidays, I paid a few weeks' visit to Saintlands, where an able French Royalist priest, who afterwards was made curé of a Paris church, was acting as chaplain and missionary. The vivid French Royalist type of piety still dominated in Saintlands, and drew many friends from among the fervent. My brothers and sisters were all entering into the Religious State. The youngest brother was about to enter a Jesuit Missionary School temporarily in residence in England, where the spirit of Xavier ruled rather than that of Acquaviva. The second sister was about to follow the first into an Order of Canonesses, where the Offices of the Church were chaunted. The youngest, in time, entered an active Congregation devoted to education and other services, which was founded by Blessed Grignon de Montfort. My brother, next in age to myself, tried several orders, and left, afterwards, to try farming in Canada. He returned later, fatally ill, and died in association with a religious brotherhood. My next brother was at a School of an expelled Congregation, and for a while was partly associated with the Community. He left early in 1892, and followed the other brother to Canada, at length migrating to the United States, where he remained till death in 1906.

CHAPTER V.

TRAINING FOR THE SACRED MINISTRY.

THROUGH no fault of our teacher, the lectures of his Philosophy Class had scarcely trained my mind to gain much insight into problems of mind or causality. I was perhaps, ready with formal answers to the catechetical questions derived from the Lector's free rendering of Scholastic Philosophy. At most, I partly understood the order and arrangement of various provinces of thought as grouped around Theology in the Scholastic method of training for the Priesthood. During the Philosophy Term several of the elder of the students had already been ordained priests. The requirements, thus, for mere ordination, with its right of celebrating mass, were quite other than those needed for passing the final examinations before the official permit followed for preaching and hearing confessions. The *ordinandi* of the Philosophy Class had been obliged merely to read up the *Tractatus De Sacerdotio* and *De Sacramentis*, and to learn the *Ordo Celebrandi Missæ*.

Unlike the other students, I felt no desire whatever for the hastening onwards of my Ordination. I thought of Ordination as an approaching elevation to a dignity, and as an investment with an authority of an office, the obligation to accept which could not well be avoided.

The opportunity, however, of studying Theology aroused my interest, because Theology was the science of all Mysteries, the wisdom of the heart of things, the explanation of the purpose of life, and, in fact, the ultimate 'Objective Science,' known in advance of human discovery, by divine revelation. The interest thus centred for me rather in Theology as knowledge than in Theology as an equipment in preparation for the Sacred Ministry. The fact, however, that Theology was to be taught in order to be applied and acted upon, in fulfilment of the future active responsibilities of a missionary priest, exercised, as must always happen, a controlling influence over both Lector and students in the Theological Term.

The class opened in Midsummer, 1888, after our graduation in Philosophy, and lasted till Midsummer, 1891, my ordination taking place in December 21st, 1889. The house of studies was at San Pacifico, and the same Italian superior, who has been previously mentioned, ruled the household during half the triennium. For the rest, the Father Lector, who had received his appointment immediately on having graduated for Theology after the completion of the previous class, was also appointed as guardian of the community. His rise to the responsible position of official Lector of Theology was in recognition of the brilliant qualities displayed by him during his scholastic term.

This Father Lector was a high-principled and enthusiastic priest of Irish lineage, whose gifts were comparable to those of noted French priests like Lacordaire and Monsabré. Not very tall, dark, with close curly hair, a short rim of a black beard, a slightly

oval but boyish face, he had a look of even tragic seriousness. With a voice of high range and musical, he was a superb singer, and, as a preacher, was emotional, brilliant, learned, zealous, and was gifted with great oratorical power. To these attainments he added literary knowledge, and had mastered Darwin at the age of thirteen, and was deeply interested in Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Spencer, Nietzsche, the Higher Critics of the Bible, and Modern Theology. The Lector could appreciate and expound modern views, but was no 'modernist' in the sense defined in the Papal Bull, *Pascendi Oves*. He was, rather, unimpeachably orthodox in principle, if well-read in modern views and free in his manner of teaching. A Lector is responsible for delivering courses of Lectures under several general headings, in each of which courses he must follow some authorised text-book of theology, and in undertaking some of which he may call in aid the services of a Vice-Lector. The headings of these Lectures are :—

I. *De Theologia Dogmatica Fundamentalī* : A course of lectures on the theory of Religion and of Revelation in the orthodox traditional sense of liturgical worship and of objective revelation ; that is of human worship of, and sacrifices to, the Supreme Being ; and of the self-communication of the Supreme Being by Inspired Scriptures, attested to by Miracles and fulfilled Prophecies to mankind.

II. *De Scriptura Sacra et de Traditione, seu, de Regula Fidei* : Lectures on Inspiration and on the Old and New Testaments ; on their defence from assailants, and on Divine and Apostolic Traditions of the *Verbum divinitus revelatum*.

III. *De Theologia Dogmatica* : Lectures based on the authority of this Rule of Faith on the whole contents of the Divine Revelation ; about the Trinity, the Creation, Redemption, and Sanctification of man ; and of his last end, and of the means of grace which lead thither. This includes the important subdivisions on the Incarnation ; the Atonement ; on the Grace of Christ ; on the Church ; on the Pope and His Infallibility ; on the Sacrifice of the Mass ; on the Seven Sacraments ; on the Blessed Virgin, the Angels, and Saints ; and on the ' Last Things,' that is, on Death, Judgment, Purgatory, Hell, and Heaven.

IV. *De Theologia Morali* : The complete ' science ' of Human Actions in relation to the Confessional. What is called *Casistry*, especially, or the ' Science of Cases,' is the sum of teaching about what are sinful acts, and of the gravity of particular sins, judged by the opinions of noted Casuists, together with the art of solving particular Cases of Conscience by aid of the judicial knowledge thus acquired.

The opening lectures on the prolegomena to Theology quite bewildered the class. The Lector was disposing of views of modern assailants of the reality of Divine Revelation. He left a kind of apocalyptic impression in my mind that there were troops of contending spirits surrounding and entering the Church, examining its claims, records, documents, the repute of every teacher and saint, prophet, hero, and patriarch ; and searching like the angels of the General Judgment, into all the dust of Antiquity wherewith to judge mankind throughout history with remorseless standards and criterions of truth. The Lector knew that none of the class had assimilated much critical knowledge from the past

Course of Philosophy. He, therefore, sketched the various attitudes assumed by modern philosophers towards Revelation in general. Deists, Theists, and Agnostics were accounted for, including Matthew Arnold, Spencer, and Huxley.

In such fleeting sketches of whole systems we were assured that it might not be possible for us to apprehend more than the vital principle at stake, and that a more reflective study of modern Agnostic apostles of culture should be followed up later on in our private reading.

The preliminary Lectures on Old Testament Archæology and Criticism made a great impression. One heard much about Bishop Clifford's theory of the first chapter of Genesis as a 'Hymn of the Creation,' and we were initiated into the mysteries of 'Jahvist,' 'Elhoist,' and 'Priestly Documents,' and the composite theory of the Hexateuch. The various meanings of 'Day' and 'Day of Jehovah' were explained from the Hebrew. St. Augustine's theory was expounded of the upward dawning of creation days from the 'dark,' implied in the words 'evening and morning were the first day, etc.' The complete variation of style and outlook in the two separate accounts of the Creation, by the Priestly authority in Genesis i.-ii. 4, and by the Elhoist in Genesis ii. 5 ff., was emphasised. The conclusion drawn was that Moses had made a kind of anthology of old material in compiling the Pentateuch, but did not himself edit these books on the last occasion, since Deuteronomy recorded his own death. This book, we were explained, was undoubtedly the book alluded to in the record of Josiah's reign, and which had just lately been found in the temple, if not, indeed, actually

composed 'in the spirit of Moses,' by the prophetic party. The Archæology of Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, and Ancient Palestine was discussed, and the searches of the 'Angels of Judgment,' reporting the verdicts of ancient monuments, were marshalled in order, the results being shown to agree with a liberal but orthodox account of the origin and transmission of the Divine Scriptures.

In a manner to recall Blaise Pascal, the Lector now dramatically set forth the need of the human race for Revelation. He described the early nations with their native impulse and craving for worship and for divinely guaranteed knowledge. He showed how divinity, everywhere, came in to succour, redeem, and complement humanity; how human needs prophesied of divine fulfilments, and of how Christ was the 'desire of the nations,' prophesied within the depths of each heart, and in the nature of the human soul, and of how He was thus the Divine One unto whom the God of human nature testified. Only the divine super-nature made good the actual human nature, a thought recalling Wordsworth's apostrophe to 'Nature' as the worthy goal unto whose attainment divine Grace itself had first of all been given.

From such lectures I received an impression that there was a great process of the ever-renewed upheaval of humanity into the arms of the descending God going on throughout history. I felt I was every whit as much in personal 'darkness' as the Greeks and heathen and the World itself were before the Advent. Revelation was then, to living men, not the mere recorded fact of an old revelation, the living force of which had disappeared, but a sort of self-moving perpetuation of the

original Revelation in which somehow the old words were irradiated by an ever-recurring sunrise of divine favour. In my dissertation on Revelation I accordingly described the blank darkness in which mankind, or at least, I myself, lived, and I apostrophised the dawning, the 'dayspring' of a new divinely given illumination thus : ' O Thou Who art the bright and glorious Orient ! [*i.e.*, dayspring] Do Thou rise in Thy eastern splendour and dispel the darkness of this long and dreary night ! '

Amid these graphic sketches of modern learning, with reports of the successful resistance of many old traditions to modern critical attacks, and with the suggested possibility of an eventual synthesis of all truth, whether humanly discovered or divinely revealed, one readily entered upon a state of expectancy, in faith that a vision of a real divine sovereignty over the world might truly be brought to earth.

This apostrophe to the 'Dayspring,' if naïf and stilted, thus marks a turning-point of the monastic experience and the beginnings of a faint hope that there might be revealed an intelligible purpose in that Monastic life in which God Himself was chosen for the exclusive portion and lot of inheritance. The misfortune about the attitude of mind which has been entitled 'Modernist,' is that no clear instance of the personal experience which has impelled individuals to seek for a 'modernist' solution of their difficulties has ever been adequately recorded. The uninstructed might infer from the fact that my personal difficulties were now about to enter a more reflective stage, that hitherto I had lived in the full enjoyment of a simple faith, and that the beginnings of hesitation, and of what some might call the 'modernist' trouble had begun with the

Father Lector's liberal manner of introducing the typical problems of the thinkers of the day about Religion and Revelation. But the fact was, on the contrary, that for years I had lived through a period equally of unquestioning faith, as also of complete and absolute darkness as to the meaning and purpose of religious faith.

This experience, of itself, tended inevitably to lead to fatal results, because the physical strain of a forced mental attitude, and of a religious observance undertaken by sheer force of will, without the interest that conscious purpose brings with it, is plainly beyond the powers of man to endure for ever. The physical results, in my case, were a crisis of health that came about towards the close of the year 1889, and the ulterior effects of which were a partial disablement from entering upon an active career. An even partial recovery was only brought about by aid of what the spiritual brought in aid to the physical, as soon as the habit of personal reflectiveness upon the meaning of divine religion and divine revelation had set in.

I was faced with the choice of either walking blindfold towards disaster, with an unquestioning and implicit faith and obedience that drew body and soul to the verge of the abyss, or else of discovering such an individual manner of understanding the divine truths of revelation, salvation, and atonement, that these divine realities would truly purport revelation, salvation, and atonement in my own experience. If my deliberate act of choice to apply the truth of religion, in a life-giving and saving manner, to my own mind and soul was the sure mark of 'modernist' enterprise, then, at least, the true foundation of such 'modernism' had been laid for me within the years of darkness and

unperceptiveness through which I had recently passed. Revulsion against the perpetuation of such an intolerable obscurantism requires no apology to be given in its defence ; and whosoever condemns such a revulsion is insensate and scarcely human.

In a period of such stress, also, the inevitable struggle towards emancipation would not, for certain, originate from the mere manner of theological lecture delivered by the instructor of our class. The habit of mind in which I was wont to think of or imagine any truth whatever was in the groove of a theocratic vision. God as in Ezechiel's vision, might withdraw His manifest presence from His holy temple. Yet the Cosmos and the entire Creation were only thinkable to me as a divine temple still, even if the Divine Majesty had seemingly retreated from it for ever. Whoever then brought illumination could but illumine a pre-existing, if darkened, archway of the created universe around the throne of God. I was as a worshipper in a cathedral, of design, maybe, of transcending beauty, in a night of pitchy darkness. This imaginary cathedral may stand for the created world itself as imagined by my mind, trained from earliest associations, to see all things in the architectural beauty of a reign of God. If light entered, later on, through the windows, however coloured, so to speak, by the mind of the various teachers whom I consulted, their various lights and brightnesses could only bring to sight the form of the edifice that had stood there all the while, though of late, in an overarching gloom of spiritual dark. Instruction thus from theological lectures and private reading and study tended to reveal and develop the existing religious bent of my mind ; but my own manner

of applying such instruction was independent of what was actually taught.

Thus, any instructions of the Lector that fitted in with the theocratic bent of my mind were immediately retained in memory, but much of the rest was soon forgotten. An instance occurred when lectures were given on the Holy Trinity. It was suggested by the Lector that various Christian thinkers had attempted to draw analogies from the known relations of things to illustrate the mystery of the relationships of the threefold personality of God as Father, Word, and Spirit, and to understand something of the relations of the persons of the Godhead to man as Father or Creator, as Redeemer, and as Sanctifier.

About the same time I had been reading Wordsworth's *Excursion*, and several of his shorter poems, and on the one point of what God's fatherhood meant to the creation I attempted to draw an analogy of my own. It seemed to me that the word 'fatherly' was brought home, in its application to God, through the religious note of the poet's respectful regard for Nature. One felt that Wordsworth treated Nature as of the very Breath of God; that he treated humanity as the resting-place of God. Was not Nature, then, and were not the dictates of human nature, if appreciated, if respected, interpreted, loved and followed after, themselves, the actual 'fatherly voice?' And was not the reality of God's Creatorship, the very act of the Creator creating the world, presented in that great pageant of Energy which projects beings into that limited persistence of theirs called Time. Creation, so to speak, was the giving of a time to that Dream of Things called Nature. Time was God's decree. Nature, in Time,

was God's Voice. To study, to be devoted to, to obey, in a sense, to worship the Supreme Voice in Nature and the entire Creation, thus became to me a duteous act of acknowledgment of God in His fatherly relationship to His Universe.

From that moment the Creation was more sacred to me, throughout all its boundaries, than it hitherto had been. Also humanity was twice sacred. The dictates of humanity were the Father's Voice Itself to man. Every individual man was a revelation of God, an embodied thought of God, a message of the Creator to the rest of the creation. Humanity must, in consequence, be revered, respected, befriended, as a shrine of the presence of the Eternal Being. God reveals Himself in the continued life of man, in purpose to receive that recognition due to Himself through a realisation of an universal creaturely fellowship.

From the moment, too, that the mansions of the created universe were lit with illumination from faith, the ideal of fellowship was revealed as the universal End of life. Nature should be unrestrained, revered, loved. Where life had lost its place in the fellowship and harmony of all being, it should be brought back to the source of its divine worth within itself. The purpose of the universe was to attain to a stable sense of the all-fellowship, to pass from the promise of, to the fulfilment of the idea of a transcending family of God. Nature, thus, was a self-revelation of the Eternal One, and was moving towards the Eternal One, if only its individual units abided by that rule of fellowship, of mutual forbearance, of solidarity, of fraternity, which was the condition of each individual's 'salvation' and of its 'glory.'

Respect for Nature may savour of J. J. Rousseau, but, in my case, the lectures on the Divine Word, the Incarnation, and the Atonement entered to elucidate the meaning of the All-Fellowship of the Creation. If Christ was the Incarnate Word, He necessarily, *ex hypothesi*, conformed to the grooves of all that Nature, the Divine Voice, was and purported. If Nature 'faded away,' that was its inherent characteristic as of the time-beset, or finite, or created, or contingent 'order.' The 'fading away' of Nature was the 'original sin' or defect of the Creature. The tendency of humanity to failure was part of the inherently probable 'fall,' or 'fading away,' or 'failure' of all the Creation, from its 'best promise.' The Divine Word, thus, was the 'duplicator' of the Creator, Who gathered up the memory of all the fleeting beauty of nature, and of the frail moral beauty of man, woman, and child, and made it a kind of everlasting remembrance in Himself. The Gospel, the Church, the ministry of conversion and of salvation were phases, each one, of this supreme work of the Divine Shepherd in gathering, redeeming, folding, retaining, remembering the fleeting breath of the Creation in conformity with Eternity. 'Redemption' was thus the initial projection of life, beyond its tentative stage, from limited to unlimited persistence.

The Word, the Divine Son, was, then, above all else, the Shepherd of all the Creation who sought for, gathered together, and folded into the eternal fellowship the frail and fleeting and fading life of all that God had made. Such mental pictures of Persons of the Blessed Trinity were the outcome of suggestions arising from many quarters; from the Lectures of the Lector; from reading portions of Wordsworth and also of Goethe;

from other German influences such as Schlegel ; and, in part, from summaries of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel ; from Rosmini and Gioberti, too ; and all in working with that iron necessity of my mind of either conceiving of everything in its allotted and consecrated place within the vision of the transcending Sovereignty of God, or else of finding no place within my mind in which to order it, or to think of whatever was not so included.

My view of Christ in History was largely assimilated from Vincenzo Gioberti's *Studio della Filosofia*, the work of a genuine believer in the Theocracy. Gioberti saw all Nature, Science, Grace in the light of the divine, unifying sovereignty of God, which tended to gather the entire creation into the Redemption. Judged by rigid scholastic rules, Gioberti is said to have succumbed to the errors of Semi-Ontologism and Traditionalism. The 'ontologism' was the error of claiming to be able to see but one Being by the light of reason, namely, God Himself. Gioberti said, in effect, that when you study Nature you see the undying act of the Creator creating the world. This is rather an approach to a legitimate doctrine of Immanence, which sees in the creation an ever enduring process. For one may admit the patent fact that new worlds are always 'visibly' arising, without implying that you directly see God and nothing but God :—

'Creation old as hope and new as sight !'

The Traditionalism of Gioberti, again, is scarcely the same as that of the reactionary thinker De Bonald, who attempted to prove, against the Encyclopedeists, that all human knowledge arose from divine Revelation. According to Gioberti, a Divine Wisdom entered the

mind and soul of all Ancient Nations in the form of their divinely quickened intuition into the Eternal Reason. Thus all ancient mythologies and religions embody figuratively some fundamental intuition into the Eternal Christ. The Word that was made flesh was rather, so, a resurgence of all Ancient Wisdoms in a divine Synthesis, which restored them, unified them, and embodied them in the supreme *Idea Umanata*, the Christ of Palestine. Christ is thus the God of all Thought, Wisdom, Culture of all people of all ages. All newly awakened 'wisdom,' in modern, as in ancient, thinkers, is a preparatory intensification of our human knowledge which will ripen, in the fulness of time, into a knowledge of the Eternal Christ. The Church, in bearing the sacred reality of Christ in its midst, thus bears with it the potential Goal of all human Thought ; and thinkers like Spinoza, and Kant, and Hegel were unwitting prophets of a 'Future Christ,' or, more truly, of a future discovery of a new depth of the primal Wisdom of Things which is Christ, newly, in new depths, again to be revealed.

Christ is thus the Sum of all progressive human intuitions into reality. The culture and intuitions of humanity move to a common Goal, because they cannot escape from the stamp of their origin in the descending divine illumination of humanity throughout history.

The supreme emblems to me that revealed the place and purpose of the Holy Ghost in the Creation were all that belong to Domesticity, to the Christian Home, and, so to speak, the individualisation of the world and of paradise in the ideal life of a model Christian family. The Christian Home, the love of the man, the devotion

of the woman, the filial piety of the child were real manifestations of all that Immortality meant or ever could mean. Going to Heaven was not the 'going forth' of the soul into the icy universe, as the dying Emperor Hadrian had conceived of the soul's farewell to bodily life. It was, rather, the coming of all the divinely life-giving forces, powers, truths, realities, 'experiences,' to take up their abode within the soul. The soul was inwardly, invisibly, spiritually what the Christian Home was manifestly, in its preservation of the life of mankind.

If the Holy Spirit dwelt within the soul, then all that belonged to God and to the Universe belonged to the soul too. Our Heaven, our Purgatory, our Hell itself were, in no figurative sense of the words, built up from within us. God, and all the builders of His creation, the angels, were designing, founding, building up the divine mansion from the dust out of which we were made. And divine religion simply meant that as there was a process of *evolution* in the outer world, by which the visible creation was made, so there was a process of *involution*, within the recipient life of man, by which the beauty, and energies, and life-giving forces of the universe were gathered within the soul into a plane of co-operatively self-supporting and enduring life. This idea I attempted to embody in some of the notes I wrote explaining and summarising several of the theological lectures. I mentioned in one of these that sanctity or holiness was that gift whereby the entire universe was 'reported unto,' or gathered up, unto God.

To summarise this doctrine of the Spirit of God, I believed, at this time, that the Holy Spirit entered

upon its Ministry in bringing the converted, saved, redeemed, preserved creature into the fount of the creative Energy again. God, then, so to speak, created a home, a mansion, an individual universe in the midst of the soul, inspired of the grace and love of Christ. The Holy Ghost was, thus, the Sacred Guest, the Home Giver, Who fashioned each soul by His Union with the Son and the Father into a special kingdom or universe, and sanctified it, that is, cut it off for ever from dependence on the disintegrating power of mere Nature. Yet the really secure defences of the new divine Home of the New Creation were in its perfect and 'clairvoyant' harmony, sympathy with, and fellowship with the movement of and goodness of the entire created universe, and of every other sanctified 'Home' of other individual lives.

In entertaining these views, I was mainly conscious that a hitherto darkened soul-perspective, or capacity for vision of the transcending realities, was now filled in with a well-ordered sight of objects and symbols. History seemed to be revealing itself like a view of the earth from a mountain summit. The perspective of the vision I could not alter, since it was felt to rest on the immutability of Eternal Law and God's Kingdom. The reading of symbols, and the interpretation of the Vision of the Sum of Things, I was, however, ever ready to alter in response to the requirements of consistency, of scientific evidence, of divine revelation, of Catholic Tradition, and of the teaching authority of the Living Church.

In this particular line of thinking one inevitably crossed upon the Pantheistic danger, against which the so-called 'New Theology' of a few years ago dissolved

itself. Gioberti attempted to keep clear of Spinoza and German Pantheism by approaching dangerously near a type of Traditionalism, or of a doctrine of the supernatural origin of human knowledge which, itself, is chimerical. Pantheism secularises God and does not save the Creature; it merely calls the old reprobation the new salvation, and thus destroys the hope of the world for a transcending salvation. Scholastic orthodoxy, however, sets up a dualism between Nature and Grace; between this World and the Hereafter; which, as commonly taught, I had never for a moment accepted. The way to dispose of Pantheism is to make personality supreme. The way to dispose of Dualism is to make personality 'natural'; that is to say, personality should be taken as the natural form of all cosmic movement in its eventual 'state of rest.'

The Universe, so to speak, is absorbed into human personality; because 'personality' itself is merely the natural involution of all cosmic energies into a kind of infinite and restful state of composure. The 'divine personality' is the divinely natural self-restfulness of eternal energy; and when human personality undergoes that motion of intensification and absorption within itself called 'religion,' it becomes dominated by the form of the eternal 'restfulness of Energy,' called the personality of God. Thus the transcendent world enters within the individual, and Nature and Grace are not at war. Grace, conversion, salvation, justification, and sanctification are the bringing of a transcendent order within the soul in an involution into the Life of God. They are not, then, a mere deliverance of man into some hypothetical transmundane heaven; The true heaven is the enlargement of an universe, by

divine grace, within each soul; and the possession of heaven draws man into a more intimate fellowship with the entire creation than had been conceivable without the advent of the Reign of Grace from the Transcending God.

These inferences partly concur with Gioberti's conception of history as an outgoing of Divine Wisdom into mankind, and, thence, an incoming of mankind unto a Divine Goal. Gioberti's teaching, itself, was a reply to, but a counterpart of Hegel's Idealism. This latter, modified by Coleridge, Basil Wilberforce, and the authors of *Lux Mundi* (a favourite book of reference of our Lector), has largely dominated the modern English theology of the Incarnation. It was Gioberti's, rather than Hegel's, vision of history as an unity, however, that especially came up to my requirements of theocratic inclusiveness. The Italian thinker thus gave one the vision of a divine sovereignty fulfilling itself in the only order of existence that I could think of or imagine, namely, in the actual history of mankind.

The note of what has recently been technically called 'Modernism,' the right, that is, of the individual to use his own intuitions in the manner of his accepting the facts of Orthodoxy, here came to the front. I was not concerned with Theology in the abstract, but with the existing realities of religious experience, and of the problem of how honestly to retain them as simple intuitions, granted any conceivable discoveries of science. These simple realities of religious experience were: the divine personality, the divine transcending sovereignty, sin, the Incarnation of the divine Word; the three angels of the Incarnation (Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael), the other angels, the Church, salvation,

the saints, judgment, immortality. Each of these realities was discovered within the facts of History; the Bible, thus, revealing the framework of the self-assertion of the sovereignty of God in every age.

It seemed meaningless to me, however, to talk of the perpetuation of the Incarnation without postulating the perpetuation of all the leading historical characters related in former times to the divine kingdom. I believed, for instance, that 'Pharaoh' was a living spirit, re-incarnate in every age, the oppressor of the saints, from whom an ever-recurring divine deliverance was happening in the present day. The spirit of 'Nebuchadnezzar,' to me, was actually living in the leaders of modern Imperialist aggrandisement; and the prophecies about the 'Servant of the Lord,' a term I used for the sum of the lovers and servants of humanity, would be fulfilled in our own age more wonderfully than in the past. The vision of the restoration of Israel, in Ezechiel, was thus, too, interpreted in this conception of *palingenesis*, as realised in the restoration of a re-incarnate People of God, for whom the prophecies were to be, in a subtle sense, literally fulfilled.

The Divine Judgment itself, too, was read into the facts of history. Thus, the appearance of a work so largely formative of Modern Thought as Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, to me, was no mere chance incident of wanton human activity. It was rather an incident in the actual process of the judgment of the living and dead, through the agency of the incarnate angels of Christ. Reputedly human criticism of the Church and of the Saints was, in reality, all a portion of that last and terrible Divine Judgment of the world that was taking place here and now, while the devout thought

that all this criticism was a mere act of revolt against the Church. I was especially moved in coming across critical views of the Saintly lives, of which a much later instance is the *Lectures on the Varieties of Religious Experience*, by William James. The sifting out of the records of Saintly lives in the light of hostile criticism was to me exactly what was to be expected. The saints were passing through the fire of that Judgment, which itself was a presentiment of, and which, itself, would be completed in the Day of Doom.

If I read history as an apocalypse or 'revelation' of the divine kingdom, nothing was ever further from my mind than the crude verbalism of those commentaries on the apocalypse by writers like Dr. Cummings, which I considered to be akin to charlatanism. I merely believed that the Bible was eternally true in a sense parallel to the manner in which a sketch of human character of one age is true in every age. The Bible, just so, I thought, read into the reality of the character of human personality in its relation to the divine kingdom, in an inner truthfulness that gave its sayings a representative truth and worth for every age. Thus, the reason why it was true to say, for instance, that 'Gog' was assailing the Church, that Michael would 'stand up' for the children of the pious; and the reason why there would be an almost literal fulfilment of all such prophecies, was, merely, because the Bible was such a true 'character-sketch' of humanity, that what it recorded and foretold of one age would necessarily come to pass in every succeeding age until the realisation of the Divine Kingdom. The character of humanity would assert itself in Pharaohs, Nebuchadnezzars, and 'Gogs,' because the qualities that appeared

in these individuals was latent in humanity itself. And the 'angels of deliverance' would come forth because they were the mere expression of the hidden character of Christ, incarnate in the heart of every lover of mankind in every age.

Reading portions of Shelley, and picking up a few biographical notes about the poet's life, left a far deeper impression on my mind than reading Wordsworth. I was struck with the close affinity between the spirit of Shelley and that of many of the gentle-spirited Catholic Saints. His love of humanity seemed even to transcend the saintly charity towards mankind. The lyrical passion embodied in *The Skylark* and in *The Cloud* seemed of the very dæmon of that adoration of the Spirit of Gentleness, called the Lamb of God, that one might expect to come from an angel of humanity incarnate in human form. Shelley's passion for a diviner earth, as recorded in a few excerpts of *Hellas* that I read, seemed to be indivisible from the desire of Christ for a diviner present world. I was pleased to find an allusion, in a Catholic periodical, to what the writer called the 'Christlike spirit of Shelley'; for my own impression seemed far too surprising, of itself, to be trusted as credible. Judged by his own life, the poet was, from the Catholic point of view, a reprobate. He was without divine *fides*, or faith in the Church; and without *caritas*, from ignoring his domestic obligations. I was led, therefore, to believe that the poet was a kind of incarnate angel or saint, confirmed in grace, and sent into the world in the ordinary risks of human environment, in order to communicate some divine message to mankind; in order to sing of the realities of the transcending Kingdom in the words of human

feeling, and passion, and love, and sorrow; and thus draw humanity nearer to that Day of Atonement in which Heaven and Earth would fraternise.

It was in this subtle sense that I continued to believe in the reality of the ministry of the Holy Angels. To say that an angel or spirit was hidden in human genius meant really nothing more than to say that the inspired work of genius was invariably purposive for the Divine Kingdom. I knew of no angels or saints who were not, so to speak, living in the 'corporate personality' of man. In this 'corporate personality,' the 'safely preserved' element of which was the Church Triumphant, there was a kind of clairvoyance into human needs; and 'spirits' were ever returning to the earthly environment to try their chances in fulfilling a mission, seen in advance as needful, clairvoyantly. Thus it was that the group of the Lake Poets appeared 'from the Unseen World'; thus, also, had Carlyle and Ruskin been 'sent from Heaven.' All of them were 'Seers from Above,' who thus had entered the world impelled with a kind of birth-suggestion that urged them on to carry out a certain task in the general world-enlightenment.

Carlyle exercised a strong fascination, for a while, during the Theological Term. I felt the strength of his spirit, in an almost palpable manner, as the nervous depression I was suffering from during this time drew towards a crisis. I had remained in a state of interior gloom, though not, as has been mentioned, without its compensations, ever since the time in which I had entered the noviceship. The gloom resulted from my belief in the absolute fatefulness of my monastic calling, and also from my unalterable aversion to the ascetic ideal. Carlyle's defiance of Calvinism, which I became

acquainted with in reading his *Sartor Resartus*, was applied by me in an act of defiance against the belief that there were any such decrees of doom passed against men, or that the asceticism that I loathed, together with the Other Worldliness that it inculcated, were in any sense favoured by, or required by, the Deity. I took such beliefs, from henceforth, to be an accursed obsession from the control by which I was now freed by aid of that great fighter against the diabolical snare of belief in a Calvinistic God.

During the Class much was made of Newman, who was a favourite with the Father Lector. I read the *Apologia*, the *Essay on the Development of Doctrine*, and several other of Newman's treatises. He was taken to be mostly a reconciler of Faith with Science. We even believed that he had spent the long years at Edgbaston in constructing a great work of reconciliation, following up the lead of the earlier works. An essay or two on topics like Inspiration, that occasionally appeared from his pen, seemed to give some support to this view. But, in the course of time, a note of Newman began to repel me, and led later on to a sense of aversion. I wanted a fundamental continuity from the Catholicism of the Saints into the new era; and I believed that this Catholicity was intimately near much modern poetry, and that a saintly and theocratic interpretation of the entire thought of the Modern Era was possible. But Newman, I was loath to discover, seemed to be rooted in a religiously 'protestant' other-worldliness that, to me, made him, in time, seem but a 'hyper-Protestant' and a 'Methodist' in Catholic guise. Newman drew people, it seemed, by the fascinations of his mind and personality into the Catholic fold, and

then gave them nothing but a miserably Protestantised Catholic Church. There were, to me, excusing 'apocalyptic reasons,' that will be recounted later, why born Catholics should live, for the while, in a life of narrow isolation from Modern ideals. But to Newman's comprehensive mind there seemed to be no such excuse. I was then obliged to take him as Catholic indeed in the mental sincerity of his acceptance of the Papacy; but as rootedly anti-Catholic in his apparently glad and fixed unbelief that Catholicism purported the ulterior inclusion of all that mankind loved within the Divine City. Newman thus seemed to have remained ever, in the really vital problems, even if unwittingly, a hyper-Protestant, who turned a deaf ear to the call of humanity for a divine reconciliation of heaven and earth under the single sovereignty of God. This view, it should be unnecessary to add, relates to the influence that Newman, through his writings, exerted over my mind during this formative period. Of late, Newman has been set up before Modernists as an example of marked individuality in the manner of his personal assent to Catholic Dogma. With this topic or with that of a final estimate of Newman I am not concerned for the present.

The Lector, who was an omnivorous reader, encouraged novel reading. I had read the *Sketches* by 'Boz,' and *Oliver Twist*, during the previous residence at San Pacifico. The Lector himself now read us out *Pickwick Papers* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* with dramatic effect. Dickens exaggerates out of the fulness of his sympathetic interest and knowledge. As I knew nothing then about the splendid pageant of the crossings of the thousand types of character, in every street and village,

that Dickens memorialises, I objected to his exaggerations, the humour of which is missed, if one reads before first walking out to see. But *Oliver Twist* I had wholly enjoyed, because Oliver was given as a direct presentation, and not as a skit upon what one was supposed to know but did not. 'Boz' seemed chilling and sordid; and *Martin Chuzzlewit* little better. I read Scott with a very passing interest, and with no impression that any of his scenes or characters were real. I read *The Mill on the Floss*, and took this respectful treatment of character as perfect and satisfying.

But the craving was for a biographic or autobiographic character-sketch of the reputedly plainest of persons. Such to me would have been taken to be the really 'Infinite Romance,' and, for one reason, because I lived in a world of fiction, namely, the monastery; and the true and infinite and divine romance I felt, more and more, to be the unapproachable real world without. However, religion possessed its own realities that novelists, in their turn, showed a remarkable talent for missing. This, I thought, was illustrated in *Robert Elsmere*, a book handed round to us by the Lector to show up the hollowness of the priggish type of learning instanced in its chief men characters. Someone was represented as having given up Christianity because he had ceased to believe in miracles. I once heard an intelligent Catholic say he would cease to believe if one could prove a miracle. I always, myself, believed that miracles required an apology to show for what conceivable reason so real an experience as religion should need them. If the historical evidence in proof of miracles had been generally discredited, and their value in testimony of the truth of Divine Religion

thereby passed out of reckoning, I, for one, would have been heartily glad. Since my first acquaintance with the truth of Natural Science, a belief in the uniformity of Law began to sink into my mind so deeply that an instinctive acknowledgment of this Uniformity seemed to be inherent in the very function of my understanding and of my powers of reason. To deprive anyone of his right of accepting of the truth of the Uniformity of Law would be like depriving anyone of his right or power of reasoning, and, almost, of driving him out of his mind. There is very plainly no such thing as interference with, or reversal of, the process of Natural Law. But as miracles are recorded in the Bible, and as the truth of miracles is also officially emphasised in the Church, and as the disproof of all miracles by critical study becomes daily more impossible, one may readily accept the reality of miracles as the outcome of the proper law of personality expressing its inherent energies in this or that form within the Order of Nature, and only, in appearance, interfering with Natural Law. Neither Miracle, Prayer, nor Grace, for me, were ever believed to break the Natural Order of the Universe; but of how I came to think that belief in these realities should fit itself in the midst of its new environment will be recorded in greater detail in a later chapter.

My chief reason for feeling an instinctive repugnance in grappling with the subject of Miracle was that I learned that during much of the nineteenth century if one accepted miracles from historical evidence, one was supposed to accept also a crude and barbarous view of Natural Law which it was necessary to disclaim with persistence.

In illustration of how the Laws of Nature, discovered by Science, were regarded during our Theological Class, I recollect how, on an occasion of a visit of the students to London, the Lector took us to see the new Natural History Museum of South Kensington. Here Darwin, whom I took to be the champion of that holy and unchangeable Law by which God creates His universe, was honoured by the setting of his statue on the great stairway. Around this revealing angel of the divine process of the worlds, the relics of the Creation were arranged in every adjoining corridor in that order of their descent and development that Darwin himself had discovered. One form ran into another before one's eyes. The ghostly presences of the eternities of evolution seemed to have all come together in this Palace of the Creation and spoke with symbolic utterance of the truth of their common origin and of the truth of the slow development of the ancient mother-types into the present web of life that covers the world.

Most of the views that I entertained during the Theological Class were apprehended in a kind of imaginative intuition that went before a more well-instructed knowledge. My powers of application were broken into by a crisis of health. But neither the impressions of this time, nor any future developments, will be intelligible without explaining that the tendency was growing with me to accept the truth of such seeming terrible contradictions to the doctrine of divine providence as is the Struggle for Existence. Christianity had not abolished that struggle. In the nineteenth century, America had been almost swept clear of its Indians and its fauna. Africa, with its slave atrocities, and the slaughter of its big game, was preparing to follow suit. After all these

centuries of Christianity, therefore, perhaps the supreme age of cosmic slaughter and annihilation was just then being passed through.

Knowing this, one felt the force of the objection that a theory of providence was a superfluity. And to take refuge in any other 'world' in order to escape from the terrors and injustice of the present was blocked for me by mental inability to conceive of any such unthinkable Hereafter. As I have explained, I met the situation by a theory of Involution whereby I conceived that the divine creative energy, liberated in religious worship, was fashioning a New World within a kind of communal mind and soul of man. This closely fulfilled the design, drafted for such a New Creation, by the mind and imagination of human faith. The filling in of the solidarity of this the only true Heaven would lead it, so to speak, to overflow and permeate the physical world with its redemptive energy. Thus, I conceived of the entire Supernatural sphere of divine providence, in its redemptive work in the Creation, as existing, in a subtle manner, within the existing world. And providence, and redemption, and life after bodily death were all true in a subtle reality that neither broke with Natural Law nor existed in any other order than that of the present world. In the heart of this world itself the 'involution' of the passing world into an enduring world was even now taking place by favour of the Transcending Being.

From a multitude of 'voices' in the lectures of the Lector; in the gradual understanding of the old Hebrew conceptions of the single sovereignty of God (which were seen to be thus outlasting the 'Aristotelian interlude'); and from a multitude of suggestions from

the array of modern poets, thinkers, and philosophers, a new learning was now entering my mind and coming in aid wherewith to read the facts of Catholic experience in the fulness of the new illumination of mankind. The most deeply affecting note of this new experience is yet to be recorded. The goal of final assurance could only be reached long after the Study was over, when the new certainties would have fitted themselves into relationship with those facts of life outside that were necessarily a closed book to students within the monastic cloister. But this application of new learning to the realities of Catholic life, once it had been completed in retirement, was found to be so well grounded in truth, that the general position then accepted was from henceforth unassailable. To me, thus, Catholic verities entered in a solemn procession, into the midst of a modern environment, adorned with the new song of the poets and seers of the age ; and at the same time all the new singers and seers and lovers of Nature were, in this new vision, grouping themselves within that Kingdom which would in time prove to be a realisation of what they had dared but to think of as a dream, a fiction, or a pleasantry.

The achievement of a personal manner of yielding a sincere assent to Catholic dogmas opened the way towards an honest acceptance of the priestly office and responsibilities. Yet I only thought of such an acceptance of ordination as bowing to a decree of doom that added priestly seclusion to religious seclusion from the rest of mankind. In the Summer before Ordination also an impending nervous breakdown was foreshadowed by my inability to continue that customary work in the garden of the quadrangle, which I had resumed on my

return to San Pacifico. During this course of study I had been entrusted with the sole care of the miniature garden walks and flower-beds. I was soon obliged to rest for a quarter of an hour out of each of the two hours of Tuesday afternoon assigned to gardening. Somewhat later on, the amount of time required for rest grew to be three-quarters of the whole time allotted, upon which I begged to be dispensed. The noting of such minor incidents is essential to the understanding of the facts connected with my Ordination. I was at liberty not to fast; but in the autumn of 1889, I, ill-advisedly, began to fast again. During November I was seized with violent influenza, and remained half delirious for several weeks. During Convalescence, I heard that the Ordinations were fixed for the middle of December. I said to my confidential friend in the class that I did not wish to be ordained; but he answered that I should make up my mind to accept Ordination in the spirit of obedience, and set aside all feelings against it. It was not wholly wise to suggest this motive of obedience, because Ordination, for its validity, requires free consent, though it does not require the fulfilment of other conditions necessary for the validity of an ecclesiastical vow. Thus Archbishop Bagshawe says :—

“ The *subject* who can *validly* receive the Presbyterate . . . is any male who has been baptised, who has either never come to the use of reason, or who, having ever come to it, has consented to receive the order, and has not retracted his consent ” (*Christian Doctrine*, p. 265).

I took the remarks of my friend as counselling surrender to the whole purpose and intention of the

Franciscan Order and of the Church in requiring Ordination. To have refused consent inwardly, and merely yielded external obedience as to the requirement of the Superiors might have invalidated my Ordination. As it was, I had given the right consent, and, though half delirious at the time, the ordination on December 21st certainly was canonically valid.

The official doctrine of the effects of Ordination to the Priesthood is thus stated on the authority of the same Archbishop Bagshawe :—

“The Sacrament of Order,” he says, “produces sanctifying grace, in order to certain spiritual powers towards the real and the mystical Body of Christ. A priest receives the spiritual power to consecrate the Body and Blood of Christ, to baptise, absolve, and administer other Sacraments to the faithful, to preside, to preach, and to bless ; but he cannot absolve validly, nor use these other powers lawfully, except in submission to a Bishop.

“This sanctifying grace, as giving a title to actual graces for the due exercise of these powers, is the sacramental grace of Order. The sacrament of Order also produces an indelible character, so that each order can only be received once” (ib. 266-277).

The conferring of this tremendous claim, which to one who thinks in a theocratic groove must almost amount to the conferring of a participation in the messiahship, came to me, however, much as baptism comes to an infant. I had just been able to think coherently enough about the Catholic System to conceive of it as purporting a great reality. On the top of that initial intuition came the conferring of the sum of these priestly claims and the *character indelibile*.

What it all purported was a weird and overmastering mystery to me ; though, on an exhaustive research on the lines in which I had begun to accept the Catholic System as a whole, it was not necessarily an insoluble mystery. The chances of this research were now, however, cut off for a whole year. The rest of the winter and spring after my ordination was lived through, subject to violent recurrences of influenza, and to almost perpetual deliriousness or hyper-sensitivity. During this dread season, others, including friends of the Order, like a neighbouring priest, had been afflicted even in a worse degree than that in which I had suffered. But these recurrent attacks, lasting on and off for four months, left results that deprived me of any chance of taking a fully normal active and public part in the work of the Order in the future.

The experiences of this half-delirious state were exceptional ; and, strange to relate, ended in strengthening my capacity for thought by awakening to consciousness undeveloped powers of the brain. At one moment of fever, I was between life and death, and dreamed of falling down an infinite precipice, down which also a piece of rock fell in pursuit, three times narrowly passing by, but just avoiding me ; while I, on each occasion, afterwards overtook and passed by the falling boulder. I went through periods of exhilaration and of sudden depression. I seemed to be immersed in some hidden soul-sympathy with all cosmic life. Thunderstorms were felt to correspond with some storm-time within the soul. A great rainbow I saw one evening filled me with surprising hopefulness. I felt that the whole universe was in a transcending and amazing conflict between the powers of Light and Darkness. On watching the visible

crescent of the great Nebula that runs around the Solar System, called the Milky Way, which I had studied in stellar photographs, I imagined that this cosmic bow of light was the disposition of the angelic army in some age-long conflict in the heavens with the army of the fiends of obscurantism and cosmic forces of evil. Spring and Easter, that year, seemed to be companioned, in the spiritual world, with an amazing rebirth of life in some immortal plane. Finally, at Pentecost, a dry and withering easterly wind blew for several days in a blue sky, and I imagined that the whole sky was quivering with a mystical gale of wind that purported a new Descent of the Holy Ghost on the World.

At length physical strength began to return, and with it there also came a revival of mental power. The dreamy state I had been in was remembered as the experience of reading accounts of scenes from Milton or Dante. Yet this experience had been the occasion of a helpful cultivation of my imagination, and the struggle against the state of dreaminess through which I had passed gave me, in the end, a helpful increase rather than a diminution of my normal mental strength.

During the latter half of the Theological Term, the greatest attention was directed, above all else, to the mastery of Moral Theology, which was required for the fulfilment of the forthcoming duties of the pastorate.

The Course of Moral Theology, or Casuistry, that I and others went through, was a fairly comprehensive summary of the science of human moral action. The Course opened with the *Tractatus de Actibus Humanis*, the analysis of all human action and activities; of 'impulsive,' 'instinctive,' 'voluntary,' and 'free' acts;

on 'complete' and 'incomplete' states of consciousness; of 'advertance' and 'inadvertance'; on the 'ignorance' that blinds men, the 'concupiscence' that distracts them and allures them, on the 'fear' that drives them, on the 'violence' that cowers and constrains them. There is no moral responsibility, nor matter for the confessional, unless the action is done with perfect outer freedom from constraint, and perfect inner freedom from 'invincible ignorance,' 'deception,' 'hypnotic suggestion,' or any kind of overmastering mental obscurity. A moral act, one is taught, is an act done for a 'good' end or purpose. Every honest action of life is a good act, but only those which are done for a supernatural end are meritorious for eternal life. Here Moral Theology meets Doctrinal Theology in its analysis of 'grace,' 'merit,' and 'free-will'; and the theory of the co-operation of divine grace with human freedom.

There followed the *Tractatus de Legibus*. If a good act is one which corresponds with some good law, it follows that the whole of human life and society must be ruled by the dictates of Law. There is the 'Law of Nature,' revealed by Conscience, binding man from end to end, even before its promulgation in 'Positive Law.' Positive Law, such as the Ten Commandments, is Law duly passed, sanctioned, and promulgated. Before its final promulgation it binds no one, unless it is decreed first by Nature itself. The Church, one is taught, has the power of binding the consciences of all mankind who accept the Church under pain, in case of disobedience, of eternal separation from its salvation. Part of the Church's Laws are derived from the Old and New Testaments. Others are derived from the

decrees of General Councils; others derive their authority from the solemn enunciation, as laws, by Papal Rescripts. These last are only binding when duly promulgated in separate countries. Thus there is a grave obligation, contingent solely on the Papal will, of keeping particular Holidays of the Church, which may be different in each separate country or province where the Church has been organised. The Papacy is the final interpreter of all Law, and is the Supreme Court of Appeal in all moral and ecclesiastical causes. The Papacy cannot suspend the supreme laws of God; but any minor regulation in the Bible or any Ecclesiastical Law is the subject of its Dispensing and Suspending Power. The authority of all ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the world is said to be absolutely dependent on the living sanction of the Papacy, and falls dead the moment that this sanction is withdrawn. The then Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster could no more have absolved from sins in confession than a solicitor or barrister could have done, if the Pope, by a duly promulgated Rescript, had withdrawn His Eminence's privilege of doing so in virtue of the Papal Suspensory Power.

In the *Tractatus de Conscientia* is an analysis of every type of 'conscience' that one meets in human society; the 'true' conscience; the 'erroneous' conscience, deceived or self-deceived; the 'certain' and 'uncertain' conscience; the 'scrupulous' conscience, a terror to every father confessor. Under this heading arises the problem of the moral systems of the right and safe rules of conduct.

Finally, there are the *Tractatus de Virtutibus* and the *Tractatus de Peccatis*, the latter being the most important

of all. One is enjoined by a vast system of laws, covering every province of human action. The breaking of every divine law, law of nature, or ecclesiastical law, is a sin. Sins are classified into a large series of types and degrees. Sinfulness is reckoned to penetrate into the innermost recess of evil thoughts, evil desires; of pleasure in the thought of evil; of approaches to the occasion of sin. Moral Theology, in all this, may agree with any careful system of ethics; but, on one point, Catholic Moral Theology has no parallel in any other moral system, that is, in its teaching of the solemn binding force before God of ecclesiastical authority in particular cases of commands to individuals as well as in the ordinances more general in scope of the voluminous ecclesiastical Statute Book of the Church's own compilation. The religious man or woman is bound to obey at least four types of superiors under pain of 'mortal sin' and of eternal damnation. A Franciscan must obey the precepts of the Rule under pain of eternal damnation, and every general or particular injunction of the Pope, the Father General, the Father Provincial, the Father Guardian, when delivered *sub gravi*.

I dimly felt, at this time, that the claims of Ecclesiastical Authority thus to expand the limits of the Commandments of God in an almost infinite degree by binding the conscience of the religious by all these obligations *sub gravi* were invalid. First of all, I looked upon these tremendous Sinaitic claims of Ecclesiasticism as a mystery that time, perchance, would explain to me. But after the course of study was over, the mystery grew ever more insoluble. Accepting for the while, in the spirit of blind obedience, the Church's authority to bind every member of the Church, and especially the

members of religious Orders, under pain of mortal sin, it was thus inevitable that after some definite experience of the bearing of this authority on cases brought up before my notice, I should form a decisive judgment of my own on the validity or invalidity of Ecclesiastical magistracial decrees.

The need, however, of making such a decision before the close of the Study, with so little experience to go by, was not felt. At this particular moment I was keenly interested, rather, in the accounts we were allowed to read about the fortunes of Modern Democracy. It had been quite a revelation to hear of the successful and triumphant Democracies of the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Nothing ever pleased me more than hearing of such accounts. A good deal about problems of the Democracy was gathered from pages of the *Review of Reviews* which the Lector gave us to read. Every true Franciscan is a 'democrat' and a 'man of the people.' We were immensely pleased with General Booth's work, and with his proposals for regenerating London. The Lector desired that we should not only wish to work among the people like every other Missionary Priest; but also take a living interest in all the social problems that confront every nation where there exists a vast Industrial Population. In this spirit, the class prepared for the final graduation in Dogmatic and Moral Theology, and all passed the Examinations of July, 1891, and received from the Father General the right to hear confessions in the Order, and from the General and the Bishop of the Diocese in which we were to take up our residence, the right of hearing the confessions of the faithful.

CHAPTER VI.

BEGINNINGS OF THE SACRED MINISTRY.

LIFE as a missionary priest began when I was sent to join the staff of the newly-acquired monastery I shall call St. Bonaventure's, in the Midlands. This spacious and well-appointed House of Studies stood in about twenty acres of garden and grasslands, and was intended both as a residence for students and as the missionary centre in the Midlands. For the present my duty was the undertaking of supply work, either on the Sundays, with week-day residence in the monastery ; or else with residence for several weeks in the priest's house of the place of supply. The passing of theological examinations in a kind of post-graduate course was also required till 1895. For qualification in the priestly ministry of the Order I was probably judged to be of second or third rate ability, the disqualifying results of the recent long illness contributing to this estimate. The work of the more able missionaries included the conducting of missions and retreats in all parts of the country.

The private obligation I was now under, required by conscience, was that of seeking to learn the mysterious and almost unfathomable meaning of the priestly office and ministry, into the acceptance of which I had entered,

in the rather extraordinary manner indicated in the previous chapter. The understanding, also, of the practical work of the ministry and of the status of the priest amid the Catholic laity was an obligation even more immediately pressing. The comprehension of the whole mystical and historical status of the priestly office might take many years of patient research to complete. What others could assume about the priesthood I felt myself inherently incapable of doing. The younger clergy, after the Theological Course, usually fit into their work by aid of the experience gained in exercising their sacred ministry under the direction of their elders or superiors, and, as it were, in a kind of apprenticeship. But in every normal case one finds an explicit and categorical belief in the absolute literal truth of every scholastic doctrine about the priesthood. A ministry, without such a vitalising faith, could never inspire and convince others, and could lead to no good results. In my case the acquiring of experience under direction was possible, and I might readily have learnt the whole art of fulfilling priestly duties in a particular parish. But, in fulfilling these duties, a categorical faith in the scholastic doctrine about priesthood, and about its authority and power, and right of offering sacrifice and of communicating the Sacraments, was a blank impossibility. I believed that all these phases of priestly life were exactly what the Church took them to be; otherwise, I could not honestly have remained in the ministry. But not one statement about the priesthood appealed to my understanding, since I had no capacity for accepting scholastic statements as the definite expression of realities. I, therefore, walked as within a waking dream, fulfilling duties that I believed

purported realities, but, concerning the meaning of which, my mind was in an absolute maze.

The assertion of priestly authority was also positively painful. I felt an unceasing aversion to coming forward as a member of a community in the 'state of perfection' of the religious vows, and I felt a still greater aversion, if possible, to the assumption of claims of priestly superiority over the laity. The fire of aversion burned so fiercely and painfully, that it drove me towards fundamental studies to discover the occasion of this distress, and probe the evil to its foundation. Superiors would have a serious reason for complaint if one volunteered for the work of the ministry while conscious of such an amazing handicap. But Canon Law binds the individual with such an overwhelming series of grave obligations, that the question of honourable retreat from ministerial work is unthinkable. I was bound as a religious by vows; and as a priest by ordination, and as an individual by my training, and by the fact of my absolute ignorance of any other professional career. Besides which, I had not the least intention of withdrawing. I knew that religion was a reality; I knew, therefore, that the religious state and the priesthood must stand for realities. What these realities were I was determined to discover, and to abide by. I intended to stand by what the religious life came, upon sufficient scrutiny, to mean to myself, in a sincere conscience. I intended to accept that rendering of the meaning of the priesthood that I felt sure would come when I had applied to it, with adequate learning, those new conceptions that had brought to life again my primal vision of a divine reign upon the Earth.

Ministerial work opened with a three weeks' supply at Stourbridge. The town was reached through the thick of the Black Country *via* Dudley Port and Brierly Hill. Along this way mechanical monsters of steam-trams led one by collieries, by many-branched canals with laden barges of coal and fire-clay ; by wide vistas of boiler works, rolling mills, amid flaming furnaces, almost grass-less, and always crowned and permeated with smoke, unto the borders of pleasant green valley-land by the Stour and Upper Severn, where Stourbridge stood as a kind of port of entry. The town is in part a manufacturing, and in part a country town, and it did not seem to be beset with smoke. Walks to the south led to hills from which Kidderminster and all the neighbouring valley with the river could be seen. I preached here and fulfilled my duties as one living in a kind of a maze.

The results of my recently awakened interest in the affairs of the Democracy I attempted to apply, in order to explain the reason for the great black industrial world north of Stourbridge. There was at least a sense of equality amid the masses, here, unknown in the environment of the recently left Study House in the South of England. Devout congregations of Catholics also were scattered wherever the industrial population clustered. A Church, with its vision into heavenly realms, must, it was evident, supply an infinite need for such a world, so replete with struggle and placed in so ugly an environment. One might, however, be with the people in spirit, and act in perfect friendliness to any member of a congregation whom one chanced to meet, and yet feel in an absolute mist as to the meaning and purpose of all this environing industrial

universe. One wanted, at least, a mental fulcrum from which to work into order the distracting scene.

I found temporary refuge in reading a volume comprising the complete works of Emerson in the Routledge edition. Emerson's calm transcendentalism, I knew, was fitted to the environment of the supreme Industrial State of the World, the United States. In his clairvoyant essays, such as *History*, and *Compensation*, and in many others, Emerson is a divine optimist, who reveals that there is a heaven everywhere to be seen into in the rough life of the backwoods and in the industrialism of the confusing turmoil of black countries, shorn of beauty by concentration on work and machinery. It was vital to retain mental peace, or no problem could be solved whatever. I, therefore, read Emerson, and was satisfied to believe that vision and perspective would in time be revealed as to the purpose and destiny of this world of furnaces and smoke, in which is set the real heart of the strength and wealth of England. Emerson, at least, did not speak of a transmundane sphere that I could not think of. His mental confines were felt to be absolutely one with mine; since, to him, idealities were always incarnate in the real order of the world. But I also thought that the Transcendent Sovereignty was very much more real than Emerson himself had supposed. I took him as a *true* prophet; but not as a *complete* prophet. Of how his *ideal* immortalities could be consecrated into *real* immortalities, I thought might be learned out of a Hidden Science of the Saints; and I began, in consequence, to study Christian Mysticism, insofar as, in common with the Cabala and Occultism and Theosophy, it purported to

hold the clue of the mysteries of the divine complement of the World.

As contact with this missionary field in the heart of Industrial England was soon to terminate, the conclusions I arrived at about the meaning of the Democracy, though written down some years later, may here be anticipated. In a paper called *The Son of Man*, I put down the view that Christ and the People were so intimate a counterpart of one another, that it was right to identify the coming of the People's Sovereignty with the manifest return of the Son of Man. For had not Christ derived His title from His moral identity with the 'sons,' the 'children of men,' that is, in other words—the People? This paper is on the mystical identity thus between the Reign of the People and the Reign of Christ; and the sources of the idea were derived from the Psalms, the Prophets, the Gospels, the Franciscan Tradition, and from reflections on the meaning of that manifest 'Judgment' of the Eternal One in the appearance of the modern Democracy with its world-wide and irresistible power. The multitudes, then, of this black industrial Heart of England, in the scenes of whose life and activities I spent these few short months, by their voting power, were the real sovereigns and heirs, in colleague with their brethren elsewhere, of the world's destinies. The 'People' who had thus fallen heir to sovereignty in England, as well as in so many democratic lands beyond the seas, had it in their own hands not only to improve their own lot, but also to shape the course of events in kingdoms and empires throughout the world, according to the ideals of universal Social Justice. It was decreed eternally of God, through His Christ, that this should be :

“As a thief in the night-time,” I said, “has the ‘son of man’ [the democracy] entered into the ancient heirlooms of the world. The reigning People speaks in the affairs of Kingdoms, and warns ancient dynasties of Right and Wrong. Does not that also mean that the Son of Man [Christ] is coming with the children of men to judge the living and the dead, and be the Heir of all? Daniel, because he saw God in the children of men of his own day [‘one like unto the son of man’ Dan. vii. 13], foretold for the reign of the children of men its ultimate place of power. . . .”

“There may be wars and rumours of wars. Tribes and nations may mourn; but judgment has been delivered unto the ‘children of men’; and even the furthest of islands shall not be able to flee from their control. In the end, from equal chances, shall every man be judged according to his works.”

“If the Judgments of the People have been given thus such Messianic power, dare the People then accept the World’s weight of a destined responsibility, so great, that the offer of it would have staggered the Kings and Cæsars of a former day? Or will any of those invited to this great Supper of the Kings think that they may attend that festival [of world-control] without a wedding garment on [*i.e.*, of moral responsibility]?”

“But if the People’s faith in one another, and in the God Who makes that faith to be, is lived upon, the People cannot escape from the sunlit righteousness that besets their throne. Without thinking of it, they will execute the mandate given them twenty centuries ago by the Man, without Whose prevenient care no flesh should have lived to see that Day [*i.e.*, Christianity made Democracy possible]; without Whose faith in

them, faith in themselves, could not have realised itself [*i.e.*, Christ revealed human worth].”

Sentences follow showing how the grandeurs of universal dominion that the Prophets foretold for Christ are, by Christ’s will, shared in for Him by the gathering of the People, the Democracy, with whose best hopes and ideals Christ is mystically identified. The Scriptures, translated into every tongue, in this sense, have got the title-deeds of the People. This ‘Priestly Nation,’ the democracy, having become heir of the world, in harmony with the right laws of Economics and Justice, is asked to fulfil its own ideal of true fraternity :—

“ Offer priestly-wise your gifts [the world inheritance from God] that all men may jointly find the Title Deed with you. Live by those commandments [social justice] which have guided you through to become the Chosen People of the Earth. The Judgment of the world [in the name of the Son of Man] that God has placed with you will then fulfil itself.”

I proclaimed that the persistence of the Rule of the People as the vicegerants of Christ depended on the People’s abiding by the social morality of the Gospel :—

“ Sanction the troth of honour that has, so far, made you to live. Reverence your Home as the Gospel revered the Home of Nazareth. Thereby the regeneration of the World will be repeated in every home. Love your countrymen, and, without knowing it, God, in your patriotism, will have sent His righteousness into the earth to fill the children of the world with joy.”

I meant, in the last sentence, that a real sense of fraternal fellowship among the people of one nation

never leads to imperialistic aggrandisement, but to a desire for the triumph of the democracy in every country in the same fraternal manner. The exact amount of realism I wished to be conveyed by the words of this kind of diary of my spiritual experience and faith will be better understood later on. By such, however, it must be judged whether or not I was truly and religiously, at heart, one with the interests and ideals of the 'people.' How I reached this point of view, and whether I ever attempted to 'fraternise with the people' in a manner that might put to the test my convictions and sentiments, is to be learned from what transpired during the course of the next two years.

Supply duties followed in one of the oldest of England's Industrial Colonies called the 'Potteries,' the hive of population in Northern Staffordshire. Here are a kindly and a homely class of people, among whom were flourishing Catholic congregations. During residence at Cobridge, I visited several of the towns which have lately been amalgamated by Act of Parliament, and also Newcastle-under-Lyme, which I saw on a market day. In Etruria, where the glowing coke stacks with their purple hues have earned for one district the name of 'The Inferno,' another Tuscan memory is recalled in the name which Wedgwood gave to his beautiful reproductions of china vases from an antique model believed to have been preserved from ancient Etruria. In the Potteries one felt little of the presence of the democratic self-assertiveness of Birmingham and the Black Country. There was a note, rather, of an old-world peace and contentment as from Mediæval England. The last place I visited was Cannock, when summer was drawing to a close. From the neighbouring

bleak uplands of the Cannock Chase I saw the vistas of the collieries which have given to Cannock its reputation as one of the chief coal depôts of the Midlands.

A month was now spent in Saintlands, where the sincere respect of the devout flock for the priestly office and for its power of offering up the sacrifice of the Mass deeply impressed me. There is a measure of intensity in the recognition of spiritual realities which, it seems to me, when attained to by people, demonstrates the presence with them of an intuition into spiritual realities. It could not be necessary for me now, with these evidences of intuition among the members of this flock, to test the reality of the Christian priesthood by the musty texts of Ancient Fathers. But, on the other hand, Scholastic Theology conveyed to my mind no intelligent explanation of what priesthood meant as a force and power in the actual life of men and of society. The solution, it seemed to me, rather lay in the tradition of some 'Science of the Saints.' I had recently made researches in books like the *Sibylline Prophecies*, *The Testament of the XII. Sons of Israel*, *The Book of Enoch*, and Philo. I also consulted Agrippa's *De Occulta Philosophia*, Trismegistros, Paracelsus, and, later on, the Cabala itself. On this occasion I took a special interest in a volume of *Mediæval Visions*, bound in white leather, in the Saintlands Library, that included Revelations of St. Mechtilde, St. Gertrude, St. Hildegarde, and those of many other Mediæval mystics.

Late that year I was appointed assistant teacher at the 'Seraphic School,' just then opened at San Pacifico, to instruct boys in Latin, Greek, and in general, the 'Humanities,' preparatory to their entrance into the

Novitiate of the Order as Clerics. From Saintlands I did not return at all to the Midlands, but went direct to San Pacifico, being recalled once more very soon afterwards, on the occasion of my father's death, which happened, following on a long illness, on November 6th, 1891.

Early in 1892 an event happened that permanently altered my relationship with the Order. My brother next to me had already settled in Canada, and the next eldest brother was just severing his connections with the expelled French Congregation, and stayed for a month at San Pacifico, preparatory to setting out to Canada to join the other brother. After many discussions and conferences with other members of the family, and correspondence, I became convinced that I had entered religion while under the control of an 'influence' which was invalidatory of my religious vows. No one was to blame except myself, and that, for exaggerating the generalities about the Divine Will, which are of customary use among the devout into supposed allusions to a definite revelation communicated to a religious person, that God had decreed that I must enter the religious state under pain of the eternal loss of my soul if I did not persevere. Most persons who learnt the particulars of the case concluded that my vows were invalid. At a subsequent date, the late Father Tyrrell, while he was a Jesuit, examined into the case, and wrote two letters on the point, in each of which he said that my vows were canonically invalid, and very plainly so. Had I requested a canonical scrutiny, an ecclesiastical Court, comprising the Bishop of the diocese and two skilled canonists, would have tried the case, and a declaration of invalidity would, almost for certain, have

been pronounced. In that event, I should have been *ipso facto* a secular priest of the particular diocese of domicile, and the association with the Order would have terminated without any dispensation having been required from Rome. I did not, however, approach the subject as one that could be solved by the decision of an ecclesiastical court. My conceptions of religion, and of the religious life, had undergone a development in which religious life was more and more centred in the ideal of service of the divine sovereignty. Religious life, as life dedicated to the Theocracy, I did believe in; but, on the other hand, the mere priestly state was an unsolved enigma to my understanding. To invalidate the vows would have secluded me in the priesthood, which, then, was of lesser interest than the life of religion in its divine fundamentals. The mere calling of the priesthood seemed as a dead wall; the mere normal life of a religious seemed now to be equally a dead wall. A secular occupation, in my existing state of health and resources, would have been absolutely inconceivable. The only path open was to follow after the divine sovereignty and make the religious life of externals, to which I did not feel in duty bound, as the sheath of a new life, exclusively devoted to the Kingdom unto whose service it was a supreme honour to be dedicated. I felt my way into this situation, rather than worked it out with concise canonical reasoning. The discovery of the truth about the 'influences' which had occasioned my entrance into religion, entangling life inextricably, came as a severe shock to my powers of endurance, and the impossibility of thinking of the subject without danger of a complete collapse of health probably prevented me from following out the problem

to the end as to whether I ought not now to make known my state of mind to the Superiors of the Order.

The master of the Seraphic School was an able young man, my friend and companion in the studies. He was, in part, of German origin, and had a German's grasp of vital problems and a German thoroughness. He was a thinker and writer of originality, and was sending, at that time, to a monthly periodical a series of papers on Christianity and its historical manner of developing 'Individuality,' illustrated from the object lesson of Early Teutonic Christendom. The note of these writings was almost the same as that sounded in the writings of Father Paul Hecker, the American Redemptorist; and the series of articles awakened considerable interest. My duty, here, was to teach the youths Latin, French, geography, astronomy, and physics.

My relatives now secured me a subscription at Mudie's Library, and helped me to buy some books like Ewald's *Antiquities*, and his *History of the People of Israel*. Heinrich Ewald was an eminent pioneer of the Higher Criticism of the School prior to Kuenen, Graf, and Wellhausen. No other work could have been more helpful. His sketch of the Theocracy in the Old Testament as a Kingdom of transcending Righteousness helped to place my views on a solid historical basis. This vision of a Divine Kingdom, growing in consciousness and power through the Patriarchs, the Prophets, and the Psalmists, and culminating in the Theocracy of the New Testament, corresponded in the minutest detail with what I felt a divine revelation and the giving of a divine religion ought to have been. If there once were such a 'Government of God' expressed in living Social Justice, this kingdom could not have

terminated in the Church ; although, to my mind, the prophetic vision of a Kingdom entirely transcended, in divineness, the modern ecclesiastical rule of a Church mainly devoted to a baneful transmundane redemption.

From Mudie's Library I got copies of all the standard works on Biblical Criticism and on the Theory of Evolution. Among these were Wellhausen's *Prolegomena*, Kuenen's and Reuss' *Histories*, Driver's *Introduction to the Old Testament*, W. R. Smith on the *Prophets of Israel*, and Cheyne's Bampton Lectures *On the Origin of the Psalter*. I divided up the whole of the Old Testament in my Douai Bible, according to Driver's analysis. If belief in the lifeless Scholastic doctrine of Revelation were the only alternative to belief in the mere secularity of the Bible, then Revelation would have become to me meaningless. But with the vital conception of Revelation comprised in Ewald, Driver, W. R. Smith, Kuenen, and Wellhausen, regarding it as moving onwards in so life-like a manner of development, the transcendent divinity of the Bible became to me quite self-evident, and could never further be assailed. This assurance that the Titles of the Kingdom were unassailable was more than a compensation for the discovery of the illusions about my reputed vocation to the Religious Life. In these times of crisis, I did not pin my faith on any unwarranted suppositions about a personal providential care that might have been expected to have preserved me from such an *impasse*. To me, such a faith now seemed vanity and self-conceit. I had to accept the rough and tumble of life, subject to thousands of errors and illusions. By error and by truth, by illusions and by the discovery of realities, the Kingdom triumphed in the end. The Kingdom was

an eternal development in which human errors and failings became blessed chances for the entrance of Divine Light. But this Light which over-crowns the world could mean little to any one until, through its assimilation with human ways, it had become a real experience with mankind of the Vision of the divine Atonement of the World.

I now accepted the truth of Evolution in as free a manner as I accepted the truth about divine Revelation. The discovery of new truth about the Cosmic process brought with it an ever-to-be enlarged human experience of Divine Realities. My favourite authority, at this date, on the problems presented by the Theory of Evolution, was August Weismann, the rigid Darwinian. I was immensely impressed with his teaching about the natural immortality of Life, and of the entrance of 'Death' as an infinitely precious 'opportunity' to the Racial Stock to rise from the low protoplasmic life of single-celled Infusorians until it blossomed in that 'temple of immortality,' the body of man. The Race, Weismann taught, was 'ever-living,' and the 'passing' Individual preserved the 'permanent' Race as immortality's ever-changing trustee. This seemed like a superb parable of the Kingdom of Heaven. If there was manifestly a spiritual counterpart to the human body in the individual mind and soul, however one chose to define these, might there not be a spiritual counterpart to that physical perpetuity of 'Race' that, Weismann taught, was infinitely more important than the coming and going of bodily life? If there was, then, a mind and soul to the 'body,' there must be a mind and soul of the race, into which the individual mind and soul re-entered at the moment of bodily death.

Was not, then, the Church a perfectly real 'institution of perpetuity,' which kept alive and preserved this racial soul, and, so to speak, fed and nursed the 'faithful departed' into continuous life?

This idea abolished the need of an artificial transmundane heaven and made heaven and immortality a possession that required to be fought for by the posterity of the men of any particular age, in order that it might be preserved. In commemorating the Faithful Departed, the Church, in reality, through its evocation of the Transcending Energy, nursed them into continuous life. Protestantism, of itself, then, could not secure salvation for its adherents; for though it, so to speak, 'began well' in invoking an efficacious faith in Christ, yet it ended fatally, in refusing to keep up the commemoration of all the departed Saints. For the Faithful Departed, if they had no more than Protestantism to count on, might, indeed, suffer, in time, complete annihilation.

I found Scriptural support for this view in the quotation from Jeremiah about Rachel bemoaning her children and refusing to be comforted because of their destruction. This I took to be an early intuition into the truth that Rachel 'depended' for her continuous life, until the completion of the divine Kingdom, upon the memory of her, cherished by her posterity. The importance of this view was that it ministered to the vital honesty of my profession of faith. The Church was ceasing to be the subject of vain polemics and becoming a simple institution like a bank, the function of which, until some future and far off event, was to act as trustee of the immortality of the human race. And without this 'Bank of God,' this organic and vital Remembrance of

Departed Mankind called the Church, human immortality might absolutely terminate, if the whole world, for instance, even for a short period of time, became 'Protestant.'

The mental discipline required for apprehending religious truths as the expression of a real experience and of a definitely real contact with great realities that permeated human life was aided by the reading of two German Philosophers, Schopenhauer and Van Hartmann. Philosophy, I realised, was but a mental training, and did not give the true knowledge, rightfully called science. The reading of *The World as Will and Idea* helped me to free my mind from the influence of much false imagination about religion; but it did not help to set up in the vacated place Schopenhauer's own sour-tempered dogmas of disillusionment. Every disillusion that was possible from atheistic, pessimistic, agnostic, or sceptical writers, was, to me, the occasion, not of loss, but rather of some decided gain. 'Disillusion' destroyed the destructable, which ought to have been destroyed, and left the abiding reality of the transcending sovereignty, which could not be destroyed.

Though Van Hartmann, with his intuitions into the reality of the Clairvoyance of Nature, and Lotze, with his monistic vision, aided my understanding in the general synthesis of knowledge, yet philosophy proper had closed its book for me on reading Schopenhauer. At about the same time, there dawned on my mind my infinite want of understanding of life's realities, the truth of which no book learning could ever communicate. By this time, at least one pleasant new phase of experience was, however, completed. I had, that is,

attained to the experience of mental deliverance from the phantoms and horrors of a depressing mental obsession that had made me regard the world as beset with gloom and doomed to an evil fate. This deliverance was so true an occasion of joy, that I used to repeat to myself the words in Tobit :—

Te quoque videre fecit lumen cœli.

(Thee also he hath made to see the light of heaven.) To me, seeing the blue sky, now, with truly instructed sight, really was seeing the divine Heaven ; and earthly beauty grew to be divine beauty when it was felt to be seen, as now, with divine truthfulness.

Cardinal Manning had died on January 14th, 1892, and I was sent to represent the monastery at the funeral service at the Oratory, since the Father Preceptor was unable to attend. From some of his converts and the circle of whom he was the spiritual director, I learned much about the late saintly Prince of the Church that filled me with amazement. The whole atmosphere, in this company, seemed, in the first place, to be enflamed with that fire of fervour for Catholicity which accompanies so often the life and work of Anglican converts to Rome. A former friend of Manning has admitted to me that Manning was acting under a blind impulse, and did not fully realise what he was about, in the part he took as Archbishop of Westminster in rigging the Vatican Council. The half-convert delights in such *chiaroscuro* of the Church. But, the story of the reputed intrigue of that Council made others distrust the mercy of God for His having, seemingly, tolerated the manipulation of Catholic piety in the interest of the clerical *camarilla* who forged the chains of Papal Infallibility for the conscience of the Catholic

world. No doubt Manning believed that the machinations of the Infallibilists were the earthly necessity, in some great divine sacramental purpose, for combating an infidel world by a solemn divinization of the Papal *magisterium* and *magistracium*. But the reaction with him set in the moment Cardinal Pecci had ascended the papal throne as Leo XIII. To the Manning, the phase of whose life I heard about, the assertion of priestly and papal authority were infinitesimal things compared with saintliness, love of the poor, and belief in the All-Sovereignty of God. It is true that the Cardinal believed, without doubting, in the Sacramental Christ; but he believed very little in the self-complacency of much Churchly sacramental devotion. To one convert he gave directions to visit the Blessed Sacrament, but only to learn of Christ from the New Testament and not from any priestly instructors, and to be devoted to the poor. He wished all the saints to be absorbed in the work of social regeneration rather than in mere ecclesiastical purposes. His friendship with General Booth and John Burns over the London Dockers, and with Henry George over the problem, now to the fore, of the control of the lives of the poor by the iron law of land monopoly, were thus but outer expressions of the inner and essential love of Christ and the love of humanity in the name of Christ. The old Vatican days of his support of ecclesiastical absolutism were blotted out of his memory in an ideal of the free association of all men around Christ incarnate in the person of His priestly ministers of the social regeneration of the world. Manning used to say that only in the last few years he had 'found himself,' and the limitations he had learned to place on sacerdotalist

religion were evidenced by the Gospel texts that were hung on the walls of his private rooms.

The discovery, in the first place, of a 'conversion' that had taken a life-time of a remarkably spiritual and intelligent man to complete, strengthened my belief that a large number of converts to Rome are merely what may be called 'hyper-Protestants,' that is, individuals who have accepted Rome as the climax of their 'protesting' against what they objected to in Anglicanism. Manning thus was but a violent and fanatical 'hyper-Protestant' when he helped to manœuvre the diplomacy of the Vatican Council to strike effective blows of protest against the pet aversions from his Anglican days. But he was honest enough at heart to realise, in time, that Catholicity, if it means aught, purports some transcending inclusiveness of all that belongs to humanity in a peaceful state of reconciliation in that City which is in the World, but transcends the World. Converts who do not live into this wider benevolence are often the supporters of the worst vanities of Sacerdotalists; and in thus backing up against what they think they have discarded, remain at heart true Protestants, working unwittingly for rancorous cleavage and superficialities, and the glorification of the human excrescences which have been added to the reality of priestly power.

A most helpful result of hearing the story of Manning's recent priestly ministrations in London was the vision it created of a priestly life that was intelligible as conforming to a doctrinal explanation of what priesthood meant, and which agreed with the commands of conscience about what one ought to do. To Manning, the priesthood of Christ had come to mean the unlimited

power of the 'Master,' as he used to call Christ, to create the world anew. The Protestantism of the early Reformers had grown out of Luther's decadent monkish self-concentration; and Lutheran 'Justification' and 'Regeneration' followed from a faith in Christ as Saviour in the mental narrowness of this monkish self-concentration. Manning had outgrown a like self-concentrated form of Faith; and had come over to a faith in an inclusive world-regeneration. The sacrifice of Calvary was repeated in the Mass because the night of sin recurred after every human day, and every morning it was, therefore, necessary to 'create mankind anew.' The priest brought in the continuous act of God's making all things new in the daily Sacrifice of the Mass. The priestly ministry was the gathering of the earth in its needs—social, individual, moral, intellectual, emotional—within the scope of this divine making again. The essence of the priestly character was in its universal compassionateness. If the priestly compassion reached into the darkest place of 'Darkest London,' then the world's re-making, through the solidarity of the Christian fellowship, entered here. The priest, and every Christian, felt with every evil of society, and with every evil in each individual life; with stunted childhood, blasted womanhood, and depraved manhood. The Christian was conscious of self-deliverance when he was aware of corporate deliverance. The evils of the world were felt to be his own. Compassion brought into his life the pains of hell, if 'regeneration' were but his own private concern, and if it did not include, for instance, the protection of all the Child-life of London, the amelioration of the condition of the dockers, and the rebuilding of the

slum-world after a model more agreeable to the Heart of God.

This thought, that priesthood and the daily sacrifice for the re-making of the whole of human life, never could possess its full meaning, its rightful inclusiveness, without the training of priests in the life of universal compassionateness with the whole of town life and of country life, made a deep impression on both the Father Preceptor and on myself. The Preceptor thought that the idea should be put into practice ; but he was afraid that any attempt to vitalise the idea of the priestly ministry by the personal consecration of priests to the ideal of social fellowship would come in conflict with the customs and traditions of the Order. He thought it would be possible to establish a special community of priests devoted to the ideal of the inclusion of social service within the sphere of priestly activities. I saw in this a way towards the solution of my own untoward association with the Franciscan Order. Several other priests were favourable to action. There were lengthened consultations with Canonists, and an amount of lay support was forthcoming from outside of London. The plan of a simple association of priests was drawn up and dispensation from the obedience to the Order, entailing formal Canonical secularisation by Papal brief, and subsequent re-constitution in a new community was prepared by the autumn of 1893. But the other supporters of the Preceptor were not stalwarts ; and one of them was smitten with qualms of conscience, and 'confessed his fault.' The affair was immediately brought before the General and the Definitors in Rome ; and we were placed on the defence with the necessity

of explaining our course, before the case had been formally presented in due canonical order.

In spite of the defection, a petition to separate, signed by the Preceptor and myself, was sent to the head superiors, but was rejected as altogether 'utopian.' The Order could not, of necessity, recognise any other application than the mere request for secularisation. While we accepted the decision of the Definitors, neither of us would agree to consider our attempt as an act of 'rebelliousness.' The Preceptor had resigned his mastership of the School, and was removed to a sphere of work in the monastery of San Julio. My health made me feel the absolute impossibility of pressing onwards in the attempt at re-constitution. Another Preceptor was temporarily appointed; and before long, I was given the responsibility, myself, of managing the Seraphic School, having the aid of a capable assistant, who had received a good college education. The leader of the movement, the first Preceptor, in the course of time, found occasion to carry out most of his ideals within the Franciscan Order. The ideal itself of a new community, Franciscan in spirit, but vowed to the service of 'social,' with 'individual,' 'regeneration,' is perhaps best embodied in the Anglican Society of the Divine Compassion. I wished, however, to see the note of voluntary association, observable among the Oratorian Fathers, put into practice. I had made the request that the community should govern through the free conference of all its members. If one did not wish to concur with the superior or with the decisions of the conference, he would be free to leave. 'Poverty' would not be vowed; but would result from the manner of living and the restriction of resources, and would be

no more a reputed 'virtue' than the 'poverty' of the labourer or of the members of a Co-operative Society.

While I would have agreed with the practical proposals of others, my ceaseless aversion to the self-glorification of accepting a 'Rule of Perfection,' or of practising asceticism, as against the normal rules of the merely 'Simple Life,' placed me really in radical divergence from both Roman or Anglican ideals of the community life. In the present, I had fulfilled my duty to my conscience, and the proposed path had been closed by absolute physical inability. The duty that remained was to search deeper, and to make good, if that were possible, those defects in my training in practical matters from early and prolonged seclusion from contact with life's realities.

Another new experience, bearing, in part, on this need of understanding the conditions of the World, and of the Church in the World, had already begun through my association with the London friends of the former Preceptor. The originality and helpfulness of the writings of the Preceptor had brought them to the notice of influential circles, and as the companion and assistant of the Preceptor I was favoured also to make the same acquaintances that he had thus made. The chief rendezvous of this circle was a private house, within the precincts of London, that I shall call 'Lyra Hall.' Its owners were converts, and were among the first of critics of art and literature in London. They had had associations with Dickens, and Ruskin, and with Rossetti, and with several then living associates of the Pre-Raphaelites. They were acquainted with Lord Leighton and most of the Royal Academicians, and artists who exhibited at the New Gallery. Catholic

poets like Coventry Patmore and Francis Thompson were much at home in Lyra Hall. Dr. Mivart and other scientists and journalists, novelists, and representatives of the dramatic and musical profession were also frequent callers there.

It seemed to be an easy transition to pass from the mental environment of an aristocracy of piety like a Religious Order to that of an aristocracy of intellect like the company who flocked to Lyra Hall. Everyone present there was a trained appreciator and judge of 'manners and men.' An artist, poet, or novelist is pleased with the picturesque brown habit. In my case the habit was conformed largely in shape to the ordinary clerical robe, and even then only worn in lieu of evening dress. Even so, it reminded many of this good company of scenes they might have recalled from Italy or from pictures, say, of Zurbaran. Visits to Lyra Hall seemed like a perpetual round of intellectual feasting, but were instructive mainly from the lessons taught by the able presentation of Catholicity from the point of view of its great tradition in Literature and Art. Here was a reduplication of the poetry and beauty of the Offices of the Churchly Year in an endless cycle of poetry which was set forth as 'essential Catholicity.' A superb imaginary paradise of the prophetic poets and priestly artists was presented to my mind, and I was haunted, as a naïf realist, with the perpetual question whether 'entertainment' was purported, or some real belief in a diviner world. I was startled, for instance, at the Rossetti cult of Love, an English rendering of the cult known to Dante and those Poets of Chivalry whose sonnets Rossetti had translated. This was said to be 'Essential Catholicity,' as though the religious

life only found its true meaning when religious people worshipped with the Dante and Petrarch cycle at the sacred shrine of Love.

This illusory poetic rendering of the Allegory of Love took on a more definite form in the poetry, but much more in the teachings and conversations of Coventry Patmore. One heard of the phases of his conversion to the Catholic Church. He was the poetic diviniser of Domestic Love in the poem of his early days, *The Angel of the House*. Losing the original of the 'Honorina' of that poem, his first wife, he recorded, in the series of rather cryptic Odes, his personal experience of reunion with the Departed One. Here the views of Patmore immediately fell in with my own view that the Church was the instrument or mechanism through which Life after Death was preserved by the acts of self-surrender and self-sacrifice of the living, which thus, so to speak, with God's co-operation, 'saved' the Departed into a continuous life. The Church was thus the immortalising solidarity of Christian Love and of loving remembrances. How the Sacrifice of Christ on Calvary could have saved mankind was now given a clear 'mechanism' for thoughtful appreciation. Self-surrender created the 'communal body.' Those who 'died to live,' transmitted their 'best selves' into the 'Mystical Body of Christ.' The Church was a kind of rigid spiritual Co-operative Society of the Unseen World in which the faithful invested their lives by self-renouncement, and the interest, so to speak, from their investment was a continued personal existence, whither the dedicated energies of mind and soul had already gone before.

Those who wish to follow the Poet's rather cryptic

statement of his 'new experience' may read about it in his Odes, published, first of all, in the seventies. But all this teaching was mainly of interest to me, because this mystical poet had reached a point of intensity of faith in which he was able to substantiate his claim that the Christian Verities were but a summary statement of the supreme realities of human experience. Patmore, it must be conceded, was wont to 'read himself' into the past, whether it was into the Greek Mysteries, the Hebrew Scriptures, St. John's Theology, or, above all, into St. Thomas Aquinas' Scholastic Theology. In politics he was a freakish reactionary. Religion he took as 'divinised pleasure,' the singling out of certain supreme pleasures of life to be won only through arduous training and 'mortification' as to the less worthy pleasures. Religious persons, vowed to celibacy, sometimes thought it rather grim humour to hear Mr. Patmore teach that only lovers have souls, the loveless man being said to 'lose his soul for eternity,' in the sense that he lost the chance of ever winning possession of a soul in the experience of true love. This is taught in the Ode, *Deliciæ Sapientiæ de Amore*. At other times he propounded the almost mad theory that the human race existed for the sake of a few chosen 'flowers of culture,' that each nation produced. This grotesque and freakish realism was extended by him to every sphere of life and thought. Yet there was an impressiveness about the personality of Coventry Patmore which made people believe in his underlying sincerity, and which led them to see in his unbalanced allegories the poetic description of realities of his own experience in the spiritual world. He led people, not to believe in his pseudo-science, but to take more seriously

to heart the essential reality of their own faith. A noted man of letters like the late Mr. W. E. Henley even thought it would take a century for people to appreciate the full worth and originality of Coventry Patmore's religious psychology.

The supreme truth I learned from Patmore was that the affections are not the mere sweeping by of transient subjective states, but are creative forces which, of themselves, call into existence and substantiate the worth of life. If Mr. Henley meant by what he said that Patmore was one who had mastered and fathomed this truth, his prediction is quite as likely as not to be fulfilled. That a Church of God is the eternalised 'affections of humanity' is a statement that most people would delight in if they could believe in it. The advance from glorifying the affective life, in company with D. G. Rossetti, to accepting it as 'the Precursor,' so Patmore called it, of Divine Religion and of the Church of Christ is recorded with some felicity in the Poem, *A Retrospect*, in which the poet recalls to mind his discovery of the Eternal Christ out of the midst of the preparatory experiences of Domestic Love.

I met Mr. Patmore on a few occasions, on one of which he talked, in his usual allegorical fashion, about 'Kings coming from the East,' probably alluding to the influence of the Mysticism of the great Dependency of India on modern English Protestantism. Mr. Patmore became a good friend of the Franciscans, and was wont to converse with Father Guardians on the divine Allegories revealed in Domestic Love. Allusion to this is in his writings and in his Biography. In the latter is also published a letter I wrote to him in the year 1895. It is unnecessary to say that the belief in a 'Divinity

à deux, whose shrine was the seclusion of Domestic Life, was regarded by Franciscans as a pardonable fad, coming as it did from the author of the proverbial 'Angel in the House.' I made, however, a precise and definite application of Patmore's realism to my own religious conceptions. One might not follow all that this mystical poet thought of the heavenly mysteries, Yet as the embodiment of a real and divine devotion to and a divine interest in the affairs of mankind and of the poor, the afflicted, and the oppressed, had Jesus of Nazareth revealed Himself as Christ, as the veritable Son of God. Therefore, truly, in one sense, Christianity was a divine interest in human affairs, a divine love of, concern in, and devotion to the cause of, humanity. One might say that affection between relatives was kindness, that the extension of this affection of kindness to humanity was philanthropy, that the saintly love of men's souls on account of God was the theological 'charity'; but that a really divine love of humanity as the supreme devotion of life was the love that was Christ's. And when this single-minded affection for all the human race was reduced to an orderly 'way of life,' a 'science' and an 'art,' there was a creative force at work, that God made use of, and directed, wherewith to redeem the world.

As preceptor of the Seraphic School, I was now giving about three lessons a day and watching over the boys during half the day. I took on lessons in English History from Green and Saunderson, and opened classes in French and in the rudiments of Greek. A worse Preceptor could hardly have been secured. Religious life to me being at most a perfect maze of uncertainties, however conscientiously I tried to fulfil my duties,

every pupil felt intuitively that I had no heart in the work. In the summer of 1893 I learned a good deal about instances of Catholic priests who had felt conscientious difficulties about their position, and had left the Roman Communion. I made the acquaintance of a former friend of an ex-priest, once a convert from Anglicanism, and at this time an Unitarian. I knew a former acquaintance of another priest who was also now an Unitarian minister in the South of London. I heard of a third who was at that time a Librarian, I believe, in Scotland. I read a number of Unitarian works, and studied especially the Liberal Protestant works of Oort and Hooykaas, pupils of Kuenen, which expounded the Higher Criticism for 'learners' and 'young people.' The Unitarian works seemed cold and lifeless ; but with the latter I was deeply impressed.

On one Easter evening I attended an Unitarian service in a West London church to learn whether, in any sense, the Unitarian religion was one of which I should have, in common honesty, professed myself a member. The subject of the address was the Ober Ammergau Play ; but not finding the least breath of what I understood by religion in the prayers, or the merely school-like address, I felt no inclination to prosecute the enquiry any further. I felt bound, in conscience, however, to seek for some solution, and made the acquaintance of several Theosophists and other Occultists. I attended a meeting of Theosophists in the North of London, the note of the address being rather literary than religious. In conversation, afterwards, I was told that theosophy was not only itself a religious faith, but also it prescribed a manner of regarding the dogmas of Christianity, and that Theosophists were pleased

that Christians should retain their own religion while interpreting its mysteries with the Theosophic Key. I made the acquaintance of some friends and acquaintances of a distinguished Christian Theosophist, the late Dr. Anna Kingsford, a woman, according to all accounts, of elevated character and of saintly life. I read a book of hers called *Clothed with the Sun*, purporting to reveal Christ as the true Apollo, which was a literary composition of some merit. I made the acquaintance of a typical mystic, a man in clerical orders, rather deaf, but of saintly simplicity of character. He had wandered through most religions, and was a pronounced Reincarnationist, and after a course of instructions from me, he was received by another priest into the Catholic Church. Becoming a devout and ascetical Catholic, he remained as true a Theosophist as ever. My instructions certainly had not required the renouncement of his deep intuitions into the heart of Oriental Mystical Religion, by any categorically scholastic dogmatic exposition of Christianity. Scholastic dogma seemed but a plaything to such profound Mystical Religion. But if Faith became to such a mystic a living intuition into the manifestation of the Transcending Intelligence and Will, in a religion of the Incarnate Word of God, mysticism was itself retained, but also deliverance was secured from the Theosophic fatalism that locked all existence within a seven-fold dungeon of the seven states of universal life, from which there was, for many, no redemption in time or eternity. The vivid mysticism of my convert became the occasion of some comment in Catholic circles, but he lived so retired a life, that matters never reached a climax. On the occasion of his illness, I was allowed to administer the Sacraments.

His experience of Christianity as a divine deliverance, as the final interpretation of the sublime Mysticism of the East, would have appealed to Buddhists and Brahmins had it ever been brought before them; but whether the times were ripe for such an absolute fusion of the East with the West may be doubted. Among the many would-be reconcilers of Christ with Buddha, of the Western type of Christianity with Oriental intuition, I have met with no other individual who seems ever to have harmonised the two ideals in an equally saintly simplicity. His was, by the way, the one instance of conversion to Catholicism with which I was in any way associated.

A possible advantage was to be secured by association with Christian Theosophists, and with Theosophists who were not in any particular sense Christian, because some of them were engaged in an educational propaganda. It was conceivable that by learning about their manner of expounding this real or fictitious 'Hidden Wisdom' I might have brought the note of earnestness and conviction into the sermons and instructions on religion I was expected to give while I was preceptor of the School. That, at all events, was the desirable goal to reach; but probably it was not here attainable. In the meanwhile, a question of health intervened and brought with it permanent alterations of my manner of association with the Franciscan Order.

A slight attack of influenza, early in 1894, was in the course of being cured, when the taking of a steel tonic at too early a stage of convalescence helped to bring on a fainting fit that permanently affected the functional work of the heart. After temporary recovery, the labours of the School led to a complete nervous

breakdown. I was sent to a London specialist, and gave many puzzled answers to his searching set of questions. A sensational 'report' was drawn up. I was ordered never to teach again; to take a prolonged holiday abroad, if possible; to cease from concentration on study; to be careful about any exertion, especially that of climbing hills or even of going up a long flight of stairs. I was immediately withdrawn from the care of the School and granted a four months' absence from the monastery, during which I stayed during the first months with friends in London; and, subsequently, I was sent to take a holiday during the summer months at Saintlands. My association with the regular observance of the community-life, from that moment, came to an end. A really active career was now no longer possible. But the only result, as to study, that ensued was the abandonment of my project of studying Greek and Hebrew, and, if possible, German. The release from the obligation of regular observance, and, eventually, from all duty of residence within a monastery, lessened the state of tension, on the grounds of my profound religious aversion to the monastic state, and made the eventual solution of the deeper problems that had thereby arisen one that might be reached in a period of reflection and quiet.

The fact of this increasing disablement is recorded on account of the vast influence it had ever exercised over the course of action since even before the date of my Ordination. Strength and powers of endurance may be applied to undertakings that require physical exertion and the incessant activities of a public ministry; or else the same powers may be called upon to help one to face an advancing mental and spiritual strain. This

strain had been coming on ever since my entrance into the Order. In truth, the feelings, as happened in my case, may be in infinite revolt against conditions that the intelligence takes an almost endless amount of time to understand. The endurance of the state of strain which is implied in the past record necessarily had its adverse balance-sheet of disablement to be carried forward as an incident in this prolonged campaign. I counted such disablement as of the results of the wounds received in the spiritual war. Elsewise, good spirits were unfailing; and the power to endure the disablement was counted as a sign of innermost health and strength.

This disablement meant, in effect, the curtailment of the former measure of ability, for instance, to climb and walk the whole day around the hills and mountains in the background of Saintlands, to about a fifth of its former limits. Mentally, the disablement was an immense retardative to the ability to accept mental discipline necessary for concentration on literary effort. I had a great envy of a Stevenson or a Symmonds, who, with physical disablement, retained mental powers of execution. I learned the infinite fallacy of Max Müller's theory about the identity of thought with word. I could think out a problem in every detail in a model of the imagination, that, had I been an artist of the Symbolical School, I could have placed upon canvas without words. But there is a 'muscular' power required in fitting thought to words and holding fast to the sentences formed, the measure of which, in my case, was exactly paralleled with my power to climb rocks or take long walks, or perform manual labour in a garden. Mind-stammer was invariably co-incident with

physical weakness ; but thought itself often remained clear and in full vigour, when, like 'Gordon Pym' in Poe's story of the man in the shiphold who could not open his mouth, I could not speak a word, or—and what was much more frequently the case—I could not write a word. Unfortunately, thus, the closing of a career of active ministerial work, brought with it no opening in the direction of literary execution or of sound and creative workmanship in the sphere of scholarship or research. The use of my physical and mental powers was thus concentrated on the task of enduring the strain of an unsolved religious problem and of fighting the way clear to the end until I found that Jerusalem of the vision of the divine order and light of the universal sovereignty of God, which the heart ceased not to prophecy, was a real place, though not beyond this world.

One well-defined conclusion followed from reading the decree of disablement, and that was that it would be necessary to find a substitute for a public ministry as a field for the utterance of my innermost faith, and as a kind of life of tokens and symbols of what I believed should have been done by me in the now impossible active ministry. The man of letters can embody his faith in literary creations. But, in old days, Hebrew prophets gave testimony to their message about the Divine Kingdom, much more frequently, by aid of symbolical actions than by either preaching or by words. The use of this realistic symbolic art was quite germane to the Franciscan tradition. The need of it, in my case, was the inexorable demand of conscience for the honesty of expressing outwardly what one believed in privately. I felt obliged, thus, to go to the

absolute limit of my ability in presenting a series of 'testimonies,' which evidenced to my private faith.

From this time I could not have dreamed of rushing into the fray like a Martin Luther. The Kingdom, moreover, that I sought for was the possession not of any assurance of being saved ; but the possession of a vision of the universal reconciliation of mankind in the divine sovereignty. The chance for immediate and public work in the direction of realising this ideal was cut off. There remained, from the very fact of the fatefulness of this exclusion from public service, the plain duty to my conscience, that I myself should strive to be reconciled to all the world in my own private life. The great atonement, then, to me, would be a private experience of my own. That the reconciliation might ever become more was a problem to be thought of by men of affairs and by those who were not under my disablement. But, in the meanwhile, it was absolutely essential that my own path of private reconciliation should be beset with testimonies which, on occasion, might place the sincerity of my own private faith and convictions beyond question.

CHAPTER VII.

NEW VISTAS AND PASTORAL CARE.

THE summer months of 1894 were filled in with learning the use of a sprit-sail boat, in miniature cruising expeditions off a rock-bound coast, and in canoeing about the sea-inlets in a Rob-roy. My chief companion was a young Irishman of an Irish-Norman family, who was acting as bailiff at Saintlands, but who, on occasion, came to take a hand in managing the puny craft. The late Lector of Philosophy paid a visit to Saintlands for a few weeks also, and was too daring an adventurer in facing breakers and high winds in the open boat. Calm days were spent in reading while anchored in five fathoms, by aid of a long sea-cord fixed to the end of the 'painter,' over crystal sands, in the clear blue waters of the bay. The Lector of Theology also came, and sky pageants of gold and vermilion were watched from the boat as the sun reddened over Western headlands that loomed from mists of gold. Meanwhile, the sea was liquid crimson, and purple, green, and sapphire.

The poet, the late Francis Thompson, was just then a favourite with the Order, and there were keen discussions about his mystical intuitions, his liturgical feasts discovered in the scenery of Nature, and his Dantesque imagination. Much of Mr. Thompson's

poetry was known by heart by some Franciscans, and was acclaimed as heralding a new era for the World and the Church. He had written Christ and His Advent into every sunrise and every sunset. He had invented a 'lawful' liturgical Sun-worship, dedicating to that first of symbols of Christ, the life and death and glory of the Worlds that drew their subsistence from the Sun. Thompson read into the seasonal movements of the Universe the story of a transcending liturgy of divine religion. He had found the likeness of the 'Divine Mother' weeping after the tragedy of Calvary in the sorrowing deep blue of the sky after sunset. He had revealed the all-companionship with the sister stars in the spirit of the Franciscan *Laudes Domini*. Of that fellowship in divine Hope and expectation, that one cannot recite the Breviary Offices without experiencing, he was a more clear interpreter than Crawshaw. These Breviary Offices of the Seasons, in their solemn Monastic recital, were over for me; but Francis Thompson recalled them and expounded the phases of asceticism that ran with them in his poem, *From the Night of Our Forebeing*, which reveals the very heart of Catholic ascetic mysticism at its best. The *New Poems* did not come out till the year 1897, but some of them had already been written and had been recited to us. In a sense, such poetry was a comfort and a compensation, for it incarnated Hope, as it were, in palpable form, and clothed it with such a raiment of natural beauty, that the God of Nature thereby, through the bow of His analogies from the process of the visible Creation, seemed to give new assurances of the truth of the promises of the God of Grace. The entire Creation, in this Thompsonian 'orchestra,' acclaimed, in the felicity and

appropriateness of its service, that this Hope of the World was true.

For me, this mystical poetry seemed to raise the urgent problem of whether these were the songs of a divine atonement, of a really inclusive governance of God, including earth and heaven in one; or whether they portrayed, as the Breviary Offices from Isaiah seemed to do, a vision of a fictitious world-atonement to signify a real transmundane paradise. Where the 'Hebrew earthliness' of Patmore influenced Thompson, the younger poet wrote sentences which are meaningless unless they relate to an earthly paradise, to the scenes of that 'heaven on earth' so dear to the elder poet. The *Assumpta Maria*, and several others, are filled with allusions to the approaching earthly 'days of promise.' But, in other poems, the balance of earthly and supernal hope is delicately preserved, so that anyone can take the thought of such poetry to relate to a 'Here' or a 'Hereafter' accordingly as he has the mind to do so. The writer's intention was undoubtedly to leave the reader in this state of suspense. The true lover of poetry finds his contentment in the beauty of the mere *vraisemblance*; while the Hebrew realist is inclined to take the poet who is not a prophet as a charlatan. For me, Francis Thompson was nine-tenths Seer, whether he willed it or no, to one-tenth creator of the beauty of poetic fiction. In the end, however, my sympathies were curtailed, because the commonest of social reformers brought to me more of the only poetry I was really interested in, rather than a poet whose visions of world-atonement were chilled to death by sentences that hinted that they might permissibly relate to cloud-lands.

Meanwhile, a gloom was settling upon Saintlands, because the leading spirits of this most remarkable experiment of a divine sovereignty in miniature had begun to realise that they would, in course of time, be obliged to entrust the care of the ideals they had aimed at to individuals who, however much they were interested in the work, were obliged to live apart, immersed in their own particular labours. In the autumn of 1894 it would be necessary to leave the cherished scene of fifteen years of labour for the divine kingdom, and enter a new home in a district less secluded from most of their friends and supporters than Saintlands. The friends who were staying there on a visit were the first to leave. I, myself, had left in order to pay a visit to the guest-house of Holy Souls throughout October. In November, the remaining party of the organisers of Saintlands left the place for good, and were welcomed by prelates of high standing in a more centralised diocese. Saintlands became again a little country mission. In the new sphere, however, the cause that its former occupiers were devoted to was cared for in a restricted, but, none the less, in an effective way. The experiment at Saintlands was certainly unique enough and successful enough, if ever its annals are to be written down, to remain in remembrance as among the most inspiring and praiseworthy enterprises recorded in the pages of ecclesiastical history. My experiences undergone since I had first left Saintlands had profoundly modified my manner of interpretation of that belief in spiritual realities that I shared in with the dwellers in Saintlands. But if my manner of interpreting faith in the Unseen Realities differed from their manner, we both were one in the

common faith that divine religion purported an earthly realisation, in a true theocracy, in a beneficent reign of God amid the whole of earthly conditions of life.

The return to Holy Souls, in residence at the guest-house, meant little association with monastic life. As a convalescent I visited much magnificent scenery by bays and great headlands and mountains within easy reach of the monastery. The centre of interest in the household was the poet, Francis Thompson, who spent the summer months of that year in a neighbouring cottage. Walks in the late evening did not result in much conversation ; but, at evening gatherings in my room, the poet used often to join the party, and argued with vigour and persuasiveness on favourite topics. The Franciscans had learned a kind of art of drawing their mystical guest into conversation. The way was to introduce a subtle contradiction to his pet theories which would in a moment produce a storm of protesting eloquence. Thompson was ever ready, however, to dispute over County Cricket, into the mysteries of which I also had lately been introduced by the Father Provincial, who had taken me to see Lancashire overthrow Sussex at the Hove Cricket Grounds. If no one could match Francis Thompson with the scientific accuracy of his description of how balls were made to curve and deflect in the air, or bounce, or run after they had reached the pitch, his Franciscan associates were at least ready with an ordinary knowledge of averages, and of batting and bowling styles, to keep up an argument with this *dilletante* of cricket style.

I accompanied Francis Thompson when he left Holy Souls for London, and after a short visit to Lyra Hall,

I went to spend the winter with my relatives in their new residence. A new mission was here opened, with a chapel in the house, and afterwards funds were raised for building a handsome Norman Church. In the spring I was ordered to report at St. Bonaventure's monastery in the Midlands, and I now resumed supply work for the Order. The spending of one month at St. Bonaventure's brought on a threat of paralysis; and I was obliged to look around for an opening where a lengthened supply was needed. I visited Goring, Staines, Acton, and Hounslow; and made my first acquaintance with Oxford, around whose colleges I was shown by an Oxford convert, who was, however, a Catholic of an independent type and was giving instructions as a kind of a tertiary brother and layman on his own responsibilities in a village where elsewhere there were no Catholics. Oxford was a most pleasant surprise, since I feared it might have become modernised; but I now thought it rivalled Bruges in its Mediævalism.

In the autumn there was a long supply in a town by the South Coast; and, following that, a four months' supply for a priest who had been struck down with influenza the same year that I too had been, but who was not destined to recover from its effects. This trying period of duty lasted till after Easter, and it was followed by supply at Hounslow. On the occasion of this supply, a Jew, who recalled Francis Thompson in the vividness of his rhetoric, entered my room and informed me, as he said, that the 'Third Temple' was about to be built, which he made out to prove from the fact that Ezechiel had said the Prince would enter the Temple. As the Prince never had done so by the special door mentioned by the prophet, this 'son of the

prophets' inferred that this word was one which had to be fulfilled, to the letter, in the future ; and, as he otherwise wished to prove, in the very near future. I was immensely pleased to make the acquaintance of a live Hebrew seer with a live imagination. I told him that we Christians (recalling Disraeli's statement in the Life of Lord Bentinck) were but a branch of Israel, and ought to be first-rate fellows, one to another, with the Jews ; and joint-believers also in the Hope of Israel. I also said that I doubted not that Israel would, in the future, recover its own Prince and Temple and independence. My visitor went away in good spirits, believing either that he had made a convert, or else that there was a sound confirmation for his own views among those of other people.

I, at length, was offered a supply of a more permanent kind in one of the smallest missions of the South. This, with the Superior's consent, I gladly accepted ; and, with this new appointment, there began the period of my first responsibilities in the work of a pastoral cure of souls.

Qualification for pastoral *cure* had arisen, to some extent, from my four months' charge of a mission, under directions from the bishop of the same diocese, early that year. I had made a house-to-house visitation in the poorer parts of a seaside town to find out all the Catholics. I had visited nearly every Catholic cottager in Hounslow ; and in Acton I had visited many of the Catholic families in the slums. Here, some Catholic ladies had, under the direction of the Order, and with permission of the priest-in-charge, begun work among the laundry girls, the laundry industry being the chief means of support of the popula-

tion. I considered the conditions of the workers in one district of Acton to be abominable. In a family that I often visited, the bread-winner was habitually on half-time work at 10s. a week. His wife was a helpless invalid, whom I managed to get into a hospital; and the children were half famished. There was better work and pay at the steam-laundry, which I was shown round by one of its directors. This genial good fellow was a prosperous Irishman, who was always ready to drive me and others around to Harrow or Richmond; and on the rising ground he used to declaim the poet James Thomson's Ode in praise of the River Thames, that winded in the valley, full in view from the 'Star and Garter' terrace.

I entered the new pastoral charge in Midsummer, 1896, at a small town, south of London, of about 2,000 inhabitants, that rose up towards the north from the banks of a sluggish river, and that I shall name, for convenience, 'Sungate.' In the valley by the river were grassy flatlands extending onwards south-westwards to an opening in the South Downs, about nine miles away. The road from the main street of Sungate, as it ran northwards, kept on rising until it attained a high level in the Weald country. From thence it culminated seven miles away in the remains of an ancient forest, now all a heathland, about 800 ft. high above sea-level. The mission house was in the upper portion of the town, in a narrow road that deflected westwards. There was a cottage here, about 200 years old, with great beams within and without, an old farmer's fire-grate, and a steep tiled roof, built before the builders were acquainted with the more economic and lower-set roofs of a later date. The

older houses were all thus red-tiled, which made the town look old-world-like as it lay on the tree-crowned slopes. Outside the cottage a path led straight to the oaklands, the pine forest, the rockeries, and fields packed with gorse and bracken, that touched the town area westwards. On the way thither the blue-misted South Downs were full in view. Eastwards, there was a mill and extensive hop-fields, with their oast houses, and woodlands, and a park. The cottage was so small that service had to be accommodated from the outside. The parish church was only a few paces away, and the tunes of the Anglican service could be heard quite plainly from within its doors. The whole church parade went by my window every Sunday, but there were a few dissenting chapels in other extremities of the town area.

The entire Catholic population of the mission was about forty. The leading members were an exemplary family connected with the trade of the Far East, who were often in residence about three miles away, and who were all Catholic except the head of the household. There was a zealous Irish Nationalist old woman, who received a weekly paper with coloured cartoons from Ireland, and whose husband was a converted Yorkshireman, a stout 'John Bull' in appearance, but very deaf and extremely simple-minded. There was a cobbler also and a few young men in offices, and a few elderly people, converts from the occasion of the residence in Sungate of an extremely zealous propagandist. In the course of time a Catholic institution was built by the diocesan authorities within the plot of ground belonging to the Mission. There was daily mass in the school-chapel, and the usual Sunday services. As a

server and assistant, there came to stay with me a retired *notaire*, an Englishman and a convert, who had spent many years in Paris in the employment of Anglo-French capitalists. He was an extremely devout individual, who had done his best to enter the Trappist Order, and had stayed with the community for some months at Sta-ouli, in Algeria. He would, none the less, talk with relish for hours about the glories of old Parisian life. Among other feats recorded, he told of the attempt to transport a great consignment of Yorkshire hams into Paris at the beginning of the siege. For a long time he occupied the one spare room in the cottage, and was of incalculable service in helping in the church and mission.

Granted that assent be genuine and entire, then the problem of the private and personal manner of yielding this assent to the Catholic Faith, for one who is inherently unable to think in the scholastic habit of mind, has no direct bearings on the pastoral work of a Catholic Mission. Unlike the Anglican Rector, who is the responsible authority in his own parish, and has full power to follow his own convictions in propounding his Anglo-Catholic or Evangelical or Broad Church manner of assent to Churchly dogma to his flock, the Catholic priest-in-charge is merely the instrument of the real rector, the bishop of the diocese, who himself is but the territorial representative of the 'Pastor Ecclesiæ Dei,' the Roman Pontiff. The priest, even a then so-called 'missionary rector,' must, therefore, act as subordinate, or curate, to the higher pastoral authority, or else withdraw from pastoral work to such other as he honestly may perform, granted he cannot carry out the uniform manner of pastoral ministry enjoined by the

responsible authority. But the divine efficacy of this pastorate can undoubtedly be accepted from many another manner of approach of mental assent to it than that of Scholastic Theology. I had no personal objection against the Scholastic System other than the native incompatibility between it and my powers of understanding. One may accept the efficacy of the Catholic pastorate by aid of Biblical Theology, or of the kind of logic, say, of Newman's *Development of Doctrine* and his *Grammar of Assent*. The basal impossibility for a multitude of priestly minds to think in scholastic grooves, while yet not denying the reality of the efficacy of the Catholic pastorate, is the bed-rock of the justification of a 'Modernist' problem; and this problem must remain unsolved until the right of freedom of thought in the manner of apprehending the realities of the Catholic religion is secured once and for all.

It is evident, then, that the priest who is an anti-scholastic, not by choice, but by the very makings of his mind, is bound to agitate, not in the sphere of his own pastoral work, but in circles where he and those who are like-minded with himself may aim at securing freedom in the manner of their acceptance of the reality of the Catholic Religion, by aid of persuasion and influence brought to bear on the Sovereign Power within the Church of Rome. Such a priest believes in the substantial reality of the work of the present priestly ministry, but may feel, also, that this work is handicapped and narrowed, and helpless to meet the honest difficulties of the reflective among the laity, in the fact that it is cooped up, in its manner of presenting religious dogma, in an exploded theory of Biblical Inspiration, and in an artificial scholastic theory of the universe.

Others, again, sincerely Catholic, may complain that the priestly ministry is hampered by the reputed arbitrary subordination of ecclesiastical discipline to a political organisation of reactionaries and Ultramontanes, who, it is claimed, advise and direct the transcending magistracial authority of the Holy See over individual priests.

Thus, the leading purpose of the Modernist in the sphere of the manner of his assent to the Catholic Faith is, while retaining the substance of Catholicity, to free the manner of understanding it. The Modernist would retain the substance of the Scriptures, yet secure freedom from an enforced acceptance of a Scholastic theory of Inspiration which he believes to be unworkable. Finally, he would liberate the essential religious truth of dogma from its encasement in an extraordinary scholastic theory of the universe, which was invented when men thought that the heavens were crystalline spheres.

In the sphere of the manner of obedience to Authority, the purpose of the Modernist is to restrict the sovereign *magistracium* of the Papal Sovereign Power from the status of a bureaucratic control over ecclesiastical persons and property to that of an orderly constitutional monarchy or governing power. So far, any question about Papal Infallibility, that is, about the *magisterium* or infallible teaching authority, had not arisen. To me it never did arise, because the *magisterium* seemed but a *sanction* for the far more important *magistracium*, the power of the Pope not as 'magister,' or teacher, but as 'magistratus,' the 'divine policeman,' who interprets dogma not by the few and rare and nebulous solemn definitions *de fide* and *ex cathedra*, but by the sharp-

cut judicial and administrative decisions of dogma by aid of judicial or administrative acts. Such are, the refusal of absolution in the *forum internum* of the confessional, or acts of suspension or excommunication, in the decisions of the *forum externum* of the Holy Office. Such also are the condemnation of books, or the weeding out of disfavoured 'Modernists,' and the arbitrary filling up of the entire *personnel* of the government of the Church by Ultramontanes.

'Modernists' may all come to learn in time that the whole of their campaign centres around the question of the divine authority of the *magistracium*, not of the *magisterium*. Thus, for example, if it is *de fide* that Christ suspends and excommunicates a Father Tyrrell when the Pope does so, then Modernists must not war against the authorities, because warring against them is warring against God. But the fundamental canonical right of Modernists comes from the fact that the Roman Church has never decreed that its magistracial decrees are divinely infallible, and for the good reason that they have a thousand times been altered or annulled, or reversed. The 'Modernist Orthodox' holds that the exercise of the power to exclude a priest from a mission and cut off his means of livelihood—an occurrence that happened to an acquaintance of mine in the neighbourhood of Sungate—is an act unrelated with 'religious' significance. My private convictions about the character of the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff as Chief Magistrate and spiritual sovereign of the whole Church of Rome, and especially of the clergy and of the religious orders, was that the Sovereign Pontiffs possessed a very real kind of regal authority over Catholics, such as King David, for instance, possessed over the Israelites in his

capacity of Social Chief, but not as Political Sovereign. The exercise of this type of sovereign power is subject to those conditions of validity, or invalidity, in its use which govern the exercise of each type of sovereign power in each type of Sovereign State. It was right for anyone who believed so to criticise the validity of all magistracial acts of the Holy See in accordance with their conformity, or otherwise, to that standard of the valid exercise of sovereign authority proper to the particular type of social sovereignty of the Church of Rome. Such Liberal Orthodox Catholic critics of the Papal Magistracial Power merely believed that if their criticism bore fruit, with the sanction thereby secured of the Sovereign Power of the Church, and with a more liberalised *magistracium*, a new and vastly enlarged sphere of pastoral labours might have opened for the Church of Rome. A reformed Papal Power, many believed, with no assumption of magistracial authority beyond what inherently belonged to the social headship of the Church, might readily have gathered the whole of England within the fold of the now Liberalised, but still Orthodox Roman Catholic Church. Association, thus, with a movement, which, in a later phase, received the title of 'Modernist,' opened in the midst of my term of the pastorate at Sungate, but without modifying, in the least degree, the actual pastoral labours, which, at least, in will and intention, were of the normal type. With what, however, has been classed as Modernist doctrine, officially, or otherwise, of late years I have had little or no concern.

The ordinary round of labours at Sungate, besides the weekly services, and the administration of the sacraments, was the paying a visit to the members of the

congregation once a fortnight ; the attending of conferences of the clergy at the neighbouring deanery and handing in a reply to the ordinary *Casus Conscientiæ* ; attending the diocesan Synod ; and paying a visit to the monastery of San Pacifico, under which obedience I now belonged, at the stated intervals of every one or two months. About every two months, also, I spent the inside of a week with friends in London or elsewhere.

Sungate itself became in time a favourite resort of some of my friends both from London and from towns on the South Coast. Among these visitors was the late Dr. St. George Mivart, whom I had met occasionally in London and Brighton since the year 1892. Dr. Mivart had become the central figure in Liberal Catholic controversy by his series of articles on the Reform of the Church of Rome, which culminated in the sensational papers about *Happiness in Hell*. My visit to him in Brighton was on about the occasion of his retractation, the 'ethics' of which retractations had brought the typical Modernist problem to the forefront. Dr. Mivart admitted to me that he had been 'trailing his coat tails that everyone might jump on them.' It seemed to me that his difficulty lay in attempting to meet the discord between Scholastic Theology and Science by aid of a method which itself savoured of Scholastic Logic. Thus the Biblical doctrine of Eternal Loss was expressed in Scholastic theology by categorical statements about the pains of eternal fire, although many theologians did not take such 'fire' to be altogether identical with 'material flames.' Whatever a Mediæval Scholastic meant by 'fire' in relation to eternal endurance, the difficulty to me was that the term 'fire,' used scientifically, was a *contradictio in adjectis* when used with the

term 'eternal.' That is, if the two words were artificially placed together, they were inherently incapable of conveying any idea or thought or meaning whatever. Fire or burning, in scientific language, means the rapid degradation of energy, or consuming of a structure, from its state of chemical or vital synthesis to a more primal and lifeless stage of elemental state. The term 'eternal' or 'everlasting' inherently excludes the thought of 'consuming,' in the same way that 'white' excludes 'black,' or heat, cold, or death, life.

I could not thus, in honesty, discuss the meaning of words which were juxta-posed like 'eternal fire,' under the supposition of or with the inference that they stood for a literal statement of fact about the status of the lost, because the two terms were inherently contradictory the one of the other, and unthinkable as a single idea by my mental organs of thought. Two ideas so mutually exclusive of one another as the idea of everlasting or ever-enduring, and the idea of burning or rapidly consuming, could not, even by aid of the divine omnipotence, be welded together within a coherent thought.

The pseudo-problem, then, whether 'in suffering the pains of eternal fire,' as the saying went, there was not a normal relaxation, agreeing with the compensations and normal developments of natural law, seemed, to me, to be a mere dispute of words that my mind was inherently unable to find sense in. If consulted, therefore, by a layman like Doctor Mivart, I either had to find some means of showing how to withdraw from the scholastic habit of toying with words by getting at the vital religious conception of 'loss' and 'gain,' or else declare that the Christian religion was equivalent to

'charlatanism.' But as the Christian religion was a perfectly real experience to me, I knew it was in no sense dependent on the word-dodgery of Schoolmen, even if a satisfactory statement of this point of view could not at the first moment, be presented to a man of so great a critical an intellect as Doctor Mivart.

The absurdity of the Scholastic manner of accepting the realities of divine religion and of its arbitrary drawing of inferences from dogma touched practically the manner of accepting every dogma of the faith of the Church—including that of the Inspiration of the Bible, which Dr. Mivart was also bringing to the front. There seemed thus to be an obligation in conscience on the part of those who felt with me for starting some co-operative attempt at working for a 'religious' as against a 'scholastic' manner of presentation of those great verities of the Christian religion called the dogmas of faith. Dr. Mivart's visit to Sungate in 1897 had made the need of such an effort pressing. I could not do otherwise, on that occasion, than treat in a light manner all allusions to 'Scholastic inferences.' The ever-recurring problem of the Virgin Birth was then brought into discussion. I admitted that the Scholastic statements of current theology conveyed to my mind no intelligible idea as to the meaning of the Virgin Birth, and that the discussion, in consequence, aroused no interest. I learned afterwards that Dr. Mivart had taken my remarks seriously to heart, and had come to the conclusion that I had, in effect, ceased to be a Christian, and remained in the old associations because I was not strong enough in character to shake myself free from what I had grown used to. As this implied that divine religion lived or died in dependence

on the truth or falsity of the Scholastic 'inferences from dogma and from the words of the Bible,' it was evident that I could not continue to let my conversation become the occasion of scandal to laymen by allowing them to suppose that I believed that divine religion was in any sense dependent for the truth of its expression upon a scholastic theology that my mind was inherently incapable of assimilating.

By this date the Virgin Birth had a definitely real meaning in my mind. This meaning might have been stated in plain and Scriptural English, but I could not suddenly intrude the explanation of a particular point of faith without first setting forth a more general statement of the meaning of the transcendent reality of divine religion and of the Kingdom of God. During the winter of 1897 I accordingly prepared a paper on the *Civitas Dei*, the 'City,' or Kingdom of God which was to be read in the opening meeting of a Society that I had helped to form, and of which, in the next year, Dr. Mivart himself became a member.

Dr. Mivart was, of course, only one instance of laymen in difficulties, whose acquaintance I had made. One way of meeting difficulties of this type was to ignore them and concentrate on pastoral work among the simple-minded. Some might say that this practical solution would leave a few men to their own devices, but gather, in compensation, multitudes of stalwarts. Others said that the falling off of Catholicism from the intellect of the large majority of Frenchmen was from a million-fold repetition of the 'organic' difficulty experienced by myself of mentally assimilating the scholastic settings of Catholic dogma. That is, that France had become 'atheistic' not from *moral* remissness, but from

its *organic* inability to accept the Scholastic renderings of Dogma. Such a loss of faith is beyond remedy except through the aid of conceptions like those of a Père Laberthonnière, which have since been swept off the field as 'Modernist.' If this were so, the Catholicism of English converts might be said to rest on their 'Protestant mentality,' an idea which is no invention of my own. Dr. Mivart, once, in pressing for an interest in the difficulties of the learned, wrote to me that we clergy were, in St. Paul's words, 'debtors to the wise,' as well as to those who, unlike himself, were not forced by their profession constantly to encounter difficulties against the Faith. The constraining force which urges some Catholics to attempt to supplant Scholasticism is, that the claim of the Roman Church to universality gives each Catholic an inherent charter of rights to accept the Catholic religion, not after the manner of the intellectual filament workers of the Schools, but according to the organic structure with which God has built up the organs of each one's proper mind.

A brief allusion to the two difficulties that Dr. Mivart propounded about the meaning of Hell Fire, and the Virgin Birth may illustrate how I at this date attempted to bring sincerity into my profession of faith in the Catholic dogmas on these subjects. 'Damnation' means the 'loss of the soul for eternity.' The 'soul,' here, means personality under the form of the desired 'end of life.' Personality, under the form of consciousness of the mind and understanding of each separate human being, either retains, wins, secures this supreme end which it has purposed in life, or loses it eventually for ever. The one is 'to gain one's soul,' the other is to 'lose one's soul.' In some way or another the con-

scious mind of 'self' becomes aware of its absolute loss of its supreme end in life. To suffer this conscious loss is the penalty of a life of sin. 'Life,' in one sense, passes into the dissolving state of elemental de-gradation, which is objectively as enduring as the rest of the material creation; but personal consciousness cannot remain on for ever while the life which sustains it is rapidly disintegrating. In my study in Sungate was a photographic reproduction from Lord Leighton's collection, of Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment*. To me, this was the picture of an absolute reality of the experience of sin; but I felt under no obligation of attempting to fit together any incompatible picture of consciousness and its persistence under conditions which contradicted the idea of abiding life, since they implied its rapid consuming away and destruction. It was unnecessary to cite the moral contradiction involved in the crude thought of the endless and hopeless persistence of conscious human beings in flames, namely, that to the truly compassionate, reputedly in heaven, the knowledge of this fact would transmute heaven itself into hell, in virtue of their compassion for suffering.

The difficulty to faith involved in the dogma of the Virgin Birth of Christ I had solved in due time, incidentally, by taking it as a most accurate statement of the fact that Christ was conceived and born with an infinite capacity for 'great affection' and 'love of humanity,' as well as of individuals, without any taint of sensuality or self-interest. This is a fact of history, that the Early Christians rightfully took as resulting from an inborn quality of Christ and as proclaiming also His direct Sonship from the Father in Heaven. Popular common sense is right in tracing

certain good or bad qualities of men to their very origin. *Poeta nascitur*—the poetic capacity is founded on a *physical* fact of heredity. An incurable eccentric is called a 'freak,' that is one of inborn incapacity for the normal appreciation of the responsibilities of social life. So, to the common sense intuitions of the Early Christians, Jesus was recognised as one born without taint of sinfulness, as the son of a Virgin, as the son, indeed, of God. His sinlessness had been judged to be an 'inherited' trait of Christ, and was not an 'acquired' virtue of His. It was thus, in every sense, to me, with all that it implied, a historical fact, even if many of the *dicta* of theologians were beyond my capacity for appreciating or indeed of apprehending.

Before leaving off the account of the Sungate pastorate, I may recall some of my associations with those of other creeds. The house-keeper, in the beginning, was an old woman belonging to the Church of England, who came in every morning from across the road to do the work of the house. She could neither read nor write and had little interest in Church life, but cherished a great faith in the words of Christ in the New Testament. She could just make out enough of the Gospels to be able to follow them; but whenever she was in low spirits or in bad health she used to ask that someone should read the Fourteenth Chapter of St. John's Gospel. This I used to do, and the reverence and attention in which she listened, and the consolation that the words of the Gospel brought her made me feel assured that this was a 'faith unto salvation'; nor could I, in conscience, have added a word about any other duties, where the words of Christ thus read

out to her from the Gospel were plainly all-sufficing.

The services of the parish church may have been rather 'low' in their type of ritual, but no Church problem ever arose in relation to the Anglican clergy of this parish. It was otherwise with a neighbouring parish whose incumbent had been a curate of Mr. Wagner in St. Bartholomew's, Brighton. On the occasion of the discussion about the Validity of Anglican Orders, I had made the acquaintance of friends of some of the French supporters of the cause of their validity. I was invited to lunch some time after the Papal Condemnation of the Validity of Anglican Orders in the Bull, *Apostolicæ Curæ*, of September, 1896, by the above-mentioned vicar. Notwithstanding the Papal Bull, I still upheld the cause of their validity, believing that the Papal decision was an act of the Sovereign Pontiff in his capacity of *magistratus*, not of *magister*. An Anglican layman, a lecturer, was also present on that occasion, and spoke with some warmth on the parallel subject of Continuity, to the effect that the Church of England, maintaining, as it did, the creeds, the sacraments and the episcopate, could not have broken itself off from living continuity even if it had attempted to do so,—which, he maintained, it had not. The vicar afterwards came and apologised to me for the zeal of the lecturer's language, saying that this other guest, the lecturer, had not known that I was a Roman Catholic, and was talking in a free conversational manner.

The Anglican question, however, was never much to the fore, because Anglican 'usage' is commonly as an impassible barrier between Roman Catholics and Anglicans. Even an Anglo-Catholic service seems to

emphasise its Catholic ritual so much, that one cannot always get behind the thought of asserting the ceremonial position to that thought of the due subservience of ceremonies to the secure possession of a religious experience which is not inherently dependent for its validity on any ceremony. While the religion of this vicar's household therefore seemed genuine, the whole of the Anglican position, with its various types of worship, and its close association with English society, seemed to me to be involved in a maze of obscurity. The zealous propagandist might scoff at points of 'usage' and 'imperfections' or 'defects'; but the more serious Roman Catholic would recognise that there were home problems of a more penetrating character to solve without attempting to distract people's attention by concentrating it on the failings or imperfections of the Established Church.

While staying with a friend at a place I shall name 'Cosmos Hall,' in the latter half of 1897, three others, including the host among their number, and myself as the fourth, entertained the idea of founding a Society partly after the model of the Synthetic Society to which one of the four originators of the new society belonged, for the purpose of the free discussion of problems relating to Catholic Philosophy. Our host and another of the four were Oxford laymen, and converts. Another was a Franciscan priest holding office within the Order. There joined the party a learned secular priest, a Doctor of Theology, and the number of members or associates was, in all, about twelve. The Franciscans who were members were four in number including myself. The prelate of the Order, who gave the project his support, required that theology should not be discussed at the

meetings. He himself was a capable exponent of Scholastic Philosophy, popular in manner, orthodox in principle; and extremely tolerant. He was chiefly concerned with defending Scholasticism, where it was obvious that at least the lay-members would be free with their criticism.

Our host was a learned and genial Oriel scholar who had passed from a Protestant environment into a phase of Comtism, and had accepted Catholicism in the Comtist 'Grammar of Assent.' He was versed in the Comparative Study of Religions, a master of many languages, and learned in all the Ancient Liturgies. He conceived of the Catholic Church as the goal of secular history, the receptacle of all ethical and religious and scientific movements when they each had reached a certain stage of self-consciousness and perfection. He was, thus, a great institutionalist, taking, for instance, the Benedictine Order as the 'receptacle' of much of early Churchly ethics; each Church institution receiving, retaining, preserving, some such intellectual or ethical movement, and the Church itself being the receptacle for the summed output of the work and strivings of humanity. Here Positivist logic was called on to give its challenge to Scholastic logic.

The other layman among the founders of the Society was an exponent of the views since then made familiar through Père Loisy's *L'Évangile et L'Eglise*, and a brilliant conversationalist. A secular priest, of independent means, once a pupil of Dr. Jowett of Balliol, was also a frequenter of Cosmos Hall. He was a rather uncertain convert, with a brilliant classical training, and was a master of Higher Criticism, a Philistine to the core, but a believer in the efficacy of the Sacraments

and in the beauty and reality of the Sacramental life. Of the two other Franciscans who were members of the Cosmos Hall Society, one attended mainly in the interests of an enlightened Christian apologetics; the other was mostly interested in the social ideal of Catholicism. In the course of time another Oxford convert joined the party who was one of the most brilliant literary exponents of Catholic mysticism in England at the time. In the second year, Dr. Mivart joined the Society, and a Catholic journalist of note became especially interested in its affairs. There were a good many sympathisers among the visitors to Cosmos Hall, including at least one noted Anglican.

The opening meeting of the Cosmos Society was at a rendezvous near the monastery of San Pacifico. The host of Cosmos Hall read an able paper on the orthodox reaction against Scholasticism of Roger Bacon. I followed with my paper on the *Civitas Dei*, which, with the chairman's address was published *in extenso* in a Catholic periodical, and my paper was subsequently translated into French and appeared in a French periodical. The point of the paper was to the effect that if St. Augustine narrowed down the conception of the Divine Kingdom to the Church, he thereby proved the eventual infinite expansibility of the Church. I was attempting to vindicate the honesty of supporting the Church, in its present narrowness, through a theory of the possibility of living in a contact with, or presentiment of, its inclusive future. The argument, as I summarised it somewhat later, ran in the main thus:—

“The Christian Church, in an ordered process, gradually became one with, or took to itself as a natural inheritance, the whole culture of the world. ‘Greek-

light' had entered 'by the windows of Clement [of Alexandria] and Origen,' and had remained within the Church. But before Paganism had disappeared, St. Augustine had formulated his great scheme for judging all worth from the point of view, not [directly] of the Church, but of the 'Good.' The 'Kingdom of the Good' was to him from the times of Abel, the City of God. The Church of his day became to him the sole residuary, and the summed expression of the Good within the confines of the world, and from the historic past. This did not mean that, as the Donatists taught, only good men were of the Church's membership; but rather, that the Church had inherited, or secured from God, the summed possession of all that was in itself 'good,' and thus had the perfect and exclusive means for making all men good. Sinners might arise in its midst; but their presence did not invalidate the authority or status of the Church. What alone invalidated all else and caused seeming goodness to cease to be the essentially good, was 'disunion,' schism, the sin against that 'institutional charity' which, alone, St. Augustine called *Caritas*, and which he thus identified with *Unitas*, the bond of universal obedience. This *Caritas* entered into the whole sphere of Churchmanship and of Churchly order as a certain predominating 'polity of love' [which I named rather unadvisedly 'State-charity']. This 'polity of love' was the bed-rock of the Church's foundation. It was the governance of the Church for the supreme purpose of *Caritas divina*; and, on the part of the subjects of the Church, it was the requirement from them of a sovereign Loyalty to the Church which alone made corporate life and growth possible."

“In the Middle Ages there was an exemplary Reunion of all the Good, the True, the Beautiful of the World, within the Church. Within the Christian Commonwealth, men thus enjoyed a kind of Messianic feast of Art, Philosophy, and Letters, in union with divine religion. The gathering of the great harvest of all true and beautiful and living realities within the great Mediæval Catholic Church was exactly typical, in a past age, of what yet should be in a future age.”

“The Church, in the later Middle Ages, grew secularised, and then the Reformation intervened. Then the Church, in sudden self-restriction, grew militant and strict and missionary; and it reformed itself. It thus again worked its way in the world and won a secure position, by aid of the immense self-sacrifice of its individual members. In the cause of the order and almost military subordination required for the success of the campaign of the Catholic army to regain control over Europe, the members of the Church had been required to suppress their own individuality. Thus then ‘Science’ was not free from discipline, in the interests of theology; Art was restricted to within narrow and fixed devotional rules; Literature was regulated by the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*; and ‘Culture’ or the development of ethical ideals, was left mostly in the hands of the Goethes, Emersons, Carlyles, Ruskins and William Morrisses, who were outside the Catholic Pale. The Church, however, would prove itself the residuary legatee of every movement of scientific discovery, of all schools of art, of all good tendencies of literature, and of all the ethical impulses of humanity; because it gathered up what was good in them and solidified their goodness with its own order of divine Charity and

'polity of love,' in the way parallel to that in which the Christian Renaissance had brought up into relation to Eternity, the relics of the olden culture that, of themselves, would have merely perished."

"From this economy of the submission of intellect and will to Authority, Authority would, in time, thus give back to the individual a supreme freedom of intellect and will, with a supreme encouragement for scientific thought, freedom of art, and literature, and a new sanction for all ethical impulses in the world, in a future Messianic Kingdom, reviving thus the freedom and glories of the Middle Ages on a scale of transcending greatness in the era which we were just about to enter on."

My views, expressed in this paper, were but a development of the ideas I had held with increasing definiteness about the Theocracy since early in 1892, and even from the date of the Theological Class. The old theocratic ideal, of early training, of a mere political supremacy of the Church over the World had absolutely gone out of my mind long before 1892. But the important thing was that I felt I could honestly accept the Church of the Present, so long as I felt assured that a living and palpable movement towards this great inclusiveness really was proceeding before my eyes.

There were other sides to the activities of the life during the term of the Sungate ministry; but the outline of the course of events in the movement begun by the friends who used to gather at Cosmos Hall may at once be sketched, in order to show the influence that certain outward events exercised in bringing this particular ministry to a close. Men of more practical

ability than myself took up the Liberal Movement that centered around Cosmos Hall during the year 1898; and, in the course of time, a Liberal Catholic paper was started. The periodical which I shall name *Nova Lux* was capably edited; one of the original founders of the Cosmos Society supplying weekly accounts of the progress of Liberal Catholicism in France. The editor was a journalist by profession.

Nova Lux aimed at securing a more representative manner of control over the financial affairs of the Catholic dioceses by giving the laity a voice. It aimed at securing a much wider freedom in the study, by Catholics, of Scriptural subjects. It aimed at reforms in the training of Seminarists, and at the abolition of the pseudo-Thomistic philosophy that Pope Leo XIII., by his encyclical *Æterni Patris*, had imposed on all the Catholic Seminaries of the World. It advocated freedom of speech in criticising ecclesiastical superiors. It contained many papers and reviews devoted to an enlightened appreciation of books on Mysticism and Modern Ethics. The paper was of course very soon suppressed; but, soon after its suppression, an important Catholic Weekly was secured in the Liberal interest, and placed in the hands of a more moderate editor with the staff otherwise composed of mostly the same individuals. This periodical held on till the end of 1900, but was then implicitly condemned by the entire Roman Catholic episcopate. It afterwards became a monthly, and then ceased to exist.

Though writing occasionally in the Catholic press, I took little part in these new ventures, and certainly was not up to the mark of their brilliant staff of contributors who were mostly University men.

On the whole, Liberal Catholicism was conceded an almost surprising amount of freedom until, much later, the Syllabus of 1907 was issued, and the Encyclical *Pascendi Oves* appeared in 1908. What pleased me in the movement was the assurance it gave that if Liberalism were at least tolerated, the way was open to me to complete and to maintain my own private religious ideal of Catholicity as a great Liberal and inclusive Theocracy ruled by the Sovereignty of Truth and Goodness and Social Justice in place of Ultramontane politics.

The most staggering blow given to my hopes came with the accounts of the part taken by the Religious Orders in France in the Dreyfus case. Had the religious kept out of it, this would have concerned Frenchmen only and not that Papal Nation of the religious of all nations. And it must not be forgotten that Anti-Semitism derived much of its vigour from its embodiment of a creditable popular revulsion against pseudo-Liberalism and a tyrannous Capitalism that were only incidentally Judaic. But whatever the origin of the then current anti-Jewish propaganda, the expression of sentiments in the Catholic press seemed to me then to be frankly satanic. Whether Dreyfus were guilty or innocent, this anti-Semitism of the Assumptionist *La Croix*, which carried with it so many good-hearted French Catholics, seemed to me like a complete rejection of the ideal of a single family of God of all the peoples. Salvation itself was not worth winning at the cost of having to give allegiance to that 'Papal Nation' of the Monastic Orders whose chiefs tolerated anti-Semitism. Without any desire of criticising French Catholics or French Congregationists or the Church in

which these Religious Communities held so high a place of favour from its Sovereign Ruler, I felt that I should be absolutely false to my conscience if I kept on giving my adherence to that particular branch of the persecuting religious Papal Nation called the Franciscan Order. The Franciscan Order itself was only involved on account of its solidarity through its Papal Head with other branches of the Papal Religious Nation.

If the official ideal of the Religious Life, or, as it was called, the Christian 'State of Perfection,' was not only to me, as it had long since been, defective, but now, through the course of action of some of its members, had placed itself in definite contradiction to my conception of Christianity, I was under a direct obligation of shaping to myself an ideal of Christian perfection which I could in public honestly follow after. For the first time the problem of personal loyalty to the Sovereign Pontiff as responsible chief and head of the Papal Religious Nation had come to the front. I attempted to review the case, in a sense, according to the logic of Roman Canonical Law. Granted that the Roman Pontiff was the single autocratic and absolute spiritual authority and source of jurisdiction in Christendom, then no other authority could restrict or limit this Sovereign Power from the outside. But, could not the Pope himself act in a tacit and implicit manner in the self-restriction of his own sovereign authority, with a consequent devolution of this sovereign authority on others ?

The answer seemed to be that, as in the case of other absolute sovereignties, that of the Sovereign Pontiff, too, was limited in its use by the working

of the principle of legal self-contradiction. Thereby a religious sovereign, just as a temporal autocrat like a Tudor or Stewart monarch, or a Russian Tzar, may bring about the self-limitation of his own particular type of sovereign authority. Here was on one side the Theocracy, the Commonwealth of the good in all the world, of which the Roman Pontiff, to start with, was *de jure* sovereign as Vicar of Christ. But the Papacy, by its own free will and choice, blankly refused to concern itself with any more than about a tenth part of the good of the Divine Kingdom. Was not this deliberate self-concentration of the Papacy on a few interests of the Kingdom, such as its own sacramental system and its self-restricted pastoral mission to one type of men, equivalent to the granting a charter of freedom to the rest of, that is, to the other nine-tenths of the Divine Kingdom, to do as it pleased? When the Emperor Honorius retreated from Britain by recalling his legions did he not, implicitly, set the Britons free? Had not the Roman Pontiff likewise retreated from nine-tenths of the Theocracy? and had he not, thereby, in virtue of his own supreme and absolute power, constituted the other nine-tenths of the Divine Kingdom as the recipient of a permanent Charter of Freedom to govern itself without any further canonical obligation of consulting the Papacy or of obeying its authority?

This line of reasoning followed on, or was forced upon me, more and more by the object lessons of the Dreyfus Case. For if the Vatican was not directly concerned in arousing Anti-Semitism, it plainly showed that the outburst of such racial feeling in France, and Algiers, and Vienna was not so much its direct concern as, for instance, the obligation of suppressing certain

Liberal opinions, as those of Dr. Schnell, were taken to be. But as racial conciliation to me was vitally related to the essence of Christianity, here was a demonstrable case in which other Christians were constituted in authority to uphold this essential mandate of the religion of Christ. If of one such instance, so of all such instances—*Ab uno disce omnes*. The world suddenly seemed to me to be filled with divine works which rightfully went on their way independently of the Papacy, because the Pope had surrendered to them their freedom by withdrawing definitely from their proper spheres of interest and work.

In this new situation there were no precedents of direct application to guide me. Anti-Semitism was a direct contradictory to the claim of the Church which did not reject it, to bind consciences on the strength of that *caritas* or Polity of Love that Augustine cited against the Donatists, and Newman applied against the Anglican Church. The first inference might have been that the reputed Greek Schism and reputed Anglican Schism were no schisms at all, in that, if Rome were withdrawing its frontiers from the wider sphere of the *Civitas Dei*, the first bodies to receive their validation from Rome would be those which, by inherent right, were the equals of the Latin Church, granted that the Latin Church had, in substance, self-restricted its own claims. Orthodox Truth may recognise Orthodox Truth among merely 'separated brethren,' and destroy an occasion of Schism; but Truth cannot recognise Error that is Heresy.

The events, however, of 1899, for the while, had concentrated my thoughts in other directions than in the consideration of the equal claims of all the Orthodox

Churches. Dr. Mivart had propounded the theme of discussion at the meeting of the Cosmos Society in the first half of 1899. His theses, the text of which afterwards appeared in a secular periodical, was in advocacy of a greater 'inclusiveness' in Christian Ethics. He received some 'academic' support, but if others wished for greater inclusiveness in Catholicity, it was rather for inclusiveness of certain more rigid ethical ideals applied to problems of Society than to Dr. Mivart's suggestion to include an ethical cult of some of the Greek Deities. By this time I had begun to believe that the Hebrew Prophets alone had anticipated the requirements of the modern conscience which craved less for the realisation of ideals of Greek Ethics than for the realisation of the ideals of Hebrew Social Justice. But on the occasion of this meeting there was a good deal of talk of Anglican narrowness in a sense developed in Dr. Mivart's article in the *Nineteenth Century* for August, 1899. He expressed the opinion that Anglo-Catholics, misled by the safety of their protection by the Establishment, and thus unaware of the requirements of the Modern Conscience, were engaged in assimilating most of the obscurantist practices of Mediæval Catholicism, of which the Roman Church was ridding itself in order to meet the immediately relevant problems of the Age. This view was largely upheld by members or associates of the Cosmos Society, who thought that Ultramontaniam received considerable backing from Anglo-Catholic reactionaries and obscurantists.

In some papers of mine, published in the Catholic press, I had, however, upheld the ideal of the duty of citizens of a Nation or Empire of concentrating their

care upon National or Imperial Ethics. This suggested, partly, that the way to meet the Anti-Semite situation was by some act of mine in renouncing communion with, and hence of discarding responsibility for the acts of, the Papal Nation of Religious Orders, and of concentrating my care and interests upon English National and Imperial Ethics. As against the Liberal criticism of Anglicanism, this conclusion led to the conviction that the Anglican Church was exactly in the right position for this wholesome and regenerative concentration on the ethical life of the Nation and Empire. In this case, the true Universalism would be exemplary self-reform at home.

During the year 1899 I was obliged, thus, by circumstances, to construct for myself an ideal of a Divine Sovereignty, in which the Church of Rome by its own powers of self-curtailement had withdrawn its authority to about one-tenth of the care of the Kingdom. The question, then, was of how the newly-evoked Charter of Freedom had devolved from Rome on the rest of Christendom. In place of a merely Roman *Civitas Dei*, there loomed in sight the vision of a free and equal Reunion of all the scattered Tribes of the Spiritual Israel.

Right or wrong that my inferences were, they were induced from Catholic principles only. I was not concerned at this time with historical questions about the validity of Papal claims. The appeal to history against the living Apostolic *Magistracium* is, as is well known, taken as a radical denial of all that Rome understands by Catholicity. Thus, I did not so much enquire at what moment the Papacy 'withdrew' from so many 'provinces' of the Christian life; whether, for instance, before, or at, or since the Reformation. To me it was a

present and immediate and living act of self-restriction on the part of Rome, which rendered the greater Divine City conceivable here and now by an act of the living *Suprema Potestas*, the sovereign power and authority of the Roman Apostolic See. But here, again, such a canonical 'withdrawal' would not, of itself, create the symbolic sacraments of non-Catholics into real sacraments. Therefore, I had to find out how the Christ, living in His 'real and adorable presence' within the sanctuaries of the Roman Communion, could diffuse His presence unto prepared containing receptacles outside the Church of Rome, and permeate, thereby, the edifice of the greater *Civitas Dei*.

The act of authoritative self-restriction of the Chair of Peter made this effusion of Christ conceivable, but did not explain the manner of the diffusion of Christ into Anglicanism and Protestantism. And, again, the Catholic faith to the effect that the successor of Peter was to remain the exclusively lawful Vicar and Viceroy of Christ until Christ returned into the world and resumed His authority from His Vicar and Viceroy could not be broken. Believing, as I did, in the opinion of Scientists that the world would remain inhabitable yet for an unimaginable number of centuries, no grotesque suppositions about an approaching world cataclysm was ever likely to enter my mind. I was, however, in agreement enough with the spirit of the tradition of devout Catholics to take views such as the prophecies of the pseudo-Malachi embody, as expressing a kind of sub-consciousness of Catholics, that a certain resumption of authority of the Sovereign from His Vicar would happen in a way vaguely outlined by the traditional list of the emblematic designations of

the future Popes. Details did not then interest me, but I was a convinced believer in the view that future events which are forthcoming in spiritual history are, in a sense, rehearsed in the present by the power of the Holy Ghost. Thus, if some wonderful manifestation of Christ as Supreme Shepherd and Judge of the world were to take place, say, after five more reigns of future Popes, say, in the reign of some supposed Peter II., as pseudo-Malachi had foretold, the light and spiritual presence of this Christ of the After-Judgment might be conceived as shedding its Rays on mankind of the present by the Holy Ghost, just as the Light of the Incarnation had been cast by the Holy Ghost on Israel, before the bodily advent of Christ. There was, thus, a post-Papal Light of Christ in the world which in no sense contradicted the Roman doctrine that the Papacy would remain in control 'indefectibly' till Judgment Day. It was the assured prospective persistence of the Papacy which had made this prospective manifestation of Christ from His real presence to His manifest presence possible. The wondrous and authoritative presentiment of this future Manifestation might come to pass in a decree of the Inscrutable Wisdom of God, who by the power of the Holy Ghost anticipated the glory from the future Reign of Christ by a new dispensation of a world-wide gift of Grace of the Way. The spiritual coming of Christ by favour of this divine presentiment of His future manifestation I invariably took to be in fulfilment of the prophecy of that shortening of the times of Judgment without which it had been declared that 'no flesh should live.'

At all events, a rigid use of Roman logic had given me the key of understanding whereby I might in time

learn how Christ's real Presence from the Roman Church had diffused itself in every body of Christians, who by their faith and institutions had made it possible for Him to settle among them. I also, by use of the same logic, came to see how prophetic light and guidance from the Holy Ghost and the future Manifested Christ might alight upon all mankind who in any degree were willing to become docile pupils of the Light.

This line of thought was accepted in principle ; but the breaking out of anti-Boer sentiment in England before anti-Semite feelings were allayed in France made it impossible at the time to think out the idea of association with an English national institution such as the Church of England. Anglicans of the standing of the then Canon Gore were free to proclaim the requirements of Christian Ethics in the controversy, but a new-comer could not be supposed to bring with him any immediate rights to take up any strong line touching anti-racial sentiment. Neither, then, from any *prima-facie* appeal of the Anglican Communion as a home for my independent manner of adhering to Catholicism, nor as a safe stronghold for the consistent applal of Christian criticism to the problems of national ethics, had I much concern with the Church of England in 1899. The praiseworthy ethical independence of the Christian Socialists would, then, however, have keenly aroused my interest had I known anything about it.

The belief of the emergence of the Roman Church into a world-wide Kingdom of God required, however, no utopian beliefs about world-politics. I knew enough about the conditions of life on the borders of European colonisation to consider forays like the Jameson Raid as impossible to guard against. Granted that Raid, an

Anglo-Boer War was well-nigh inevitable, too. It was only vital to the hopes of the Kingdom to keep the citadel of Christianity free from being involved in racial hatred.

There were influential Catholics in London, followers of Manning, who were as uncompromisingly against the uninstructed animus against the South African Dutch as Manning himself would have been had he lived till then. I regarded the war as possibly inevitable, but from accounts I heard during a conversation of a Cape politician with one who had been a leading figure in the early portion of the Anglo-Dutch dispute, I gathered that English opinion had been stirred as unscrupulously against the Dutch as Catholic opinion had been unscrupulously stirred up against Dreyfus by the Clericals. To take part offensively in arousing such animus was, to my mind, directly anti-Christian, and, in so far as the war had been hastened onwards by suppressing reports of the many meetings of Dutch Cape Loyalists, and sending individuals into Pretoria to get themselves arrested, I was greatly angered over the course of events. This was a leading reason why I was glad when a crisis arose over other affairs to retire to the scenes of the Franciscan missionaries from England in America, who had just asked for a priest to take care of their place of residence.

The crisis itself was hastened also by the Mivart fiasco. Though I had taken little part in the affairs of the Cosmos Society in the latter half of 1899, the two articles of Dr. Mivart in January periodicals made it evident that, as an instrument for the discussion and promotion of Liberal ideas, the Society would be obliged to dissolve. It was plain that honesty required that I should seek how, reasonably, to stand publicly in a

position that more perfectly accorded with my private convictions than the status I then occupied as Franciscan priest and English Catholic missionary. I talked over the question of the annulment of the vows with friends but this seemed to me to be an act of retreat, and of the public recognition of the *Magistracium* that would compromise the situation worse than ever. The state of my health, too, was such, as a result of the period of stress, that I could not have prepared a case. I required a time of rest to enable me to think out the application of conclusions I had formed in peace; and my request to fill the vacancy open in Indiana, U.S.A., led to my departure from England on July 16th, 1900. Before very long it became more and more evident that a conflict with the 'pastoral' and 'ruling' sovereignty of the Church of Rome was inevitable.

A '*rechtsbruch*,' or 'legal breach' with Rome, may arise, as in the case of the Old Catholics, by the mere act of refusal to join in the new canonical 'advance' of some Papal definition. The Old Catholic thus of 1871 wishes to remain in exactly the *status* of every Roman Catholic in the world in 1869, but this would-be pure passivity, everyone must admit, is canonically a conflict-in-law with the actual Rome of 1871. In like manner, the modification of my interpretation of the incidence of the Papal Sovereignty, which seemed to concede the reality of certain sovereign claims of the Papacy, had I known it, might have been foreseen as purporting inevitably such an actual *rechtsbruch*, however different that may have been in effect from the legal breach with Rome of Old Catholics.

To my mind, the question of Papal Infallibility was a problem of Ecclesiastical metaphysics except in so

far as it glorified the Papal Kingship. To me the assertion of Papal Infallibility was, too, an incident in the normal course of the exercise of the sovereign magistracial power of the Papacy. Had the Sovereign Pontiff not possessed a very genuine *de facto* sovereignty over all Roman Catholics, he could never have got the body of Catholics to accept the dogmatic definition of the Bull *Pastor Æternus*. It was not, then, the definition so much which counted, but the living sovereignty which made any such definitions possible and acceptable. This *definitio de fide* was, then, an act mainly of the inner chrystallization of the Papal sovereign power, and if scholastic theologians could make anything intelligible of it, from my point of view, they were entitled so to do. I agreed that there was a vital 'corporate mentality' belonging to the congregation of devout believers called the Roman Catholic Church. If the sovereign repository of this corporate mentality chose to define authoritatively a certain mental outlook of this 'corporate mentality,' it was a mere truism to say that he did so 'infallibly.' But this was merely because the Pope was *de facto* the individual repository of this composite mind, and thus possessed the valid leadership of the entire society in its sovereign self-determination. One, therefore, could concede the truth of Papal Infallibility, so interpreted. But, as has been previously suggested, the real question of importance would arise when the Papacy, through the delegates of its pastorship and rulership, that is, through what I have called, in sum, its magistracial power, required of individuals this or that action which either had to be done or left undone. To ignore the magistracial authority of any episcopal or monastic delegate of the Papal

Chief Magistrate would constitute, canonically speaking, a *rechtsbruch*, a conflict-at-law, or decisive breach with the Church of Rome.

What, then, would such a canonical breaking away mean to me, granted my existing conceptions of the Papal Magistracy as a genuine sovereignty, but subject to the laws of valid and invalid exercise, like every other type of reigning and governing sovereignty in the world? To make the answer clear by illustrations from history, which, as I have said, I did not think of at this time, one may recall to mind instances of sovereignty over a religious society which were non-political. The best known of these in the annals of religion is that which the princes and high priests of the Jews exercised over the Jewish People when the political independence of Judea had terminated. From the date of the Captivity of the Jews in Babylon till the destruction of Jerusalem by the armies of Titus, the Jews were always a 'sovereign religious State'; but only occasionally a sovereign political State. As a pure matter of history, the early Christian community was a branch of this sovereign Judaic State, whatever supernal gifts, creative of divine fellowship, Christ may have entrusted with some of its social chiefs. Christ Himself, however, had definitely renounced political claims to be of the essence of His reconstituted sovereign religious State of Israel. From the point of view of the science of legal institutions, the modern Roman Church is the sole surviving inheritor in the West of that reconstructed sovereign religious State of Israel which, as an early incident in its constitutional self-determination, had accepted Gentile converts as its citizens. Of this reconstructed sovereign religious State, the Roman Pontiffs are *de*

facto wielders of its sovereign power. The English and French Nations in the fourteenth century rejected the political authority then claimed by the Papacy. But both these Nations, after this curtailment of the political power of the Popes, continued to retain their allegiance to the Papacy, during the fifteenth century, as to the absolute sovereign of the Christian non-political religious empire in the West. In Henry VIII.'s reign, in England, there ensued a legal conflict, and a complete legal breach between, the English Crown and the paternal religious sovereignty of the Papacy as it then extended over the English people. In England the domination of the non-political Papal religious sovereignty was then definitely abolished. A break in a social sovereignty is legally the same thing as a cleavage into two sovereign societies, and is not necessarily the same thing as the destruction of the vital essence of the previous sovereignty itself, so far as either of the two divided societies are concerned. As to what 'social sovereignty,' as against priestly power, means, one may consider how vast an authority Henry VIII. assumed on the part of the English Nation from the Pope, without dreaming of making any claim to the priestly *potestas ordinis*.

What Henry *de facto*, and effectively, thus, took over from the Papacy for the English People, may supply a genuine definition-in-law of what the essence of a social religious sovereignty constitutes. Considered in its vital revolutionary rejection of the *régime* of an autonomous religious sovereignty, the English Reformation was a perfect revolutionary change. Religious and political sovereign power had hitherto been distinct. Now they were identified in the English Crown, and

this act was, in effect, a fundamental legal revolution. From my point of view, this conflict of sovereignties, the fight between a Secular and a Religious State, must be judged on its own merits, and may, on occasion, be inherently rightful. Revolt, here, as elsewhere, may be said to be rightful or lawful when the Sovereign, of the particular type of sovereignty, invalidates, or restricts, his own power by forsaking his responsibilities, and thus virtually 'abdicates' them in favour of others. Yet, whosoever is in truth blameable for causing such a break, it is beyond the powers of my understanding to see how conflicts of social religious sovereignties are essentially related to the spiritual essence of the Church, unless, for instance, the newly assumed social sovereignty over religious persons were asserted, perchance, by a Henry VIII. or Elizabeth to assail or destroy the *potestas ordinis*, the receptacle of the continuity of the spiritual personality of Christ. This spiritual essence of the Church, one may claim to persist in the reconstructed social sovereignty, and yet not deny that any such a revolutionary change as that wrought in England by the reconstruction of the religious sovereignty in England by the Reformation is fraught with terrible dangers.

It is, in any case, very rarely justifiable to revolt against a sovereign ruler either political, or religiously social, and thereby to break up the constitution of a sovereign society. The trust of the spiritual deposit of religion encountered dangers of the worst kind, as we all know, when the English Kings had assumed the supreme guardianship of this trust. In any case, then, a revolt against the sovereign social authority of the Pope by one of the citizens of the Catholic Sovereign

Society should be only as rarely and considerately undertaken as a revolt of citizens should be rarely undertaken against their King. - One may agree with the rightfulness of some such revolts, just as the majority of loyal and law-abiding English citizens may agree with the rightfulness of the Revolution of 1688 against King James II., without thereby constituting oneself an outlaw from the rule of the eternal Kingdom.

If I had come to the conclusion that the Roman Pontiffs had acted in a self-restriction of, or virtual abdication of much of, their own social sovereignty, the modification of my course of action, in correspondence with these new convictions about the self-limitation of the sovereignty of the Papacy, might constitute, indeed, a 'legal revolt'; but it would not, therefore, necessarily be a lawless and anarchic act. It might, on the contrary, be undertaken in accordance with principle, and with the purpose and intention of a reconstruction of a better order, not of the mere anarchic irresponsible and lawless breaking up of the existing order.

My purpose and intention in such a revolt might, indeed, be to act in public correspondence with those vital truths which I believed that, granted they were recognised by men of affairs other than myself, would lead to the valid re-institution of a single Christian sovereignty amid every congregation of the entire Christian World.

CHAPTER VIII.

A 'PASSING OVER.'

MY New Faith told me that Christ had enlarged the sphere of His presence from its Roman Sanctuary, and had taken up His abode, also, among every other Christian body, and had appropriated each within His greater Catholic Church. The Easter of this experience was not to be kept, touching the outlook towards non-Catholic bodies, in a wholly uncritical manner. I had read most of the seven volumes of Dr. Harnack's *History of Dogma*, and studied his *Outlines of Dogma*, together with other current works.

In spite of the grave contradiction between Catholicism and the sentimentalism of the Liberal Lutherans, I had made a special use of the Liberal Lutheran view of Faith. In page 542 of Harnack's *Outlines*, on the subject 'Luther's Message,' I find the pencil comment, written, maybe, before 1900, '*beyond Luther and Lutheranism, true!*' It is well known that the new Lutherans attempt to transmute the old Evangelicalism, with its faith through Christ in God giving the assurance of personal salvation, into faith, through Christ, in God's universal fatherhood and man's universal brotherhood. This transition is only possible because

Luther gave a peculiar Pauline definition of 'sin,' to make it include the sum of human life outside of faith. Harnack, with all Liberal Protestants, omitted the old Evangelical view of sin as 'positive legal guilt' and a mysterious and terrible assault upon the living God, by deftly turning the view of sin into the view of a mere deficiency of faith in God's fatherhood, and a life without the works of human brotherhood.

I adapted Harnack's views in a way he could never have dreamed of, believing that, thereby, I had created, for my own mind, a bridge between the Catholic realism of my own religion and the great Liberal Protestant movement of modern times. As the popular *What is Christianity?* had not then appeared, I did not wholly realise the nature of the gulf between old Lutheranism and the new Protestant Liberalism. I thought I was getting at the real old Evangelical Faith of Luther and Wesley, with a mere change in the manner of apprehending the fact of sin. Perhaps I was; but, at least, I gave all ideas about sin, faith, and justification a transcending value.

The task was how to discover a point of real contact between my private convictions recorded in the previous chapter and the faith of other people. I believed that Christ's Religion was rooted in His Godlike 'affection for Humanity,' resting on His Godlike knowledge of a hitherto unrevealed 'human worth.' The faith of the Gospel meant thus the acceptance of human worth on the strength of Christ's transcending 'knowledge' and 'love,' and on the evidence of His power to draw out this 'divine worth of man' from that obsession by the thought of the evil of human nature, which I believed, was the occasion of all the actual sinfulness of

man. Christ found it necessary to deliver men from the obsession reigning in everyone's mind of the inevitability of human sinfulness. Thus, faith in the real divine worth of man, on the strength of Christ's superhuman knowledge of this worth, created a kind of 'invincible suggestion' that man, being natively good, should act goodness as in reversion to his birthright. This 'invincible suggestion' of human goodness transcended the reigning obsession of man by that belief in, or suggestion of, human sinfulness which created actual human sinfulness.

This 'invincible suggestion' of human worth and capacity for goodness was thus the 'Justifying Faith' that Christ brought into the world; and it effected in very truth all that the strictest Evangelical taught about Justifying Faith.

The tables were turned, however, with that one doctrinal position, in which the old Evangelical Faith seemed to make human sinfulness the essential fact about mankind. This 'error' created that '*corruptio optimi*' which had made the older Puritanism abhorred by many as un-Christian. The foundation of my faith, as an Evangelical faith, was the belief in the absolute inessentiality of human sinfulness, in the native worth of every human being; but in the further need of destroying the corrupting suggestion of evil and of human sinfulness, by 'Christ's faith in human worth,' and by the power of the Passion in which Christ demonstrated the genuineness of His faith and created that irresistible divine 'suggestion of goodness,' which redeemed humanity into its true self.

A Catholic-Evangelical 'Eirenicon' for the direction of my own conscience, whose central thought was this

idea of 'Justifying Faith' as the medium through which Christ, in His real Presence, preserved in Rome, entered into living relationship with the entire Evangelical Communion, was completed by me at St. Virgilius Rectory, Indianola, Nebraska, U.S.A., by the date of March 7th, 1901. The title I gave to it was '*Ultimate Praise*,' but to explain the circumstances of the situation which presented itself at that date, the course of events from the departure from Sungate to the date of its completion which inspired the composition of this work, must be recorded in the order in which they happened.

The leaving of the scenes of the hermit's life of Sungate for the vivid scenes of the great Industrial Republic was the beginning of the attempt to live by the New Faith I had entered into, and, therefore, it was the beginnings of a *Vita Nuova*. From the dictates of this faith, I believed that I now understood how it was that Christ, in the guidance of His divine insight, had been drawn to accept all mankind as His espoused Catholic Church. I ought then to study the vital possibilities of the application of my view of the Faith of the Gospel to the existing facts of the World's Life. The World was filled now, to me, with infinite interest, because Humanity itself, and no secluded Church, was now deemed by me to be the true 'Bride of Christ'; and every pupil and disciple of Christ was bound to learn of the Master's love.

In America I did not, however, take part in any 'mission,' but merely kept house for the missionaries at Franklin, Indiana, and from the autumn of 1900 at Indianola, Nebraska. In Indiana I acted as priest-in-charge for the Catholic congregation, and took several

minor supplies. In Nebraska, I was priest-in-charge of Indianola with 500 or 600 Catholics, and of Cambridge with 300, and for a while of Arapahoe, with perhaps the same number.

It soon became evident that whatever my private views about the truth of Rome, with my private convictions about the reality of the expansion of the Divine Kingdom through the transfusion of Christ to the non-Roman Christians, my public responsibilities would very soon oblige me either to act in restriction of my own faith, or else to retire from this ministry. There had been a crisis in the state of my health all the while, but the air of Nebraska and the pleasant sunshine of the fall of the year, in the Western Prairie World, brought with it some relief.

I had been especially pleased with the thought of a visit to America, because such a free gathering of all the European peoples as the United States was, might be expected to yield a conclusive answer to the question as to whether mankind, free from the control of the old-established conventions, in Church and State, of Europe was moving upwards to diviner realities, in the summed expression of its life, or, rather, was declining into religious decadence and social disintegration. America, thus, to me, was not so much a mere new Nation, but, rather, mankind, itself, beginning to re-organise itself outside of old restraints. America, in my fancy, was as the future history of the approaching democratic supremacy in all the world, written forebodingly in the particular object lessons of existing American life.

It was not, however, that my interests in the life of a Democracy had now suddenly awakened. I had

'believed in the People' all the time; but had been secluded from actual observation and direct association through circumstances. Having conceived of a consistent theory of a world-wide family of God, of a theocracy or Divine sovereignty, writ large in the actual fraternity of the nations, my interests were quickened to study what manner of religious foundations the American Republic rested on. The result of my study and observation amid that armageddon of conflicting good and evil forces which is called the United States, some time later, I recorded in a sketch of American Life that appeared under the title of *The Land of Promise*,* in which, besides describing scenery and the expansion of the American Nation, I discussed the development of the phases of thought and life of the early dominating Puritanism of the Massachusetts Theocracy and other 'religious colonies,' until, in the founding of the American Union of States, a kind of religious note had overshadowed the conceptions of American Nationalism, and was even yet supreme. Catholic leaders, like Archbishops Ireland and Ryan, and the clergy whom I actually met in Indiana, were quite imbued with the faith that Americans were a 'People of God.' With this kind of National Faith I soon felt a sincere sympathy, on account of its subtle agreement with my own convictions.

My views were thus not necessarily in conflict with American Catholicism. But another truth I soon learned, and that was that there was an ethical convention throughout America whereby everyone was expected to conceive of his own religious faith as representable in an 'institution.' In American religion

* Longman & Co., 1908.

there was every phase of belief represented, from the Extreme Left of independent secularism, through a vast array of free mysticisms; the extreme Liberal Congregationalism of Boston Unitarians; the 'Liberal Orthodox'; a few Broad Churchmen; New and Old 'Orthodox' Evangelicals; conservative American Episcopalians; and Roman Catholics. My environment, at all events, was amid the party of the Extreme Right of this immense religious parliament. The Catholics of Nebraska were as extremely Conservative as the Catholic population of Ireland, Bohemia, and Germany, from which places the entire Catholic population of the Red Willow County had migrated. With such simple piety I was in perfect agreement. But to let it be known that I held views of an expanded Catholicity would have seemed worse to such Catholics than publicly professing the Lutheranism of the Swedish immigrants.

I then got to realise that Liberalism among American Catholics was a special growth in certain centres, which could only be tolerated among people who elsewhere had given evidence of their Orthodoxy, for many years, in work in America itself. Judged by the 'ethical convention' of religious America, my position had points of contact with the Liberal Orthodox Congregationalists. But here, again, their denial of realism in their conception of the sacramental reality of Christ's presence in the Church would have necessitated my formation of an independent congregation, which was a physical impossibility at a moment I was fighting against extreme ill-health.

There was left the resource that I got to know of only after a prolonged research, of a possible association

with the Episcopal Church. This Anglo-American Church was free from the State connections which bind the Church of England. It, moreover, fully recognised 'continuity,' and the rights of the Latin Church amid the Latin peoples, and yet maintained the truth, the recognition of which, in public, was vital to the sincere retention of my private convictions, that the Kingdom of Christ and the reality of His Presence extended without the confines of the Church of Rome.

After a few vain attempts to secure the position of a kind of an independent Catholic, I recognised that it was my duty to accept instruction, in a normal manner, from the Episcopal Church. To one trained in Roman Catholicism, it was no new thing to recognise that a private faith should be assented to through an institution which truthfully embodied it. It was a private affair of mine that such an acceptance of the Episcopal Constitution had, for me, personally, a particular and transcending meaning. Should the chance arise, with the Church's assent, I could propound my views about the 'expansion of Catholicism,' in the normal channels of literary effort. Meanwhile, it might be merely necessary, after 'instruction' and 'reception,' to change the scene of my pastoral labours from the Roman Catholic Nebraska pastorate to some neighbouring sphere of labours in the Episcopalian Communion. I did not intend that my work there should differ from that of any one else, though in private this new ministry would remain a testimony of my faith that Christ, by His supreme authority, was working a transcending change in the whole of Christendom by extending the sphere of His Sacred Presence from its Roman shrine unto every branch of believers in Him, who, through

their faith and institutions, were fitting entertainers of this Divine Guest. Without such an inner conviction, I could not have gathered fortitude enough to go through the strain and anxiety of one more of the series of those 'noviceships' that seemed to be the essential condition of any true advance towards the discovery of the manner of the transcending sovereignty of God.

But it would be quite misleading to suppose that I went through the crisis in an angelic frame of mind, and in serene contemplation of Firsts and Lasts. Having once made up my mind about the general situation, I freely forced myself into normal grooves of thought, recognising that I was in a conflict, in ordinary human 'parlance,' for what to me was a 'spiritual religion' against an authoritarian creed, and in a conflict, especially, against Roman monopolistic claims. At times I may have been absorbed in the anti-monopolistic idea.

Three incidents helped on this attitude of mind towards the close of 1900, and in the beginning of 1901. I had first aimed at getting advice and direction from friends with the object of taking up a purely literary propaganda and of relinquishing the ministry, without otherwise altering my position as a Catholic. I was very rightly met with an explanation that Catholic society, in America, rigidly enforced the recognised distinctions between the respective *status* of priest and of people, and would take any such course of action as 'becoming atheist' or 'leaving the Church.' As my friends were perfectly liberal-minded and sympathetic I saw this was a clear statement of facts, and that, call it what I would, I must 'revolt against the authority of

Rome.' I learned, also, that the soundness of my position was doubted by some Catholics in England, and the Superior of the Order in America, who had received letters to this effect, and who sympathised with my trouble, but reprobated any revolt, admitted that I should have to decide one way or another.

The stress of the situation aroused some animus, the exact amount of which will appear in the letter given below. I opened correspondence with the only non-Catholic I knew anything about in America, a certain independent minister who was accustomed to write in the Chicago press, on one of the last days (either the 30th or 31st) of December, 1900. After some delay, in answer to my request for advice, he said that my position was 'Anglican,' and referred me to the authorities of the Nebraska jurisdiction of the Episcopal Church of America. Soon afterwards, I received a Catholic paper from England giving the text of the joint-pastoral of the English Catholic Bishops against Liberalism in journalism. This I considered reprobated the position of any of my former English associates.

Meanwhile, the correspondence I had opened at the close of December led, after the course of many delays, to the discovery that I was not within the diocese of Nebraska, but in a missionary territory that covered a large extent of the Western ranche-lands. The bishop of Nebraska was, at the time, absent in the Eastern States, and had referred back to the co-adjutor, who explained to me the facts about the Western Missionary jurisdiction. Accordingly, on February 20th, 1901, I wrote the letter to the Missionary Bishop which follows :

ST. VIRGILIUS RECTORY, INDIANOLA,
RED WILLOW CO., NEBRASKA,

February 20th, 1901.

DEAR AND RIGHT REVEREND SIR,—

I trust you will excuse my introducing myself to you. But I feel confident that the reason of my writing will prove a sufficient excuse. I am a priest of the English Province of the — Order, who came to America to help some Missioners, and to gain better health, last July. I was connected with some English Catholics, who, by means of Journalism, etc., endeavoured to obtain a greater freedom of religious expression. Dr. Mivart was one of our number, though his views were somewhat rationalistic. We attended meetings of the [Cosmos] Society, presided over by [X]. Through the experience gained thereby, I am convinced that the government of the Catholic Church is antagonistic to the principles of spiritual religion. [The paper enclosed defined the sense of the word spiritual as 'liberal.'] I do not wish to minimise the faith and devotion of Catholics. But the methods whereby the Church is ruled through the priests' supposed exclusive hold upon grace by the Confessional, and the legalistic views of Moral Theologians, forbid all growth of great spirituality. The principle that religion is mere obedience to a semi-political governing power that plays with its sacred trust to maintain its exclusive control is a contradiction to the great principles of direct faith, on which the whole spiritual edifice of man rests. Holding these views, I wrote to [A.], as I had been attracted by certain excellent articles of his in [a Chicago paper]. I enclose his reply. I now ask whether you could kindly give me some advice; and the paper I enclose (which I would not publish without many corrections, and knowing much more about religion in America) may explain why I feel drawn to the Episcopal Church in the U.S. rather than in England. My position, as far as I can briefly express it, is as follows:—

1. I accept Harnack's (Vol. VII., English Translation) views on the Christianity of Luther, *i.e.*, as interpreted in the spirit of a new age.
2. No abolition of the existing traditions of Episcopacy.
3. Prominence, however, to the sovereignty of Faith.
4. All reforms to be inculcated by emphasising spirituality, not by attacking what is sacred to other men.
5. Opposition, only, to what seems obviously against mankind.

If there is no chance for a little ministerial work, subject to your authority, and in the Episcopal communion, to earn a living, I should like to start a paper of about 12,000 words, weekly, called, *e.g.*, *Federal Christendom*, or something similar, and give a few lectures and discourses. My health is not very robust. As a Franciscan, I surrendered my estate completely. I should be very grateful for an early answer, with your kind advice.

Yours, with best and respectful wishes,

FR. ANGELO DE BARY.

The criticism against compulsory Confession is easily to be explained, and accorded with my long continued views respecting the reputedly unqualified Divine Right of the Papal Magistracy to bind individuals arbitrarily under pain of mortal sin. I never felt, however, the least difficulty in accepting the efficacy of Absolution, or I could not have continued to pronounce the form. But I could not persevere in a *status* that obliged myself or others to take the ecclesiastical judicial and magisterial authority, of which the court of the Confessional was the chief of instruments, as a decisive divine court of appeal on questions of right or wrong. My experience had taught me to accept the jurisdiction of a higher and final Court in certain exceptional causes.

The allusions to 'Luther' and to 'Justifying Faith' were open to criticism, and were duly criticised. My own meaning that I gave to the word 'Faith' has been, in part, alluded to. The idea that it meant the implanting of a 'thought of goodness' that effectively created a 'life of goodness,' by the transcending power of God, was given in the paper enclosed with the letter to the Bishop. The relations of Faith, so conceived, to Sacramentalism are abundantly dealt with in the manuscript called *Ultimate Praise*, which was completed a few days after the above letter had been written.

From what has been said before, it could be asserted that I rather *expanded* the Sacramental idea than *restricted* it. In like manner, the proposal for a periodical on 'Federal Christendom' regarded the conception of Christian federation mainly as an instrument of this expanded faith and sacramentalism as the basis of a concerted religious revival.

After a good deal of correspondence, I was advised to leave the prairie regions and take up my residence in a cathedral city, like Denver, where it would be possible to receive the necessary instructions about the claims of the Anglo-American Church. I left Indianola accordingly, on the 9th of May, 1901, and called, the same evening, on the Denver Rector to whom I had been referred. The manuscript *Ultimate Praise* was written before receiving any practical instruction from anyone outside the Roman Communion, and is, therefore, of some interest as representing a purely Catholic conception, while yet with the Franciscans, of the Religion of Christ, as I conceived it might be accepted in some approaching Day of the Lord.

The man of affairs, gifted with health and strength might have thought of other means of shaping his actions to his convictions than that which I adopted, granted his convictions were identical with what mine were early in 1901. I believed in the Religious Life, not less, it seemed to me, than hitherto, rather the more. Therefore, even if the vows of religion that I was reputedly bound by were invalid, to enter a secular career would have been a frank desertion of the pursuit of the real religious life I believed in. Whatever other persons might have thought of in like circumstances, there was nothing open to me, besides secularity, other

than going through the full apprenticeship of a Church which accepted the principle of a wider Catholicity than that of Rome, and which tolerated a doctrine of Faith such as that which I then held. Accepting such authority meant the closing up of any chance, for the time being, and perhaps for ever, of becoming a missionary of my private views. They would now amount to nothing but private meditations on the greater Divine Kingdom.

This new apprenticeship would have, however, a transcending meaning to me personally. It would be an act of public testimony to the truth of my conviction, that the Lord of the Church, without breaking His word of assurance of indefectibility to the Church of Rome, chose now, in virtue of His sovereign authority over His Roman Vicar, and yet, in compliance with the actual faith of Roman Catholics, to extend His presence from its Roman bidding place into the rest of Christendom. Such was not, as I have mentioned, the Anglo-American method of approaching the problem of the Validity of Anglican claims. But, in this respect, I had, it must be remembered, accepted the Validity of Anglican Orders both before and after the Papal Bull, *Apostolicæ Curæ*, of 1896. I was prepared to accept, about the Episcopal Church of America, the statements made by the Episcopal Church itself. In this case, the ripening process that I believed Christ, in a new extension of His presence, might be expected to bring about within the Anglican Communion, might consist in the mere awakening of Anglicans throughout the world to realise the greatness of their inheritance, and, thereupon, to revive the life and practice of the Church.

Events had corresponded closely, indeed, with such preconceptions. The Anglican Revival was to me the

result of that presentiment of Judgment which was rightly called the coming of the Holy Ghost. The claims of the Anglican Episcopate to valid authority were proved to be good, in that, in virtue of its priestly power, a Catholic Revival had, in truth, taken place. But it was also undeniable that a certain communication of the 'sense of the Presence' had come to the Anglican Communion from the Church of Rome. This was no discredit to the Anglican Communion. The Church of Rome may, indeed, have received more, in other respects, from the influence of the Church of England. In any case, the Catholicism of Germany and England and Ireland, where stimulus from the outside Religious world existed, made the Catholicism of such countries infinitely different in living spirituality from what it was in the Latin Countries.

It is, also, well known that Anglican formulas contain not only the Catholic Creeds and Prayer Book, but also a kind of emphasised insistence on 'Faith' in the Thirty-nine Articles. I could honestly, therefore, take this as giving adequate sanction to the retaining of my own convictions about Faith, which, rightly or wrongly, I identified with certain fundamental tenets of the Protestant World. I went to the limit of my capacity in explaining my position, which everyone, and I think rightly so, considered to harmonise with that of the American Episcopal Church.

The renunciation of the Roman Obedience which happened, canonically speaking, in the act of relinquishing the charge of the Indianola parish, and applying, in Denver, Colorado, for admission into the Episcopal Communion was complete and unreserved. The application to resume ministerial work in the Episcopal Com-

munion was undertaken with the full intention of complying with the normal duties of an Anglican priest in the diocese of Colorado. In the absence of the Bishop, the Standing Committee of the Diocese undertook the examination and gave its canonical sanction.

The only possible hindrance to taking the pledge of obedience to the Canons of the Church and of the Diocese was that one member of the Committee recalled how, in the Church of England, several bishops required a formal recantation of what was claimed to be the Errors of Rome. Such a recantation was, of course, granted my individual manner of faith, absolutely inconceivable. The informal, but effective, renunciation of Roman Authority had been undertaken by me in virtue of what I believed to be an anticipation, rightful in my case, of that supersession of Papal Authority, which all Catholics believed would happen, when Christ appeared, in the future, at the Day of Judgment.

The two 'errors,' so-called, about which recantation was usually required were Papal Infallibility and the Immaculate Conception of Mary. What I believed Papal Infallibility meant, as I have explained, in no sense interfered with the Authority of the Anglican Communion. It was, to me, in effect, the authoritative assertion that the Church of Rome, in its composite life, corresponded with the truth of a certain law. This 'law' governed the persistence of all composite or corporate life; and the Church of Rome would comply with this inflexible law and remain a divinely-favoured and 'persisting reality,' while it adhered, in complete faith, to its Papal Headship. As to the Papal claim to have authority in jurisdiction over the exercise of spiritual authority possessed by all the Bishops and

Priests of Christendom, and the Papal claim to the right to govern with divinely sanctioned efficacy, through Papal Rescripts, I believed that no such divine authority could be exercised by the Pope over any Bishop or Priest. The Pope, on the contrary, ruled over Roman Bishops and Priests as their duly authorised social sovereign, and this allowed for certain occasions when it would be right for a bishop, a priest, or a layman, for some important reason, to break with the sovereign authority of the Roman Pontiff and refuse obedience. And if the Pope was, thus, rather a 'King' than a 'God' to all papal subjects, it followed that by his kingly authority he could not invalidate the acts of episcopal and priestly ministration by refusing jurisdiction, any more than, as all Catholics admitted, no Pope could deprive any priest of his power of consecrating or of celebrating mass.

Touching the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Mary, the dogma proclaimed in 1854, I counted that as an authoritative statement about a certain existing 'reality' in the Unseen World of the Church of Rome. It had very little to do with anyone or anything outside the Church of Rome. A recantation was as impossible as it was uncalled for. I did not wish that *hyper-dulia*, the Roman method of worship of Mary, should be introduced within the Anglican Communion, then, or in any future date until the end of the world. I believed, however, that we were nearing the discovery of a more correct attitude of thought on Religious Psychology. When such a discovery were duly made, a recurrence of what was objected to in 'Mariolatry' would become unthinkable.

Of Transubstantiation, and of the well-known Anglican objection to the Scholastic doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, implied in this word, it is plain that my manner of thinking about religious realities had no relationship with these doctrinal views of the Schoolmen. Eucharistic Consecration came under the heading of a solemn representative act of the 'divestment of self,' which ~~act~~ was the medium through which the personality of Christ, in His act of real survival in the Church, took possession of what the Elements of Bread and Wine stood for, in the mind of the priest and the people. When the Bread and Wine were offered to the consecrating priest, the priest accepting them, in his representative character, 'possessed' these Elements. The Elements were then solemnly 'offered' to Christ. By Consecration, the 'possession' of the Elements was solemnly transferred to Christ, who, if His personality really survived in the 'composite mind' of the Church, so possessed these Elements, that they were verily and indeed, the Body and the Blood of Christ. The Schoolmen must be left to decide whether 'assimilation into personality' is the same thing as Transubstantiation.

My view was certainly not against Anglican formulas, but I held a view, also, at the time, that the Evangelical ministrant of the Holy Eucharist, who made no full and intentional consecrative act, left it open to the communicants of his church to take the Holy Eucharist in exactly the manner in which Evangelicals conceived of it. One might, in other words, safely follow the manner of worship which the ministrant and his congregation indicated, by the manner of their ritual, to be within their minds. Right or wrong, this view was plainly in my mind at this time, and, with such an

understanding, I was able to fit in in perfect harmony with the manner of worship of the congregation. I may add that the mission I had most to do with was completely Anglo-Catholic in its manner of Eucharistic worship.

Under these circumstances, any recantation of the doctrine of Transubstantiation would have been wholly absurd. One must first have believed in a Schoolman's point of view in order to recant about it. One who did so, probably never would have occasion to recant ; but my mind had never been wont to think in the scholastic groove at all, and, therefore, I could not walk away from what was not there.

I learned, in time, however, that insistence on a form of recantation had never been thought about at all by the Standing Committee or by the Bishop. The subject had come up only in an incidental allusion to a custom sometimes made use of in England. The rumour, however, obliged me to consider, for the first time, the possibility of my obligation of entering upon a purely secular career. The official entry into the ranks of the Colorado ministry had been delayed until the beginning of September, 1901. During the summer of that year I remained in a mountain resort in association with Church people, and with the local Mission. If there were no opening within the ranks of the ministry in accordance with my convictions, there was left open the career of a layman within the fold of the Episcopal Church. Had any formal recantation been required, on September 5th, the date of my proposed signature of obedience to the Canons of the Church, I was prepared to take the alternative of associating myself, as a layman, with friends whose acquaintance I had made in

the summer resort, and who had interests in companies in many parts of America. The Church authorities would certainly have sanctioned the carrying out of this suggestion. The bishop of Colorado, who was then in failing health, and who, in the course of a long ministry, had frequently visited England, did not, as I have mentioned, allude, in any manner, to the subject of recantation. In the American Church there is no requirement of Subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. A simple pledge is given, on oath, to accept the canonical authority of the Church, as embodied in its general and local Canons, and to preach in accordance with the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. Such a pledge I willingly gave in the presence of two presbyters, and the same is recorded in the Archives of the Diocese.

An act that, to me, had a transcending meaning in relation to my public testimony of my inner convictions about the completion of the Divine Kingdom, by aid of an increased manifestation of the Presence of Christ in every single body of believers in the Name of Christ, was the beginning of an experience of a kind other than what is recorded in these pages. My present account must finish with the record of this issue of my association with the Roman Obedience and with the Franciscan Order. I had entered upon a tentative association with what I firmly believed to be a genuine branch of the divinely expanding Universal Kingdom of God. The new experience was undoubtedly of immense aid in testing my views, and in shaping my private convictions into some greater measure of conformity with customary manners of thought and institutional life.



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